DON QUIXOTE OF: LA MANCHA

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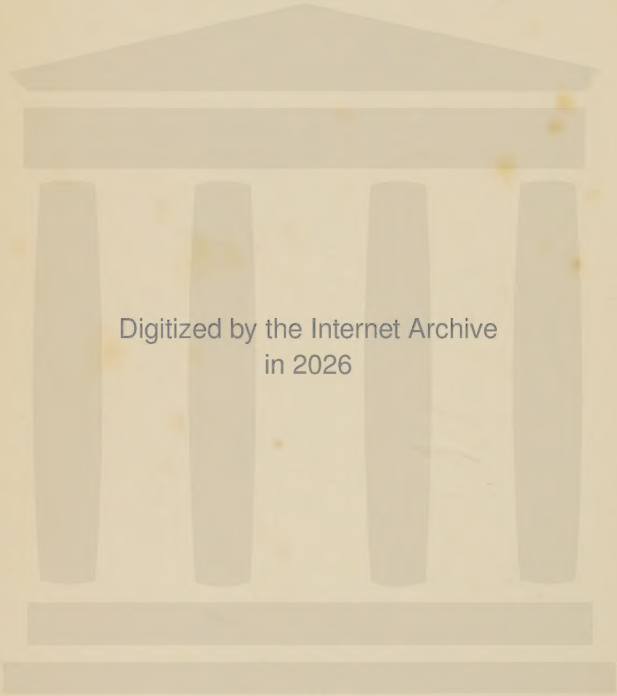
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THE INGENIOUS GENTLEMAN

DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

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DON QUIXOTE

OF LA MANCHA

BY

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY

HENRY EDWARD WATTS

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CHAPTER XXV

Which treats of the strange things which happened to the valiant Knight of La Mancha in the Sierra Morena, and of the penance he there performed in imitation of Beltenebros [1]

Don Quixote took leave of the goatherd, and once more mounting Rozinante, commanded Sancho to follow him, who did so upon his ass, with no very good will. They journeyed along slowly, entering the ruggedest part of the mountains, Sancho dying to talk to his master, and longing for him to begin the colloquy, so as not to break the rule which had

[1] *Beltenebros:* Fr. *Bel-ténébreux*—lit. "the Beautiful Darkling," a name taken by Amadis of Gaul, when he retired to the *Peña Pobre* after a rebuff from his mistress Oriana. The episode is one of the most romantic and picturesque in the old romance, told with unusual spirit, and a sentiment which almost arrives at the dignity of pathos. Amadis having gone, in fulfilment of his pledge to the fair Briolania, to avenge the death of her father on the usurper Abiseos, Briolania falls in love with her champion. According to the naïve statement of the author, or rather editor, of the romance, Amadis successfully resisted the very pronounced overtures of the amorous beauty; but Don Alfonso, Infante of Portugal (b. 1370), taking pity on the distressful lady, commanded the author to turn it otherwise. Oriana is made to believe by a mischievous dwarf that Amadis has preferred Briolania to her, so she writes him an angry and querulous letter, commanding him never to appear in her presence. Amadis, on receipt of this epistle, gives up the *Insula Firme* to his squire Gandalin, and, after confessing himself to an ancient hermit, changes his name, puts off his armour, and goes to a lofty and barren rock, the *Peña Pobre*, there to do penance. After some time spent in this retreat, he is discovered and brought back to society, through the mediation of the Damsel of Denmark, by a letter from his penitent Oriana. The name Beltenebros is bestowed on him by the hermit, as one

been imposed upon him. But, unable to endure so long a silence, he said to him:

—Sir Don Quixote, let me have your worship's blessing and give me my liberty, for I would like to return home at once to my wife and my children, with whom at any rate I shall talk and converse as much as I please; for to wish me to go with your worship through these lonely places by night and by day, and never to speak to you when I am inclined to, is to bury me alive. If fate had willed that animals should talk, as they used to in the days of Guisopete,[1] it were not so bad, for I could then have discoursed with my ass about whatever I had a mind to, and so have whiled away my ill-hap; for it is a hard thing and not to be borne with patience to go looking for adventures all one's life and finding naught but kicks and blanketings, brick-battings[2] and fisticuffs, and with all this has one to sew up his mouth, without daring to say what a man has in his heart, as if he were dumb.

—I understand thee, Sancho, answered Don Quixote; thou art dying for me to remove the interdict I have laid on thy tongue. Account it removed, and say what thou wilt, on condition that the removal is to last no longer than whilst we are wandering among these mountains.

—So be it, said Sancho; let me talk now, for by-and-by God only knows what will happen; and by way of a beginning, to take advantage of this licence, let me say then,

which "conformed to his person and distress,"—*que vos sois mancebo é muy fermoso, é vuestra vida está en grande amargura y en tinieblas*,—"for you are young and very handsome, and your life is in great bitterness and gloom"; hence *Beltenebros*. (*Amadis*, bk. ii. ch. v.)

[1] *Guisopete*,—so Sancho calls the fabulist Æsop. *Isopete* for *Esopo* is used by the Archpriest de Hita, who flourished about 1350.

[2] *Ladrillazos*. Both Clemencin and Hartzenbusch gravely remark that there has been no mention of Sancho's having suffered from brickbats up to the present time,—the latter, with his usual intrepidity, correcting the text to *peladillazos*—"stonings."

what made your worship to stand up so hotly for that Queen Magímasa, or what do you call her? Or what was it to the purpose whether that Abbot[1] was her friend or not? For had your worship let it pass, and you were not her judge, I verily believe that the mad fellow would have gone on with his story, and you would have been spared the blow of the stone and the kicks and the half-dozen and more of back-handers.

—In faith, Sancho, Don Quixote replied, if thou knewest as I know how honourable and noble a lady was Queen Madásima I am confident thou wouldst say that I had much patience in that I did not smash the mouth out of which proceeded blasphemies so great; for a very great blasphemy it is to say or to think that a Queen may be leman to a medicaster. The burthen of the story is that this Master Elisabad, of whom the madman spoke, was a very sensible man and of sound counsel, who served as tutor and physician to the Queen; but to think that she was his paramour is an absurdity worthy of the severest chastisement; and that thou mayst see that Cardenio knew not what he was saying, remember that when he said it he was not in his senses.

—So say I, quoth Sancho, that you ought not to take notice of the words of a madman, for had not good luck befriended you, and the stone taken the road to your head as it did to your breast, we had been in a fine way for standing up for that lady of mine, God confound her!—and indeed then would not Cardenio have been set free, being a madman?

—Against sane and against mad is every Knight Errant bound to stand up, said Don Quixote, for the honour of women, whoever they may be, much more for Queens of such exalted condition and worth as was the Queen Madásima, for whom I have a particular regard on account of her good

[1] Meaning *Elisabad*. Sancho has caught the last two syllables only of the word, or, perhaps, intentionally mispronounces it, as he does *Madásima*.

qualities; for, besides that she was very beautiful, she was very prudent and very long-suffering under her afflictions, of which she had many; and the counsels and the company of Master Elisabad were of much advantage and comfort to her, in enabling her to bear her troubles with wisdom and patience; and hence the ignorant and evil-minded vulgar took occasion to suspect and to say that she was his concubine;[1] and they lie, I say again, and will lie twice a hundred times more, all who shall think and say so.

—I neither say nor think it, answered Sancho; there, let them be; with their bread let them eat it; and if they were paramours or not, they will have reckoned with God for it; I come from my vines; I know nothing; I am not fond of spying into other people's lives; he who buys and lies feels it in his purse; more by token, naked was I born, naked I find myself; I neither lose nor win; what they were, what is it to me?—and many think there are flitches when there's not even a hook; who can clap gates to the open? How much worse when they said it of God Himself?[2]

—God bless me, cried Don Quixote; what nonsense you are stringing together, Sancho! What has that of which we are treating to do with the proverbs thou threadest? On my life, Sancho, be silent, and henceforth employ thyself

[1] *Manceba*, from *mancipium*—*quasi manu captum*—originally applied to one still under the paternal authority. *Mancebo*, in the masculine, is simply a youth in the flower of age: *manceba*, the feminine, early came to mean concubine, or any unmarried woman who has illicit connexion with a free man. In 1405, according to Clemencin, an ordinance was passed by the Cortes requiring the *mancebas* of the clergy to wear a badge, so that they might be known from other women.

[2] Here is a string of proverbs and proverbial saws. *De mis viñas vengo, no sé nada*, is in the collection of Nuñez; *el que compra y miente en su bolsa lo siente*,—it is *el que gasta*, "he who spends," etc., in Nuñez; *muchos piensan que hai tocinos y no hai estacas*,—explained by Covarrubias with reference to the custom in country cottages of having hooks along the walls whereon to hang the indispensable flitches of bacon.

in spurring on thine ass,[1] and give up meddling with what does not concern thee; and understand with all thy five senses that all I have done, do, and shall do is well grounded on reason and quite conformable to the rules of chivalry, for I know them better than all the Knights who have ever professed them in the world.

—Sir, responded Sancho, and is it a good rule of chivalry that we should wander astray among these mountains, without road or track, looking for a madman, to whom, when he is found, will perhaps return the desire of finishing what he began—not his story, but your worship's head and my ribs, ending by breaking them altogether for us?

—Hold thy tongue, I say to thee again, Sancho, exclaimed Don Quixote; for thou must know that it is not alone the desire of finding the madman which brings me into these parts, but that which I have of performing among them a deed through which I shall acquire everlasting name and fame throughout the known earth; and it shall be such that thereby I will set the seal to all that can make a Knight Errant perfect and famous.

—And is it very dangerous, this deed? asked Sancho Panza.

—No, replied he of the Rueful Feature; but the dice may so fall, that we may throw a blank instead of a prize;[2] though it all depends on thy diligence.

—On my diligence? said Sancho.

—Yes, said Don Quixote; for if thou shouldst return quickly from the place whither I intend to despatch thee, my pain will be quickly ended and my glory will quickly

[1] One more passage, and the last, where the author forgets that Sancho's ass has been stolen.

[2] *Echásemos azar en lugar de encuentro.* *Azar* is our English "hazard,"—from the Arabic *al zár*, lit. "the die"; thence a bad throw at dice, *i.e.* deuce-ace. *Encuentro* is explained in the Academy's Dictionary as the concurrence of two equal honours, Kings or Queens, at cards; or of two high numbers at dice, such as sixes.

begin. And because it is not right to keep thee longer in suspense, waiting for the purport of my words, I would have thee know, Sancho, that Amadis of Gaul was one of the most perfect of Knights Errant. 'Tis not well said by me, *one;* he was alone, the prime, the unique, the lord of all who in his age were in the world. A fig for Don Belianis, and for all who said they equalled him in anything! for verily I swear they are mistaken. Moreover, I say that when any painter desires to become famous in his art, he endeavours to copy the originals of the rarest painters he knows, and this rule holds good of all the crafts and callings of any account that serve for the adornment of commonwealths; and so what he has to do and does, who would win a name for prudence and patience, is to imitate Ulysses, in whose person and labours Homer paints for us a lively portrait of a prudent and patient man; as likewise Virgil shows us in the person of Æneas the worth of a pious son and the sagacity of a valiant and expert captain; not painting or describing them as they were, but as they should be, to give example of their virtues to the men to come after them. In this manner Amadis was the cynosure, the morning star, the sun of valiant and enamoured Knights whom all we, who fight under the banner of love and chivalry, ought to imitate. This being so, I hold, friend Sancho, that the Knight Errant who copies him most nearly will come nearest to reaching the perfection of chivalry. And one of the things wherein this Knight most showed his wisdom, virtue, manhood, patience, constancy, and love was, when disdained by the lady Oriana, he retired to perform a penance on the Peña Pobre,[1] changing his name to Beltenebros,—a name

[1] By *Peña Pobre*, which is described in the romance of *Amadis* as a rock or islet seven leagues from the coast of the *Insula Firme*,—so called because it was a peninsula, or almost *terra firma*,—is probably meant Mont St. Michel, in Normandy, a locality which seems to fit with the other adventures and the position of Amadis as well, perhaps, as any other.

assuredly significant and proper for the life which he had of his own will chosen. Therefore, as it is easier for me to imitate him in this than in cleaving giants, decapitating serpents, slaying dragons, routing armies, scattering fleets, and dissolving enchantments ; and as these spots are so well adapted for such purposes, there is no reason why I should allow this opportunity to pass which now so conveniently offers me the forelock.

—In short, said Sancho, what is it that your worship wishes to do in this out-of-the-way spot ?

—Have I not already told thee, answered Don Quixote, that I desire to copy Amadis, acting here the desperate, the raving, the furious lover,—in imitation likewise of Orlando, when he found, hard by a spring, evidences that Angelica the Fair had dishonoured herself with Medoro, for grief whereat he turned mad, and rooted up trees, troubled the waters of the clear springs, slew shepherds, destroyed their flocks, fired their huts, demolished houses, dragged mares along, and committed a hundred thousand extravagancies worthy of eternal mention and record.[1] And although I mean not to imitate Orlando, or Roldan, or Rotolando (for all these three names he bore), step by step in all the follies he acted, said, and imagined, I will outline them as best I can, in what appears to me most essential ; and it may be that I shall come to content myself with only the imitation of Amadis, who, without committing any mischievous

[1] The story of Medoro and Angelica,—how Angelica, tending the youth Medoro, who had come from Africa to Europe with Dardinel, in the train of the Paynim host who came to war with Charlemagne, and had been wounded in a skirmish with a body of Scotsmen, fell in love with the curly-headed Moor ; how they kept company together in the shepherd's cabin ; how Orlando, taking refuge from the heat in a grotto near a clear spring, saw the inscription which testified to their mutual happiness as well as the palpable signs of their joys ; how thereupon, realising his dishonour and the treachery of his lady-love, he went mad and did what is here reported of him, furnishing Ariosto with the main subject and title of his poem—all this is told in the 23rd and 24th cantos of the *Orlando Furioso.*

follies, by his tears and sorrows alone won as much fame as the best.

—It seems to me, said Sancho, that the Knights who acted in those ways had cause and provocation for doing these fooleries and penances; but what cause has your worship for going mad? What lady has disdained you, or what signs have you found to make you think that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso has played the fool with Moor or Christian?

—There lies the point, answered Don Quixote, and that is the nicety of my affair, for to a Knight Errant who goes mad with a cause, there is neither merit nor thanks; the wit is in going crazy without occasion, and to let my lady understand, if in the dry I do this, what I would do in the green. Moreover, I have sufficient cause in the long absence I have borne from her who is ever my lady, Dulcinea del Toboso, for as thou heardest that shepherd Ambrosio say of yore,[1] he who is absent feels and fears every ill. Therefore, Sancho friend, waste not time in counselling me to refrain from so rare, so happy, and so unheard-of an imitation. Mad I am, and mad I have to be, until the time when thou returnest with the answer to a letter which I intend to send by thee to my lady Dulcinea; and if it be such as my fidelity deserves, my frenzy and my penance will be ended; and if it be the contrary, I shall be mad in earnest, and being so I shall feel nothing. Thus in whatever way she may reply, I shall come out of the conflict and toil wherein thou leavest me; enjoying, if sane, the good thou shalt bring me; not

[1] In the editions of 1605, and in those which immediately follow, there is a blunder of the press which has led the early translators much astray. Instead of *aquel pastor de marras Ambrosio*,—meaning the friend of Chrysostom who speaks in ch. xiv.,—was printed *aquel pastor de Marias Ambrosio*, which Shelton makes "Marias Ambrosio, his shepherd"; and Motteux, improving upon Shelton's blunder, "the shepherd in Matthias Ambrosio," adding two lines of verse, as though Matthias Ambrosio had been a poet. *De marras* is an old rustic phrase, meaning, originally, "of the year before last."

feeling, if mad, the bad which thou mayest carry. But tell me, Sancho, hast thou kept safe the helmet of Mambrino?—for I saw thee lift it from the ground when that ungrateful one tried to break it to pieces but could not, from which may be inferred the fineness of its temper.

To which Sancho made answer:—As God liveth, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, I cannot endure or bear with patience some things which your worship says, and from them I come to think that all that you tell me about chivalries and winning kingdoms and empires, or giving away Isles, and doing other famous and mighty things as is the custom of Knights Errant, that all must be a matter of wind and lies, and all friction or fiction,[1] or whatever you call it; for to hear your worship say that a barber's bason is the helmet of Mambrino, and not to get out of this mistake in more than four days,—what has one to think but that he who so says and affirms must have his brain addled? The bason I have got here in the bag, all dinted, and I am taking it home to put it to rights and to soap my beard in it, should God grant me His grace that some day I may see myself with my wife and children.

—Look ye, Sancho, for by the same oath thou swearest do I swear, exclaimed Don Quixote, that thou hast the shallowest wit any squire has, or has had, in the world. Is it possible, long as thou hast travelled with me, thou hast not discovered that all the Knight Errant things look like illusions, follies, and nonsense, and are made all contrariwise? And not because it is so, but because there go amongst us always a troop of wizards, who alter and transform all our doings, turning them as they like them to be, and according as they are disposed to favour or to injure us; so that what to thee looks like a barber's bason, to me is the helmet of

[1] *Pastraña ó patraña*, Sancho says, not being sure of the word. *Patraña*, originally meaning a moral or instructive fable, has latterly fallen in character, and now generally signifies an idle or foolish tale.

Mambrino, and to another will appear something else. And it was a rare precaution of the sage who is on my side to make that appear to everybody a bason, which really and truly is the helmet of Mambrino, for by reason that it is held in such esteem all the world would persecute me to take it from me; but as they see that it is no more than a barber's bason, they do not care to possess it, as was well seen in him who thought to break it and let it lie on the ground, and would not carry it off, for in faith had he known what it was, he would never have left it behind. Take care of it, friend, for just now I have no need of it, the rather that I must strip me of this armour and remain naked as I was born, should I take a fancy to follow Orlando in my penance rather than Amadis.

Thus discoursing they arrived at the foot of a lofty mountain which stood alone, almost as though it had been cut off from the others by which it was surrounded. Along its skirt there ran a gentle streamlet, encircling a meadow so green and luxuriant as to delight the eyes of all who looked on it. Many forest trees were about, and some shrubs and flowers that made the spot pleasant. This place did the Knight of the Rueful Feature select wherein to do his penance, and beholding it he exclaimed in a loud voice like one distraught:—This, O ye Heavens! is the spot[1] which I destine and select for the bewailing of the mishap in which yourselves have plunged me. This is the spot where the moisture from mine eyes shall swell the waters of this little

[1] The spot, according to the route taken by Don Quixote and Sancho since they entered the Sierra Morena, must have been a little due north of a site memorable in the history of Spain as the scene of two most famous battles, that of *Navas de Tolosa*, in 1212, when Alfonso VIII. of Castile defeated, with the aid of a strong body of Christian crusaders, chiefly French and English, the Moorish host led by Mohammed Ibn Abdallah; and that of Bailen in 1808, when Castaños, aided by Swiss and Walloon mercenaries, beat the French under Dupont. The usually matter-of-fact Clemencin adds to these a third great national victory achieved on this spot,—namely, that won by Cervantes over the popular taste for chivalric books.

stream, and my continuous and profound sighing stir unceasingly the leaves of these mountain trees, in testimony and token of the pain which my tortured heart is suffering. O ye rural deities! whoever ye may be, that hold your habitation in this inhospitable place, list to the plaints of this unhappy lover, whom a long absence and some fancied jealousy have brought to mourn among these rugged rocks, and to complain of the cruel temper of that lovely ingrate, the term and finish of all human beauty! O ye wood-nymphs and dryads! whose custom it is to haunt the thick mountain groves,—so may the nimble and lascivious satyrs by whom ye are loved, although in vain, never disturb your sweet repose, that ye may aid in lamenting my evil fate, or at least be not weary of listening to it! O Dulcinea del Toboso! day of my night, glory of my pain, cynosure of my path, star of my fortune,—so may Heaven grant to thee in full measure all that thou askest of it,—consider the place and the condition to which thine absence hath led me, and respond with a return such as is due to my fidelity! O ye solitary trees! which, from this day forward, have to bear me company in my desolation, give me some token, with gentle motion of your boughs, that my presence doth not displease you! O thou my squire, agreeable companion in my enterprises, prosperous and adverse, fix well in thy memory what thou shalt see me here do, that thou mayest recount and rehearse it to the entire cause of it all!

So saying, he alighted from Rozinante, and stripping him in an instant of saddle and bridle, gave him a slap on the haunches, and said:—Liberty on thee bestows he who is deprived of it. O steed, as rare in thy deeds as luckless in thy lot! go whither thou wilt, for thou bearest written on thy front that not the Hippogriff of Astolfo, nor the renowned Frontino which cost Bradamante so dear,[1] did equal thee in swiftness!

[1] The Hippogriff was a monster, got by a griffin out of a mare, which plays a

Seeing this Sancho said:—Good luck to him who has relieved us now from the trouble of unharnessing Dapple,[1] for i' faith there would not be lacking slaps to give him, nor things to say in his praise; though if he were here I would not let any one strip him, for there would be no occasion, seeing the general rules as to people in love and in despair did not touch him, for such his master was not, which was I, when God so willed. And truly, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, if so be that my going away and your worship's madness are to be in earnest, it were well to re-saddle Rozinante, so that he may supply the place of Dapple, for it will save me time in going and returning, which if I have to do on foot, I know not when I shall get there or when come back, for indeed I am but a sorry walker.

—Let it be, Sancho, I say, as thou wilt, Don Quixote said, for thy plan seems to me not ill; and I tell thee that three days hence thou shalt depart, for I wish thee in the interval to see what for her sake I do and say, that thou mayst report it to her.

—Well, but what more have I to see, said Sancho, than what I have seen?

notable part in Ariosto's poem. First used by the wizard Atlas for his excursions, it served Ruggiero afterwards for a mount, and fell to the lot of Astolfo when he demolished the enchanted palace of Atlas. Upon top of the Hippogriff, Astolfo made a journey to the Mountains of the Moon and to Paradise, where he met St. John the Evangelist, who told him that Orlando's madness would only last a few months, and showed him that hero's wits enclosed in a phial. Frontino was a horse of another colour,—a bright bay with a white streak,—who was stolen by the cunning thief, Brunelo, from Sacripante,—precisely in the same manner as Ginés de Pasamonte stole Dapple,—and given to Ruggiero, from whom it passed to his mistress, Bradamante, whom it is not clear that it cost anything to speak of.

[1] Here, for the first time, the author seems to have become aware that he had caused Sancho to lose his ass, and henceforward there is no mention of the beast till his recovery in a subsequent chapter. Hartzenbusch had already repaired the series of blunders about Dapple, in his own arbitrary manner, by taking the passage in which the robbery is mentioned out of ch. xxiii. and inserting it here, just before Don Quixote's address to the scene.

—Thou art mighty well up in the story, forsooth! cried Don Quixote; there yet is lacking the tearing of my vesture, the scattering of my arms about, and the dashing of my head against the rocks, with other things of this kind, which will astonish thee.

—For the love of God, cried Sancho, take care how your worship gives yourself these dashings of the head, for you may chance to hit upon such a rock and at such a point that with the first of them you will put a finish to the whole contrivance of this penance. And it is my notion that since your worship thinks these knocks of the head are necessary, and this job cannot be done without them, you should content yourself,—seeing that all this is feigned and counterfeit, and in joke,—you should content yourself, I say, with giving them to yourself against the water, or some soft thing like cotton, and leave it all to me, for I will tell my lady that your worship gave them to yourself against a point of a rock harder than diamond.

—I thank thee for thy good intentions, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote; but I would have thee know that all these things which I do are not in jest but meant in earnest, for otherwise it would be to contravene the laws of chivalry, which command us to tell no lie, on pain of being dealt with for apostasy,[1] and the doing one thing for another is the same as lying. Therefore the dashings of the head must be real, solid, and valid, without aught of the sophistical or fantastical; and you will need to leave me some lint to heal me, since Fortune hath willed that we should be without the balsam which we lost.

—It was worse to lose the ass, answered Sancho, for with him lint and everything were lost; but I pray your worship not to call to mind that accursed drench, for on only hearing

[1] *Pena de relasos*,—anciently *relapsos*; the additional penalty which was inflicted by the Holy Office on those who, having been once proscribed for heresy, fell away again into their original sin.

you mention it, my heart turns inside of me, not to say my stomach; and I beseech you further to reckon as past the three days you have given me for seeing the mad tricks you perform, for I take them for seen and passed in judgment already, and I shall tell wonders to my lady. So write out the letter and despatch me at once, for I have a great longing to come back and release your worship out of this purgatory where I leave you.

—Purgatory dost thou call it, Sancho? cried Don Quixote; thou wouldst do better to call it hell, or even worse, if anything can be so.

—He who has hell, replied Sancho? *nulla est retentio*,[1] as I have heard say.

—I do not understand what *retentio* means, said Don Quixote.

—*Retentio*, answered Sancho, is that he who is in hell never comes out of it, nor can come, which will be different with your worship, or my heels shall go ill, that is, if I take spurs to quicken up Rozinante. Let me but once get to El Toboso and before my lady Dulcinea, and I shall tell her such things of the fooleries and madnesses (for it is all one) which your worship has done and is still doing, that I will get to make her softer than a glove, though I should find her harder than a cork-tree. And with her answer, sweet and honeyed, I will return through the air like a witch and deliver your worship out of this purgatory, which looks like hell and is not, seeing there is hope of getting out of it, which, as I have said, they who are in hell have not, nor do I suppose your worship will say anything to the contrary.

—That is true, said he of the Rueful Feature; but how shall we manage to write the letter?

[1] Sancho, tripping as usual over his Latin, of course means *nulla est redemptio*, alluding to the belief of the Church about hell. There is probably a sly hit intended at the Church's doctrine of eternal punishment.

—And the order for the delivery of ass-colts, too, added Sancho.

—All shall be included, said Don Quixote; and, seeing there is no paper, it were well that we wrote, as the ancients did, on leaves of trees or on tablets of wax; although that would be as hard to find now as paper. But it has just come to my mind where it will be well, and even better, to write it, and that is in the little pocket-book which belonged to Cardenio, and thou shalt take care to have it transferred to paper, in a good hand, at the first village thou comest to where there is a master of a boys' school, or, if not, some sacristan will transcribe it for thee. And give it not to any notary, for they use an engrossing hand,[1] that Satan himself will not make out.

—But what is to be done about the signature? asked Sancho.

—The letters of Amadis[2] were never signed, replied Don Quixote.

—That is all very well, said Sancho, but the order for the asses must needs be signed, and if it is copied they will say the signature is false, and I shall be left without ass-colts.

—The order shall go signed in the little book itself, so that my niece, at sight of it, will make no difficulty about complying with it; and, as touching the love-letter, thou shalt put by way of subscription: *Yours till death, The Knight of the Rueful Feature.* And it will be no great

[1] *Letra procesada*,—the hand used in Spanish law documents, which must have been even more illegible then engrossing, seeing that the words were run together through the whole line, without points or spaces.

[2] Hartzenbusch, instead of *cartas de Amadis*, reads *cartas de amores*, taking a hint from the London edition of 1738, which has it *cartas de amantes*. *Amadis* might easily have been mistaken in the copy for *amores*; nor does there seem to be much point in dragging in the example of Amadis on so trivial a matter. On the other hand, though there is only one letter of Amadis in his history, that is not signed, neither are the four letters, written by him, in the *Sergas de Esplandian*.

matter that it goes in a strange hand, for, as well as I can remember, Dulcinea can neither write nor read, nor in all her life has she seen handwriting or letter of mine, for my loves and her own have ever been platonic, not going farther than a chaste look, and even this so rarely that I dare swear with truth that, during the twelve years I have been loving her more dearly than the light of these eyes which the earth will one day devour, I have not seen her four times, and it may even be that of these four times she did not once notice that I looked at her; such is the reserve and seclusion in which her father, Lorenzo Corchuelo, and her mother, Aldonza Nogales, have brought her up.

—So ho! cried Sancho; then the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo is the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, otherwise called Aldonza Lorenzo.[1]

—That is she, said Don Quixote; and she it is who is worthy to be lady to the whole universe.

—I know her well, said Sancho; and can tell you that she pitches a bar as well as the stoutest lad in all the parish. Bless the Giver,[2] but she is a girl of mettle, right and straight, a sturdy lass, who can hold her own in a tussle with any Knight Errant that is or is to be, who shall have her for mistress.[3]

[1] The custom among rustics, who had no proper surname, was to append the Christian name of the father to that of the child, especially in the case of girls.

[2] *Vive el Dador*—a common oath, since the world began, according to Quevedo.

[3] The ridiculous is here carried to the highest point, by the contrast between the homely language of Sancho and the high-flown imaginations of his master. The terms he uses in praise of Dulcinea are all chosen from the rough village vocabulary. *Moza de chapa*, rendered by Shelton "a wench of the mark," is a compliment to the young lady's vigour at the expense of her femineity. *Chapa* is, literally, a round plate of metal with which wood-work is adorned or strengthened; also used by cobblers to denote the piece of leather which covers the sewing, to give it strength. Hence *moza de chapa* is a lass of more than common solidity. *De pelo en pecho* can hardly be given in English in any terms not so coarse as to overpower the humour. It is always used of men, meaning "hairy on the breast," that being by the vulgar supposed to be a mark of physical

O the baggage,[1] what a muscle she has, and what a voice! Let me tell you she got one day on top of the village belfry to call some of their men who were working in one of her father's fallows, and though they were more than half a league off they heard her as plain as if they were at the foot of the tower; and the best of her is that she is not a bit prudish, for she has much of the court-lady;[2] she jokes with all, and makes game and jest of everybody. I say now, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, that not only may and ought your worship to do mad pranks for her, but you have just cause to despair and go hang yourself, for there will be nobody who knows but will say you did better than well, though the devil should fetch you; and I would I were on the road if only to see her, for it is many a day since I saw her, and she must be altered by this, for it mightily spoils the looks of a woman ever going about the fields in the sun and the air. But I must own the truth to you, Sir Don Quixote, that till now I have been under a great mistake, for really and truly I thought the lady Dulcinea must be some Princess with whom your worship was in love, or

vigour. The phrase which I have rendered "who can hold her own with," etc., is in the original *que puede sacar la barba del lodo á*, etc.,—lit. "who can keep her beard out of the mud,"—who can pick herself up in a scrape. Shelton has it, quaintly, "she will bring her chin out of the mire in despite of any Knight Errant."

[1] Sancho brings his compliments to a climax by addressing the lady as *O hide-puta*, which is a reflection on her mother.

[2] *Cortesana*,—which is a word of double meaning, one of which is scarcely to the peerless Dulcinea's advantage. It is conjectured from this passage, of what looks like a more particular description than Sancho would in such a case be likely to use, that the author intended to glance at some real lady of the time. This is very possible. Navarrete repeats a local tradition, which was extant in his time, that Cervantes, while on a visit to El Toboso, had some quarrel about a lady of the village (Navarrete, p. 95). Barrera, in his Notes to the Life contained in the larger Argamasilla edition, gives the story in more detail, saying that, in revenge for having written a squib against a lady of the place, Cervantes was maltreated by her relatives. The late Mr. Rawdon Browne had a whimsical theory that the original of Dulcinea was the Marquesa del Valle, a celebrated lady of the Court. See Appendix E in vol. i.

some person of a quality to deserve the rich presents your worship has sent her, as that of the Biscayan and that of the galley-slaves, and many others which there should be, seeing the many victories your worship has won in the time when I was not yet your squire. But, all things considered, what good will it do the lady Aldonza Lorenzo,—I should say, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso,—to have the conquered ones your worship sends, and has to send, to bend their knees before her? For it may happen that at the time they arrive she will be combing of flax or threshing in the barns, and they would be put to the blush at seeing her, whilst she would titter and scoff at the present.

—I have told thee, Sancho, many times before now, said Don Quixote, that thou art a very great babbler, and, although of an obtuse wit, thou oft-times stingest sharply.[1] But in order that thou mayst see how foolish thou art and how wise I am, I would have thee listen to a brief tale: Thou must know that there was once a widow, handsome, gay, free, and rich, and, above all, of a merry humour, who fell in love with a young lay-brother,[2] robust and brawny. His superior came to hear of it, and one day said to the good widow, by way of fraternal remonstrance:—I am astonished, madam, and not without good cause, that a woman of your quality, so beautiful and so rich as you are, should be enamoured of a man so mean, so base, and so ignorant as So-and-so, there being in this house so many masters of arts, so

[1] *Despuntas de agudo*,—which Shelton quaintly translates "thy frumps nippe." Don Quixote here, and by what follows in that "twilight of the mind" of which Coleridge speaks, when commenting on this chapter, seems to have a glimmering of consciousness of his own mental state, and to be sensible of Sancho's jokes at the expense of his idol, Dulcinea, although too well fortified in his own imagination to allow them to disturb him in his faith.

[2] *Motilon*,—lit. "shaveling,"—from *motilar*, to cut the hair close, from Latin *mutilus*: applied to lay-brothers in a monastery, who were shaven close, to distinguish them from the monks, who retained a circular ridge of hair or crown. The French *mouton* comes from the same source, through the Low Latin *multo*.

many graduates, and so many theologians, among whom you might choose as if they were pears, saying this one I like, this one I like not.—But she answered him, with much gaiety and frankness:—You are much mistaken, my dear sir, and your argument is very old-fashioned, if you imagine that I have made a bad choice in such a one, idiot as he may seem, seeing that for all I want of him he knows as much philosophy as Aristotle, and more.—And so, Sancho, for what I want of Dulcinea del Toboso she is as good as the highest Princess of the earth. Aye, and it is not true that all the poets really have the mistresses they praise under the names they freely give them. Dost thou imagine that the Amaryllises, the Phyllises, the Sylvias, the Dianas, the Galateas, and other such, of which the books, the ballads, the barbers' shops, the comic theatres are full, were veritably ladies of flesh and bone, and belonged to those who celebrate and have celebrated them? No, of a surety, but for the most part they invented them to supply subjects for their verses, and that they might be taken for lovers and for men capable of being such. And, therefore, it is enough for me to imagine and believe that the good Aldonza Lorenzo is beautiful and virtuous; and the matter of her lineage importeth but little, for no one will enquire into it for the purpose of investing her with any order,[1] and, for my part, I account her the most exalted Princess in the world. For thou must know, Sancho, if thou knowest it not already, that two things above all others are incentives to love, which are great beauty and a good name, and these two things are found in a surpassing degree in Dulcinea, for in beauty no one equals her, and in good name few can approach her. And to conclude, once for all, I make myself believe that it is all as I say, without excess or lack of aught, and I paint

[1] There were certain orders, such as those of the Golden Fleece and of San Juan de Calatrava, for which no one was eligible without a previous investigation, with satisfactory results, into his genealogy.

her in my imagination as I desire her to be, both in beauty and in quality. Helen approaches her not, nor does Lucretia come near her, nor do any of the famous women of times past—Greek, Barbarian, or Latin; and let every one say what he pleases, for if I am reprehended for this by the ignorant I shall not be censured by the critical.

—I say that your worship is right in everything, answered Sancho, and that I am an ass. But I know not why I call ass in my mouth, for we must not mention rope in the house of the hanged;[1] but give me the letter and good-bye, for I am off.[2]

Don Quixote took out the pocket-book, and, withdrawing apart, began with much deliberation to write the letter, and when he had finished it, he called to Sancho, and said that he wished to read it to him in order that he might commit it to memory, in case of his losing it in the wood, for with so evil a destiny as his everything might be feared. To which Sancho replied:—Write it down, your worship, two or three times there in the book, and give it to me, and I will carry it very carefully; for to think that I can keep it in my memory is nonsense, for I have such a bad one that I often forget my own name. But for all that do you read it to me, as I shall be very glad to hear it, for it is bound to be as good as print.[3]

—Listen, said Don Quixote, for it runs thus:—

[1] *No se ha de mentar la soga en casa del ahorcado*—a proverb.—Sancho alludes to his ass-less condition.

[2] *Que me mudo*—lit. "I change myself," an idiomatic or slang phrase for "I go somewhere else."

[3] *Como de molde*—a phrase which generally means "as it is fitting," "as the circumstances demand"; but here it is used with reference to the original meaning of *molde*, which is "a block," or "matrix," for *como letra de molde*, as good as print, to which the vulgar are accustomed to give more authority than to writing.

LETTER OF DON QUIXOTE TO DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

Sovereign and Exalted Lady[1]—

The wounded by the barb of absence, the pierced to the heart's core, O sweetest Dulcinea del Toboso, sends thee the health he possesses not. If thy beauty despise me; if thy worth be not to my gain; if thy disdain be for my anguish, albeit that I am long-suffering enough, I shall be able to sustain myself in this affliction, which besides that it is violent, is of very long duration. My good squire Sancho will give thee ample account, O fair ingrate, beloved enemy mine, of the condition to which I am reduced for sake of thee. Should it be thy pleasure to succour me, I am thine; if not, do what is to thy liking; for by the ending of my life I shall have satisfied thy cruelty and my passion.

Thine till death,

THE KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL FEATURE.

—By the soul of my father, cried Sancho on hearing the letter, it is the loftiest thing I ever heard! Od's body, how your worship says everything you please in it! And how well the *Knight of the Rueful Feature* fits into the signature! Verily, say I, your worship is the Devil himself, and there is nothing you don't know.[2]

[1] The style of this letter, it is scarcely necessary to say, is borrowed from that of the letters in the chivalry books. Don Florisel de Niquea addresses the Queen of Guindaya as *Soberana y hermosa Reina*, beginning, "The breath of which you would rob me I send you." In the letter which Oriana sends to Amadis, which causes him to retire in despair to the *Peña Pobre*, she styles herself, "I am the damsel wounded by a sword-thrust in the heart, and you are he who has wounded me."

[2] Sancho intends the highest compliment in likening his master to the Devil in knowledge. The Devil in Spain is supposed to know everything. *El sabe mas que el Diablo*, is a very common saying.

—'Tis necessary to know everything for the office I hold, answered Don Quixote.

—Come now, said Sancho, let your worship put on that other leaf the order for the three ass-colts, and sign it very plain, that they may know your hand at sight.

—With pleasure, answered Don Quixote. And when he had written it he read it out, and it ran to this effect :—

My Niece—By this first of ass-colts, you will direct three out of the five I left at home, and in your charge, to be given to Sancho Panza, my squire; which said three ass-colts I order you to deliver and pay for the like amount here received in tale; and this with his receipt shall be your acquittance. Dated in the heart of the Sierra Morena, the 27th of August of this present year.[1]

—Right it is, said Sancho; let your worship sign it.

—I need not to sign it, said Don Quixote, but only to put my flourish[2] to it, which is the same as my signature,

[1] Mr. Rawdon Browne tortured this most humorous passage of the ass-colts' bill of exchange into a covert political allusion to the three Princes of Savoy, the nephews of Philip III., who, in 1603, came on a visit to the Court of Spain. There is absolutely no foundation whatever for this preposterous theory, which may be found given at length, with all the extravagant arguments in its support, in the *Athenæum* of the 19th of April 1873. The date appended to this document was, in the two editions of 1605, the 22nd of August, afterwards altered in the edition of 1608 to the 27th. The former date is retained by Vicente de los Rios, and after him by Clemencin, on the ground that it is necessary to the chronological sequence of the story. I do not think that a sufficient reason for rejecting the date which Cervantes preferred to keep which was probably that on which this chapter was written. Mr. Rawdon Browne's idea, that the year when the ass-colt draft was given was omitted "from deference to the censor at Valladolid," who, if the right year, which he maintains to be 1603, had been inserted, would have refused his licence for the printing of *Don Quixote*, is a part of his absurd scheme of interpretation. From other indications in the story it is clear that the year could not have been so late as 1603.

[2] *Rubrica*,—the finish, and a very important part, of a Spanish signature. It is a kind of elaborate flourish of the pen, generally under the name, which

and it will be enough for three asses,—nay, even for three hundred.

—I trust to your worship, answered Sancho; let me go; I will saddle Rozinante, and be ready to give me your blessing, for I intend to start at once without witnessing the mad pranks which your worship is going to play, for I will say I saw you perform so many that she will want no more.

—At the least I should like thee, Sancho, and because it is essential,—I should like thee, I say, to see me stripped, and go through a dozen or two of mad things, which I will despatch in less than half an hour; for having seen them with thine own eyes thou canst safely swear to the rest that you may like to add; and be assured that thou wilt not tell of as many as I mean to perform.

—For the love of God, dear master, let me not see your worship naked, for it will raise in me much pity, and I shall not be able to keep from crying, and I have such a sore head from the weeping I did last night[1] for Dapple, that

was supposed as a private mark to be more difficult to counterfeit, and, therefore, to add greater validity to the signature. Very often the *rubrica*—which comes not from *ruber* but from *roborare*—was used alone when the person signing could not write, or was too busy to do so, and was held in law to be a sufficient signature. Most of the great men in that age, the courtiers and soldiers, used the *rubrica* alone in formal documents.

[1] It was not "last night," but the early morning of the day preceding, remarks Clemencin with justice, referring to the passage in ch. xxiii. Here we have a proof, in Sancho's own words, if any were needed, to show how untenable is the theory that the passage in ch. xxiii., in which Sancho makes lament for his Dapple, was interpolated by some printer, or other hand not the author's. The ingenious theorist who, to account for the discrepancies in the narrative regarding Sancho's ass, started the idea that some printer *proprio motu* put in the passage where Sancho bewails his loss, can scarcely have reflected on all the consequences of his scheme of interpretation. One of two things we must believe, if that theory is true: either that Cervantes was a party to that interpolation, and carried it on, accepting the printer as his *collaborateur* and associate; or that, in spite of Cervantes, the same bold interpolator continued of his own motion to improve the text, putting in this passage about Sancho's sore head.

I am not yet ready for fresh tears; and, if it is your worship's pleasure that I should see some mad tricks, do them with your clothes on,—short ones, and such as are of most account. More by token that for me nothing of the sort is needed; and, as I have said before, it will save time on my journey back, which will have to be with the news which your worship desires and deserves; and, if not, let the lady Dulcinea look to it, for if she does not answer as she should I swear a solemn oath by any one I may, that I will fetch a fair answer out of her stomach with kicks and thumps. For how should it be suffered that a Knight Errant so famous as your worship should go mad without why or wherefore, for a——let not my lady make me say the word, for by God I will out with it, and scatter it by the dozen, aye, though it should spoil the market.[1] I am rather a good one at that; she does not know me well, for i' faith, if she did, she would be afraid of me.[2]

—In faith, Sancho, said Don Quixote, it would seem that thou art no saner than I am.

—Not so mad, but more peppery, answered Sancho. But letting this be, what has your worship to eat until I come back? Will you take to the road, like Cardenio, to rob it from the shepherds?

[1] This ominous threat on the part of Sancho, implying that he could, if he were put to it, say something to the disparagement of Mistress Aldonza, is thus quaintly rendered by Shelton: "Let not the gentleman constrain me to say the rest, for I will out with it, and venter (venture) all upon twelve, although it never were sold." The last clause is supposed to be the English for *despotrique y lo eche todo á doce, aunque nunca se venda*. *Despotricar* is to "blurt out," without fear of consequences. *Echar todo á doce*,—"to fling all out by the dozen,"—is a bit of a very ancient proverb, which in its complete state runs as follows—*Echémoslo á doce siquiera nunca se venda*, of obscure origin, but of tolerably obvious sense, meaning, "let us fling it by the dozen, though it never be sold."

[2] *Que me ayunase*,—another of Sancho's elliptical sayings. *Ayunar* is, literally, to fast; and it is explained by Clemencin that a fast preceded certain high ecclesiastical festivities, as a special mark of respect and veneration for the saint feasted. So to *ayunar* any one came to mean to treat him with the highest respect, which included fear.

—Let not that anxiety trouble thee, answered Don Quixote, for even though I had it I should eat nothing else than the herbs and fruits which this meadow and these trees might yield me; for the nicety of my business lies in not eating and in enduring other hardships.

To this Sancho replied:—Does your worship know what I am afraid of? It is that on my return I shall not be able to hit the spot where now I leave you, seeing it is so hidden.

—Take the marks well, and I will endeavour not to stray from these confines, said Don Quixote; and I will even observe the precaution of mounting these highest rocks to see if I may descry thee when thou returnest. However, the surer way will be, lest I should go wrong, and thou lose thyself, for thee to cut down some branches of the broom, which is plentiful about here, and strew them as thou goest here and there until thou hast come out into the open country, which shall serve thee as landmarks and signs whereby to find me on thy return, in imitation of the clue in Theseus' labyrinth.[1]

—That will I do, answered Sancho Panza; and cutting some twigs he begged his master's blessing, and, not without many tears on both sides, took his leave; and mounting Rozinante, whom Don Quixote earnestly commended to his care that he should look after him as after his own proper self, he took the road to the plains, scattering the stalks of the broom at intervals as his master had advised him; and so he went on his way, though Don Quixote still pressed him to see him perform were it only a couple of his mad tricks. He had not gone a hundred paces, however, when he came back and said:

—I think your worship, Sir, said quite right that, in order to be able to swear without a load on my conscience

[1] In the early editions, *Teseo* is printed *Perseo*; probably a printer's blunder, or perhaps a slip of the author, which the Academy has corrected.

that I had seen you do your mad tricks, it might be well for me to see, say one; though one good big one I have seen in your worship staying here.

—Did I not tell thee so? said Don Quixote; wait, Sancho, and in the space of a *credo* I will do them.

And, stripping himself in all haste of his breeches, he remained but in his skin and his shirt-tails; and then without more ado he cut a couple of capers in the air, and as many somersaults, disclosing things which, in order not to see a second time, Sancho turned Rozinante's rein, reckoning himself content and satisfied that he was able to swear that his master was mad.

And so we will leave him to go his way till his return, which was speedy.

CHAPTER XXVI

Wherein are pursued the delicate pranks which, in his quality of lover, Don Quixote played in the Sierra Morena

RETURNING to the narrative of what he of the Rueful Feature did when he found himself alone, the history says that as soon as Don Quixote had ended his tumblings or somersaults, naked from below the middle and clothed above, and when he perceived that Sancho was gone without caring to stop and see any more of his fooleries, he climbed to the point of a high rock and there again set himself to consider what he had oftentimes considered without having ever come to a decision upon it, and it was whether it were better and more to the purpose to imitate Orlando in his outrageous frenzies or Amadis in his melancholy fits ; and, communing with himself, he said :

—If Orlando were so good a Knight and so valiant as all say, what marvel, seeing after all that he was enchanted, and none could kill him except by thrusting a farthing pin [1] into the sole of the foot, and so he always wore shoes with seven iron soles.[2] But these tricks availed him naught with

[1] *Alfiler de á blanca*,—that is, one of those pins sold for a *blanca*,—the smallest of coins, two of which went to a *maravedi*. Most of the translators, English and foreign, interpret *blanca* as the metal out of which the pin is made, instead of the price at which it is sold.

[2] It was not Orlando but Ferrau who wore the seven plates of iron, to defend not his sole but his navel, according to Ariosto (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xii. vv. 48 and 49).

Bernardo del Carpio, who, knowing of them, strangled him in his arms at Roncesvalles.[1] Leaving the matter of his valour aside, let us come to that of his loss of wits, which it is certain that he lost through the signs he discovered at the fountain, and the tidings which the shepherd brought him, how that Angelica had slept more than two afternoons with Medoro, a little curly-headed Moor and page to Agramante.[2] If he believed this to be true, and that his lady had done him this foul wrong, it was not much in him to turn mad; but I, how can I imitate him in his madness, if I resemble him not in the occasion thereof? For my Dulcinea del Toboso, I will dare swear, has never seen any Moor in all the days of her life, as he is in his own proper dress,[3] and that she is to-day as her mother who bore her; and I should be doing her a manifest injury were I, imagining aught else of her, to turn mad, after the manner of Orlando the Furious. On the other hand, I see that Amadis of Gaul, without losing his wits, and without perpetrating any mad freaks, won as great a reputation for a lover as the best of them; for what he did, according to his history, was nothing more than, finding himself slighted by his lady Oriana, who had commanded

[1] Don Quixote here confounds the Spanish Orlando (Roldan), the hero of the ballads, with the Italian Orlando, the hero of Boiardo's and Ariosto's poems,—two very different characters, though both derived from the same source, and originally identical with Rolandus, the Frankish prefect of the Marches of Brittany, the germ from which spring all the Orlandos, Rolands, and Roldans of fable. (See Appendix A at the end of this volume.) Bernardo del Carpio first appears in the thirteenth century in the *Crónica General* of King Alfonso X. He is a purely local hero, invented, or more probably developed and enlarged, from some real Leonese champion, to meet and match the Frenchman Roland, by the patriotic ballad-mongers. He is the leader of the united Spanish host, Christian and Moor, against Charlemagne in 778.

[2] *Orlando Furioso*, canto xviii. st. 166. Medoro was not page to Agramante but to Dardinel de Almonte, one of the African princes.

[3] This is supposed by Clemencin to be a satirical allusion to the people of El Toboso, a large portion of whom were at this time Moriscoes, though they did not wear the Moorish dress. The population of this and the neighbouring villages of La Mancha had been largely recruited by fugitives from Granada.

him not to appear in her presence until such was her pleasure,[1] to retire to the Peña Pobre in company with a hermit, and there to sate himself with weeping until Heaven sent him relief in the midst of his great anguish and stress. And if this be true, as it is, why do I now seek to take pains to strip myself wholly, or to give pain to these trees, which have never done me any harm, or to trouble the clear waters of these streams, which have to give me drink when I am thirsty? Long live the memory of Amadis, and be he the model, as far as may be, of Don Quixote of La Mancha, of whom it shall be said what was said of that other one, that if he achieved not great things he died in attempting them.[2] And, if I be not rejected nor slighted of my lady Dulcinea, let it suffice, as I have said, that I am absent from her. Ho, then! Hands to your task! Deeds of Amadis, come to my memory, and teach me how I may begin to copy you! Now, I know that the most of what he did was to pray, and so will I do.

For a rosary there served him some large gall-nuts of a cork-tree,[3] which he strung together in tens; and what

[1] *Amadis de Gaula*, bk. ii. ch. i.

[2] A reference to the story of Phaeton, of whom the Naiads of the Po in their epitaph said:

> Hic situs est Phaëton, currus auriga paterni,
> Quem si non tenuit, magnis tamen excidit ausis.
>
> —*Metamorphoses*, bk. ii.

[3] In the first of the two editions printed at Madrid in 1605, Don Quixote is said to make his rosary out of strips from the tail of his shirt,—an invention of which one of the recent English translators is greatly enamoured, declaring that "any fancy might have framed beads out of acorns or gall-nuts, but it required the imagination of Don Quixote to make a rosary out of his shirt-tail." Mr. Ormsby also expresses a preference for the shirt-tail beads, roundly averring that "Cervantes had nothing to do with" the alteration. I know not how any English critic is able to speak so positively as to what Cervantes did or did not do in 1605. It is sufficient for me to know that in every Spanish edition subsequent to the first of 1605,—in the edition of 1608, published at Madrid while Cervantes was a resident in the capital, and containing other corrections which no one but the author could possibly have made,—the passage stands as I have translated it. Nor can I admit that any one, especially a foreigner, is justified in going back

annoyed him much was not to find thereabouts another hermit to confess him, and to administer consolation; and thus he entertained himself, pacing up and down the little meadow, writing and graving on the barks of the trees and on the fine sand many verses, all adapted to his sad state, and some in praise of Dulcinea. Those that were discovered entire, and could be deciphered after he was found, were none other than these which follow:—

Trees, plants, and bushes all
About this spot a-growing,
So big, so green, so tall,
So plentifully blowing,
Give ear unto my fall.
My grief disturb you not,
Though you did ne'er see a
Man more luckless or a lot
More doleful than of Don Quixote,
Who's weeping for his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

It's here, the very place
True lover for to hide in,
When flying from his lady's face;
Though why he's here abiding,
Or how, he cannot guess.
Love keeps him ever on the trot,
For of wicked sort is he, ah!—
Enough to fill the biggest pot
Are the tears of doleful Don Quixote
A-weeping for his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.

Upon adventures bound he
In the mountains would be roaming;

from an author's second thoughts and his acknowledged text to his first draft,—given to the printer, as we know it was in the present case, without revision.

With crag and brake around, he
Cursed himself for coming,
For misadventures found he.
Love laid his whip upon him hot,
No soft or gentle thong had he, ah!
And touched him on the tender'st spot,
So fall the tears from Don Quixote,
A-weeping for his Dulcinea
Del Toboso.[1]

The addition of *Del Toboso* to the name of Dulcinea was the cause of no little laughter in those who found the verses here recited, because they guessed that Don Quixote must have imagined that if, in naming Dulcinea he did not also mention El Toboso, the stanza would not be understood; and such was the truth, as he afterwards confessed. Many others he wrote, but, as has been said, none but these three stanzas could be deciphered, or were found complete. In this, and in sighing, and in calling upon the Fauns and Satyrs of those woods, upon the Nymphs of the streams, upon the damp and doleful Echo, to respond, console, and listen, he occupied himself; and in the search of herbs on which to sustain himself until Sancho should return, who, had he tarried three weeks, as he did three days, would have found the Knight of the Rueful Feature so disfeatured[2] as not to be known by the mother who bore him.

But now it will be well to leave him, wrapt in his sighs and his verses, to relate what happened to Sancho Panza in his enterprise. On coming out into the high road he made for that which led to El Toboso, arriving the next day at the inn where had happened to him the misadventure of the

[1] These verses are, doubtless, made intentionally absurd, in burlesque of those in the books of chivalries.

[2] Here we see that the play of words on *figura* and *desfigurado* is lost or blunted if we read *figura* as "countenance" only. Certainly, in some passages of the story, *figura* refers to Don Quixote's face, but in most passages it is the whole figure of the man which is indicated.

blanket. Scarcely had he espied it when he felt himself flying once more through the air, and had no wish to enter therein, although it was the hour when he might and should have done so, being that of dinner, and he was longing to taste something hot, it being now a good many days of all cold fare with him. This yearning made him draw near to the inn, still doubtful whether he should enter or not. At this moment there came out of the inn two persons, who presently perceived him, and said one to the other :—Tell me, Sir Licentiate, is not he on the horse Sancho Panza, who, our adventurer's housekeeper told us, had sallied out with her master as squire ?

—Yes, it is he, replied the Licentiate, and that is our Don Quixote's horse.

They could not but know him well, seeing they were the Priest and the Barber of his own village, who had made the inquisition and general *auto-de-fé* of the books. Having recognised Sancho Panza and Rozinante, the two went up to him, being desirous of learning about Don Quixote ; and the Priest, calling him by his name, said :—Friend Sancho Panza, where have you left your master ?

Sancho Panza knew them at once, and made up his mind to conceal from them the place and the condition wherein his master then was ; and so he replied that his master was occupied in a certain place and in a certain affair which was to him of much importance, which he was not able to reveal for all the eyes in his head.

—No, no, Sancho Panza, said the Barber ; if you do not tell us where he is, we shall believe, as we already do believe, that you have murdered and robbed him, since you come a-top of his horse. Verily, you must bring us to the owner of the nag, or it shall be the worse for you.[1]

[1] *Ó sobre eso morena*,—lit. "or over this a quarrel,"—a proverbial phrase of obscure origin. *Morena* is said by Clemencin to be an abbreviation of *marimorena*, a vulgar word for *pendencia*.

—There's no cause to use threats with me, for I am not a man to rob or to murder anybody, said Sancho. Let every one's own fate murder him, or the God who made him. My master stays doing of penance in the heart of these mountains, much to his satisfaction.

And then he told them right off, without stopping, of the state in which he had left his master, the adventures which had befallen him, and how he was carrying the letter to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who was the daughter of Lorenzo Corchuelo, with whom the Knight was in love down to the liver.

They were both struck with astonishment at Sancho Panza's story, and, though they knew already of Don Quixote's madness and the nature thereof, they marvelled anew as often as they heard of it. They asked Sancho Panza to show them the letter which he was bearing to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso. He told them that it was written in a note-book, and that it was his master's order that he was to have it copied out in paper at the first village he came to; upon which the Priest asked that he might see it, for he would copy it out himself in a fair hand. Sancho Panza put his hand into his bosom, but found it not; nor could he have found it if he had searched till this day, for it had remained with Don Quixote, and had not been given to him, nor had he remembered to ask for it. When Sancho perceived that the book was not to be found, his face grew as pale as death, and, again feeling all over his body very eagerly, he became convinced that he had it not; and, without more ado, he laid hold of his beard with both hands and plucked half of it out, and in a trice gave himself half-a-dozen blows, without stopping, in the face and on the nose, so that he bathed them all in blood. Seeing this, the Priest and the Barber enquired of him what was the matter that he treated himself so roughly.

—What should be the matter, answered Sancho, but that I have let slip through my fingers, in a moment, three ass-colts, each like a castle?

—How is that? asked the Barber.

—I have lost the note-book, replied Sancho, which had in it the letter for Dulcinea, and a bill signed by my master in which he ordered his niece to give me three ass-foals out of the four or five he has at home.—And with that he related to them the loss of Dapple.

The Priest consoled him, saying that when he found his master he would make him renew the order and draw the bill of exchange, according to use and custom; for such as were drawn in note-books were never accepted or honoured. With this Sancho was comforted, saying that, since it was so, the loss of Dulcinea's letter gave him little concern, for he knew it almost by heart, so that they might take it down when and where they pleased.

—Repeat it then, Sancho, said the Barber, and then we will write it down.

Sancho Panza stopped to scratch his head to fetch the letter to his memory, standing now upon one leg and now upon another. Sometimes he stared at the ground, and again at the sky. After having gnawed off half the top of a finger, keeping in suspense those who were waiting for him to speak, he exclaimed, after a very long pause:—By my soul, Master Licentiate, may the devil take all I remember of the letter, although at the beginning it said, *Sublime and Scrubby Lady*.[1]

—It would not say Scrubby, but Superhuman or Sovereign lady, quoth the Barber.

—That's it, cried Sancho; then, if I don't mistake me, it went on, *the wounded and sleepless and the pierced kisses your hands, ungrateful and thankless fair;* and I don't know what he said about health and sickness that he sent, and thus he

[1] *Alta y sobajada señora. Sobajar* is "to scrub."

went scrambling on till he ended in—*Yours till death, the Knight of the Rueful Feature.*

The pair were not a little diverted at Sancho Panza's excellent memory, and praised it greatly, desiring him to repeat the letter twice over that they also might have it by heart, to write it down in due time. Three times did Sancho repeat it, and as many times did he repeat three thousand other extravagancies. After this he told them of other things about his master; but never a word did he say of the blanket-tossing which had happened to him at the inn, into which he refused to enter. He told them also how that his master, upon his bringing back a favourable despatch from the lady Dulcinea, was to set about the purpose of being made an Emperor, or at least a Monarch, for so it had been arranged between them two; and it was a very easy thing for him to become one, considering the valour of his person and the strength of his arm. And upon this happening that he himself should be married, for by that time he would be a widower, no less, and should take to wife one of the Empress's damsels, heiress to a rich and large estate on the mainland, and none of your isles or wiles,[1] for these he did not covet. Sancho said all this with so much gravity, wiping his nose from time to time, and in a manner so crazy, that the two were amazed anew, thinking how violent must be Don Quixote's malady, since it had carried away that poor fellow's wits. They would not be at the trouble of dispelling his illusion, it seeming to them that, since it did not hurt his conscience at all, it was better to leave him in it, and that it would be the more diverting to listen to his fooleries. They therefore told him that he should pray God for his master's health, since it was a very possible and feasible thing for him to become an Emperor in process of time, as he had said, or, at the least, Archbishop, or some other equivalent dignitary. To which Sancho replied:

[1] *Sin ínsulos ni ínsulas.*

—Sirs, if fortune should compass matters so that my master take it into his head not to be Emperor but to be Archbishop, I would like to know now what Archbishops Errant are accustomed to give to their squires.

—They are accustomed, answered the Priest, to give some benefice or cure or some sextonship, which brings them in a good fixed rent, besides the altar-gifts, which usually amount to as much more.

—For this it will be necessary, said Sancho, that the squire should be unmarried, and should know how to assist at mass at least; and, if this be so, woe is me! for I am married, and don't know the first letter of the A B C. What will become of me if my master should take a fancy to be Archbishop and not Emperor, as is the use and custom of Knights Errant?

—Trouble not yourself, friend Sancho, said the Barber; for we will entreat and advise your master, and will even put it to him, as a point of conscience, that he should be Emperor and not Archbishop; and he could be that the easier by reason that he is more valiant than studious.

—So it has appeared to me, responded Sancho, although I can say that he is clever enough for everything. What, for my part, I think of doing is to pray to Our Lord to send him where he can best serve himself and bestow on me the most favours.

—You speak like a wise man, said the Priest, and will behave like a good Christian; but what we have to do at present is to contrive how to release your master from that vain penance which you tell us he is performing; and in order to consider the manner of doing it and to eat, for it is now the hour, it will be well for us to go into this inn.

Sancho answered that they might go in, but for himself he would wait there outside, and tell them afterwards the reason why he did not enter, and why it was not agreeable to him to do so; but he besought them to bring him out

something to eat, which should be something hot, and also some barley for Rozinante. They left him and went within, and in a little while the Barber brought him out some victuals. Afterwards, the two having well deliberated between them the course which they should take to accomplish what they desired, there occurred to the Priest an idea well fitted to Don Quixote's humour, and also to effect what they intended. And he told the Barber that what he had thought of was to dress himself in the habit of a damsel, the other assuming as best he could the part of the squire, and in this guise they could go to where Don Quixote was, he feigning to be an afflicted and distressed maiden, to beseech of him a boon, which he as a valiant Knight Errant could not refuse to grant; and that the boon which he thought of asking was to accompany her to wherever she might want to take him, to redress an injury which a wicked Knight had done her, entreating him at the same time that he should not require her to remove her mask, nor demand anything of her condition, until he had righted her upon that wicked Knight. The Priest made no doubt whatever that Don Quixote would agree to all they asked of him on these terms, and in this manner they might get him away from that place and remove him to his village, where they would try to find some cure for his strange madness.

CHAPTER XXVII

Of how the Priest and the Barber carried out their design, with other things worthy of mention in this great history

THE Priest's design seemed to the Barber not ill—rather so well, that they set about its execution at once. They borrowed of the innkeeper's wife a gown and a head-dress,[1] leaving in pawn a new cassock of the Priest's. The Barber fashioned a great beard out of a red or greyish ox's-tail, in which the innkeeper was used to hang his comb. The landlady asked them what they wanted these things for. The Priest told her, in a few words, of Don Quixote's madness, and how that this disguise was necessary to bring him away out of the mountains where he then was. The innkeeper and his wife at once divined that this madman was their guest, he of the balsam, the master of the blanket-tossed squire; and they told the Priest of all that had passed between them, not concealing that about which Sancho had been so silent. Finally, the landlady dressed up the Priest in a style which could not be bettered. She put on him a stuff gown covered with bands of black velvet,

[1] *Una saya y unas tocas. Saya*, from Lat. *sagum*, is the common word for a woman's outer garment. *Toca*, or *tocas*, is the female head-dress, including the veil, comb, etc. Anciently, it was worn only by married women and widows, except on occasions of state or of mourning, when its use extended to maidens. Hence the propriety of the Priest adopting it, in support of his character of a damsel in distress.

each of a hand's breadth, all slashed; and a bodice of green velvet, trimmed with edges of white satin, which, with the gown, must have been made in the days of King Wamba.[1] The Priest would not consent to have his head dressed like a woman's, but put on a small cap of quilted linen which he carried for sleeping in at night; and bound round his forehead a garter of black taffeta, and with another garter made himself a mask which well covered his beard and face. He then donned his broad hat, which was so large that it would serve him for an umbrella, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, he seated himself like a woman on his mule, while the Barber mounted his, with a beard reaching down to his girdle, parti-coloured red and white, being made, as we have said, out of the tail of a pied ox.

They took leave of all, including the good Maritornes, who, sinner as she was, promised to tell a rosary that God might give them a good issue out of the arduous and Christian business they had undertaken. But hardly had they left the inn, when the thought struck the Priest that he was doing wrong in dressing himself up like that, for it was a thing indecent in a Churchman to appear in such a garb, however great his concern in the business. Telling the Barber of his scruples, he begged him to change dresses, since it was more fitting that he should be the distressed damsel, and for himself to play the squire, and thus his dignity would be less profaned; otherwise he was resolved to go no farther with the matter, though the devil should take Don Quixote. Just then Sancho came up, who, beholding the two in that guise, could not contain his laughter. Eventually the Barber agreed to all that the Priest wished, and, changing their plan, the Priest began to instruct the other how to play his part, and what to say to Don Quixote

[1] *En tiempo del Rei Wamba*—a common proverbial phrase, signifying great antiquity. Therein is enshrined the memory of Wamba, the last of the good and wise Gothic kings, who reigned between 672 and 682.

to induce and compel him to come with them, and quit his haunt [1] in that spot which he had selected for his idle penance. The Barber declared that he would carry out his part with propriety, without any lesson. He would not dress himself until they came near to where Don Quixote was, and therefore he folded up the garments, and the Priest put away his beard, and they pursued their journey with Sancho for their guide, who, as they went along, related to them what had happened with the madman who was found in the mountains, concealing, however, the discovery of the valise and what was in it; for, simple as he was, the lad was a little avaricious.

The next day they arrived at the spot where Sancho had strewn the twigs as marks by which to find the place where he had left his master, and, recognising it, he said to them that this was the entrance, and that they had better dress themselves, if that was necessary to his master's deliverance; for they had already told him that their going in that guise, and attiring themselves in that fashion, were all-important for the rescue of his master from that miserable life which he had chosen, and they had charged him strictly not to tell Don Quixote who they were or that he knew them; and if the Knight should enquire, as he was sure to do, if the letter had been delivered to Dulcinea, Sancho should say it had, and that not being able to read she had answered him by word of mouth, saying that she commanded him, on pain of her displeasure, to come to see her on the instant; and that this was a thing to him (Sancho) of much importance, for by these means, and with what they intended to say to Don Quixote, they felt sure they could bring him back to a better life, and so contrive with him as that he should be soon put on the road to be an Emperor or Monarch, for in regard to

[1] *Querencia*,—here used obviously in its secondary and usual meaning of "wild beasts' haunt,"—not in the primitive sense of "fancy," or "conceit," as most of the translators have made it.

his becoming an Archbishop there was nothing to fear. To all this Sancho listened and got it well by heart, and he thanked them much for their intention of counselling his master to become Emperor and not Archbishop, for he was persuaded, on his part, that in the matter of bestowing favours on their squires Emperors could do more than Archbishops Errant. He said also that it would be better for him to go in advance and find him, and deliver his lady's answer, for it might be that this alone would suffice to draw him from that spot, without putting them to so much trouble. Sancho Panza's idea they thought a good one, and so they decided to wait until he came back with intelligence of having found his master.

Sancho struck into the mountain gorges, leaving the other two behind in one through which there ran a gentle rivulet, to which some neighbouring rocks and trees lent a cool and pleasant shade. The day they arrived there was one of the hot days of August, when in those parts the heat is wont to be very great; the hour was three in the afternoon, all which made the spot more grateful, inviting them to wait there for Sancho's return, which they did. The two were reposing in the shade at their ease, when a voice reached their ears which, though unaccompanied by any instrument, sounded sweet and musical, at which they were not a little surprised, for this seemed to them no place where to look for so good a singer; for, though they are wont to say that in the woods and fields are found shepherds with rare voices, these are rather poets' flights than plain truths; and greater was their surprise when they became aware that what they heard sung were verses not of rustic herdsmen but of polished gentlefolk; and the truth of this was proved by the lines which they heard, which were these:—

What turns my happiness to pain?
Disdain.

What greater makes my woe to be?
Jealousy.
What puts to proof my patience?
Absence.
In such a case no ease I see,
Nor for my grief a remedy,
Since hope itself doth murder me,
Absence, disdain, and jealousy.

What me to this complaint doth move?
Love.
Who doth my happiness abate?
Fate.
Who to my wretchedness consents?
Providence.
In such a case my soul must wait
For death in her unlucky plight,
Since for her overthrow unite
Love, Providence, and Fate.

Who better hope can me bequeath?
Death.
What gives to love a freer range?
Change.
What may relieve it of its sadness?
Madness.
In such a case 'twere waste of breath,
To seek my trouble to remove;
When none are remedies of Love,
But Madness, Change, and Death.[1]

The hour, the season, the solitude, the voice, and the skill of the singer caused wonder and delight in the two listeners, who remained still, in the hope of hearing more. But, the

[1] These echo verses, in the taste of the period, are after a model as old as Juan del Encina, in the *Cancionero General*. Lope de Vega imitated them, using Cervantes' very words and rhymes, in one of his comedies, of which the title,—*La Ilustre Fregona*,—he took from Cervantes.

silence continuing for some time, they resolved to go in search of the musician who sang with so fine a voice. As they were about to do so they were arrested by the same voice, which touched their ears anew, singing this sonnet :—

O sacred Friendship, that with nimble wing,
Thy phantom leaving on this earth below,
Up to the Empyrean didst mount and go,
To hold with blessed souls glad communing ;
There thy fair face for mortals' cozening,
Wrapt in a veil to us thou oft dost show,
Through which the fervour of good faith doth glow ;
Alack ! to end in scathe and sorrowing.
Come down, O Friendship, from the skies, nor let
Thy livery be worn by foul deceit,
Sincere belief and honesty to cheat,
For, if thou quittest not thy heavenly seat,
Once more shall chaos dark enfold the world,
And all to primal anarchy be hurl'd.[1]

The song was ended with a deep sigh, and the two once more waited attentively to hear if he should sing again ; but, finding the music changed into sobs and heart-rending moans, they agreed to go and find out who that unhappy one was, so exquisite of voice and so dolorous of heart. They had not gone far when, in turning the corner of a rock, they saw a man of the same figure and aspect that Sancho Panza had described, when he told them the story of Cardenio. He, when he perceived them, showed no surprise, but stood still with his head bowed down on his bosom, like one in deep thought, not lifting his eyes to look at them more than once on their sudden appearance. The Priest, who was a well-spoken man,—knowing already of his misfortunes, since he had recognised him by the tokens given by Sancho,—went

[1] This sonnet in the original,—*pace* Clemencin, who will not have it that Cervantes ever wrote any good sonnet but one, that on Philip II.'s catafalque at Seville,—is one of the best in *Don Quixote*, and not unworthy of his genius.

up to him, and, in brief but well-chosen phrases, besought and pressed him to quit that wretched life, lest he should lose it there, which of all his miseries would be the greatest. Cardenio, at this time, was in his right mind, free from the mad fit which often drove him out of himself, and, seeing the two in an attire so unusual among those who frequented those solitudes, he could not help being surprised, and the more when he heard them speak of his affair as of a thing well known, for the words the Priest spoke gave him to understand as much; and so he replied to them in this manner:

—Whoever you be, gentlemen, I see clearly that Heaven, which cares to succour the good and oft-times even the wicked, sends to me, unworthy that I am, in these spots so desolate and remote from the common haunt of human kind, some persons who, setting before my eyes with various and lively arguments how irrational is the life I lead, have designed to draw me away from this to a better place. But as they know not what I know, that in flying from this evil I must fall into one greater, they must set me down as a man of weak intelligence and even for what is worse,—for one devoid of reason. And it would be no marvel were it so, for I am well aware that the force of the thought of my misery is so intense and is so potent for my destruction that, without my being able to resist it, I am being turned into a stone, void of all knowledge and sense; and I come to know this to be true when they tell me and show me tokens of things which I have done when that terrible fit overmasters me; and I can do no more than idly bewail and uselessly curse my destiny, giving in excuse of my madness the story of its cause to as many as are willing to hear it; for men of sense, when they learn the cause, will not marvel at the effects, and, if they should give me no relief, at least they will impute to me no blame, their anger at my outrageous conduct being changed to pity for my misfortunes. If it be, gentlemen,

that you are come with the same intention with which others have come, before you proceed farther with your wise admonitions, I entreat you to listen to the story, which you know not, of my misfortunes, for perhaps when you have heard it you will spare yourselves the trouble which you are taking in offering consolation for a grief which admits of no solace.

The two, who desired nothing else than to learn from his own lips the cause of his woe, prayed him to recount it, undertaking to do nothing but what he desired for his relief or consolation. Upon this the unhappy gentleman began his piteous story, almost in the same words and in the same manner in which he had told it to Don Quixote and to the goatherds a few days before, when, by reason of Master Elisabad and Don Quixote's punctiliousness in defending the dignity of Knight Errantry, the tale was left unfinished, as this history has recorded; but now fortune pleased that his mad fit should pass, and gave him the opportunity of relating it to the end. And so, coming to the passage of the letter which Don Fernando found in the book of Amadis of Gaul,[1] Cardenio said that he remembered it well, and that it was in these words :—

LUCINDA TO CARDENIO

Every day I discover in you qualities which oblige and compel me more and more to esteem you; and therefore if you desire that I should acquit me of this debt without a distraint on my honour, you can easily do so. I have a father who knows you and who loves me well; who, without forcing my inclination, will satisfy what you may reasonably demand, if you esteem me as you say and as I believe you do.

By this letter I was moved to ask Lucinda for wife, as I have already related, and this letter it was through which Lucinda came to be regarded, in Don Fernando's opinion, as

[1] See *ante*, ch. xxiv.

one of the cleverest and discreetest women of her day; and this letter also it was which kindled in him the desire to ruin me before mine could be accomplished. I told Don Fernando how the matter stood with Lucinda's father, namely, that he expected mine to demand her of him, which I dared not mention to my father, fearful lest he should refuse his consent,—not because he was ignorant of the condition, the goodness, the worth, and the beauty of Lucinda, and that she had qualities such as might ennoble any family of Spain,—but because I had become aware from him that he wished me not to marry so soon, before seeing what the Duke Ricardo might do for me. I told him, in short, that I could not venture to speak to my father about it, as much because of that obstacle as of several others which made a coward of me, without knowing what they were, except that it seemed to me impossible that my desires could ever be fulfilled. To all this Don Fernando made answer that he would take it upon himself to speak to my father, and induce him to speak to Lucinda's. O greedy Marius! O cruel Catiline! O wicked Sulla! O perfidious Galalon! O traitorous Bellido! O revengeful Julian! O covetous Judas![1] Traitor, cruel, revengeful, and perfidious! What disloyalty had this wretch done thee, he who so frankly revealed to thee the secrets and the joys of his heart? What wrong did I commit? What words did I utter, or what counsels give thee, which were not all aimed at the advancement of thine honour and thine interest? But wherefore do I complain, unhappy me! since it is certain that when the train of the stars brings

[1] These are the favourite traitors and villains of history and of romance. For Galalon, see note to ch. i. Bellido, commonly known as Bellido Dolfos, figures largely in the Cid ballads. It was he who slew King Sancho treacherously, after having enticed him to a secret interview under pretence of showing him an easy entrance into Zamora,—then held by Doña Urraca, his sister,—which the King was besieging. Count Julian was he who, in revenge for the seduction of his daughter Florinda, or *La Cava*, by King Rodrigo, brought the Moors into Spain. Compare Chaucer—

> O newe Scariot, newe Genilon,
> Fals dissimulour, O Greke Sinon!
> —*The Nonne Prest his Tale.*

disasters, descending from on high in fury and in violence, no earthly force can stop or human skill avert them? Who could imagine that Don Fernando, a noble gentleman of discernment, under an obligation to me for favours,—well able to attain whatever his amorous fancy might covet, in any direction,—should burn to take from me, as I may say, my single ewe-lamb which was not yet mine?

But, leaving these reflections as idle and profitless, let us resume once more the broken thread of my hapless story. I repeat, then, that Don Fernando, thinking my presence to be a hindrance to the execution of his false and wicked design, resolved to send me to his elder brother on the pretence of borrowing from him some money to pay for six horses which,—purposely and solely to the end that I might be got out of the way in order that he might the better carry out his accursed intent,—he bought on the very day he professed to speak to my father. Could I foresee this treachery? Could it enter into my thoughts to imagine it? Surely not; rather with the greatest good will did I offer to set out forthwith, glad of the fine purchase he had made. That night I spoke with Lucinda, and told her what had been arranged between me and Don Fernando, bidding her have firm hope that our good and righteous desires would be fulfilled. She, as unsuspicious as myself of Don Fernando's treason, bade me return with all speed, for she believed that the crowning of our affections would be deferred no longer than my father should delay speaking to hers. I know not how it happened, but, as soon as she said this, her eyes filled with tears, and a knot rose in her throat, which hindered her from uttering a word of the many which methought she strove to speak. I was struck with surprise at this new emotion, till then never seen in her, for, as often as my good fortune and my address had permitted me to converse with her, we spoke ever with all joy and gladness, without the mingling of tears, sighs, jealousies, suspicions, or fears in our mutual talk. On my part, I was all for extolling my happiness for Heaven having given me her for my mistress. I would magnify her beauty and admire her worth and understanding. She would

repay me in double measure, commending in me what to her as a lover was worthy of commendation. And then we would amuse each other with a hundred thousand trifles,—with things that had happened to our neighbours and acquaintances; and the utmost to which my presumption extended was to take, almost by force, one of her lovely white hands and carry it to my lips as well as I might for the narrowness of the low grating which separated us. But, on the night which preceded the sad day of my leaving, she wept, she moaned, she sighed, and fled, leaving me filled with confusion and alarm, frightened at having witnessed these unwonted and melancholy signs of grief and tenderness in Lucinda. Not to spoil my hopes, I attributed all to the force of the love she bore me and to the sorrow which absence causes to true lovers. In fine, I departed, sad and pensive, my soul filled with fancies and suspicions, without knowing what I suspected or imagined,—clear tokens which presaged the dark event and fate which were awaiting me.

I reached the town whither I was sent, delivered the letters to Don Fernando's brother, was well received but not well despatched, for he bade me wait eight days, much to my disgust, in a place where the Duke, his father, should not see me, for his brother had written to him for certain moneys to be sent without their father's knowledge. All this was a stratagem of the false Don Fernando, for his brother had no lack of money with which to despatch me at once. The command was such as moved me to disobedience, for it seemed to me impossible to support life so many days absent from Lucinda; the more since I had left her in the distress which I have described. Nevertheless, I obeyed, like a good servant, although I saw that it must be at the cost of my salvation. But, on the fourth day after my arrival, there came a man in search of me with a letter, which he gave me, and which, by the address, I knew to be from Lucinda, for the handwriting was hers. I opened it in fear and trembling, knowing that it must be some great matter which had moved her to write to me in my absence, seeing that she so rarely did so when I was present. I asked the man before reading it who had given it to him, and how long he had been on the road.

He told me that, passing by chance through one of the streets of the city about the middle of the day, a very beautiful lady called to him from a window, her eyes full of tears, and with much earnestness said to him :—Brother, if you are a Christian, as you seem to be, I implore you, for the love of God, to carry this letter quickly to the place and to the person whose address it bears, for they are well known, and in this you will be doing Our Lord a great service ; and, that you may not lack the means of being able to do this, take what is in this handkerchief. —And, so saying, she threw me from the window a handkerchief, in which were tied up a hundred *reals* and this gold ring which I have here with the letter I have given you. And then, without waiting for my answer, she withdrew from the window, though first she saw me take up the letter and the handkerchief —I telling her by signs that I would do what she bade me. And so, seeing myself so well paid for my trouble in bringing it, and learning by the direction that it was to you she sent it,—for I, sir, know you very well,—moved likewise by the tears of that beautiful lady, I resolved not to trust any one else, but come myself and deliver it to you ; and in the sixteen hours since it was given me I have made the journey, which, as you know, is of eighteen leagues.

During all the time the kind extemporised courier was saying this to me, I hung upon his words, my legs trembling so that I could hardly support myself. At length I opened the letter, and saw that it contained these words :—

The promise which Don Fernando gave you to persuade your father to speak to mine he has kept,—more to his own liking than to your benefit. Know, sir, that he has asked me for wife, and my father, carried away by the advantage he thinks Don Fernando possesses over you, has agreed to his wishes in such good earnest that in two days hence the espousals are to be celebrated, so secretly and privily that the only witnesses are to be Heaven and some of the household. Imagine what my state is. Judge if it behoves you to come. The issue of this affair will let you know whether I love you or not. God grant that this may reach your hand ere mine happen to be joined to his who keeps so ill his plighted faith.

Such, in substance, were the words the letter contained, and they caused me at once to set out on my journey, without waiting for reply or money ; for now I plainly saw that it was not the buying of horses but that of his own pleasure which had made Don Fernando send me to his brother. The rage which I conceived against Don Fernando, joined to the fear of losing the prize I had won by so many years of devotion and love, lent me wings, and almost as though I had flown I reached my place the next day, at the hour and moment most fitting to go and speak with Lucinda. I entered secretly, and, leaving the mule on which I had ridden at the house of the good man who had brought me the letter, Fortune for once was pleased to be so kind to me that I found Lucinda posted at the grating, which had been the witness of our loves. Lucinda knew me at once and I knew her ; but not as we ought to have known one another. But who is there in the world can boast that he has fathomed and understood the intricate mind and unstable nature of a woman ? Assuredly none. Let me say, then, that as soon as Lucinda saw me she said :—Cardenio, I am in my bridal dress ; they are now waiting for me in the hall,—Don Fernando, the traitor, and my covetous father, with others, —who shall be witnesses of my death rather than of my espousals. Be not troubled, friend, but contrive to be present at this sacrifice. If I cannot avert it by my words, I wear a concealed dagger which shall avail me against more determined violence, giving an end to my life and to thee a first token by which thou shalt know of the love I have borne and do bear thee.

I answered her hurriedly and distractedly, being in fear lest I should lose the opportunity for reply :

—May thy deeds, lady, prove the truth of thy words. If thou carriest a dagger to defend thine honour, I here carry a sword wherewith to defend thy life, or to kill myself should our future prove adverse.

I do not believe she could hear all these my words, for I perceived that she was called away in haste, as the bridegroom awaited her. Here the night of my woe set in ; the sun of my

joy went down. I remained without light in my eyes, without sense in my mind. I was unable to enter the house, and without power to move. But, reflecting how important was my presence for what might happen in that crisis, I aroused myself as well as I could and went into the house, for I well knew all the entrances and exits ; and, moreover, through the bustle which prevailed within, no one noticed me. And thus, without being seen, I found an opportunity of posting myself in a recess formed by a window within the hall itself, which was covered with the ends and folds of two pieces of tapestry, through which I was able to see, without being seen, all that was done in the hall. Who could describe the throbbings of my heart during the time I stood there, the thoughts which assailed me, the reflections which passed through me—so many and of such a kind, that they can neither be told nor would it be right to tell them ? Let it suffice you to know that the bridegroom entered the hall without other adornment than the ordinary dress he wore. He had for his groomsman a first cousin of Lucinda's, and no one else was in the room but the servants of the house. In a little while came Lucinda out of her dressing-room, accompanied by her mother and two of her maids, as richly attired and decked as became her rank and beauty, and like one who was the perfection of fashion and courtly splendour. My anxiety and distraction gave me no time to regard and note particularly what she wore. I was only able to mark the colours, which were crimson and white, and the glimmer which the jewels and precious stones gave out on her head-dress and over all her attire ; all which was yet excelled by the singular beauty of her fair, golden hair, which, in uniting with the precious stones and the fair torchlights which blazed in the hall, shone more brilliantly before the eyes. O memory, mortal foe of my repose ! to what end does it serve now to recall the incomparable beauty of her, mine adored enemy ? Were it not better, cruel memory, to recall and present to me what she then did, so that, moved by a wrong so flagrant, I may strive, if not for vengeance, at least to rid me of my life ? Be not weary, sirs, of listening to these digressions, for my pain is not one of those which can

or should be told briefly or lightly, for every circumstance of it seems to me worthy of a long rehearsal.

To this the Priest replied, that not only were they not weary of him, but the details he related they were glad to hear, being such as merited as much attention as the body of the story, and such as should not be passed over in silence.

—I say, then, continued Cardenio, that they being all assembled in the hall, there entered the priest of the parish, and took them each by the hand in order to perform what was necessary in such a function. On his saying—*Wilt thou, Lady Lucinda, take Don Fernando, here present, to be thy lawful husband, as our holy Mother Church directs?* I thrust out my head and neck from between the tapestries, and with eager ears and troubled soul listened for Lucinda's response, awaiting in her answer the sentence of death or the grant of life. Oh that one had dared at that moment to issue forth crying aloud :—Ah, Lucinda ! Lucinda ! beware what thou doest ! Consider what thou owest me ! Remember thou art mine, and cannot be another's ! Reflect that thy saying *yes* and the finishing of my life shall be all in one moment ! Ah, traitorous Don Fernando ! robber of my glory, death of my life ! What wouldst thou have ? What claimest thou ? Consider that thou canst not, as a Christian, achieve thy intention, for Lucinda is my wife, and I am her husband !—Oh, fool that I am ! Now that I am absent and far from danger, I say what I should have done but did not. Now that I have let my precious jewel be stolen I am cursing the thief, on whom I might have taken vengeance had I as much heart for it as now for repining ! In fine, since I was then a coward and an idiot, it is no matter. I now die ashamed, remorseful, repentant, and mad !

The Priest stood waiting for the response of Lucinda, who delayed long in giving it, and when I thought she would draw out the dagger in defence of her honour, or loose her tongue to speak some truth, or make some confession which might be on my behalf, I heard her say, in a voice low and faint—*I will.* The same said Don Fernando, and, giving her the ring, they

were tied in an indissoluble knot. The bridegroom approached to embrace his bride, and she, putting her hand to her heart, fell fainting in her mother's arms.

It remains but for me to tell in what state I was when in that *Yes* I had heard I saw the mocking of my hopes, the words and pledges of Lucinda falsified, and myself disabled for ever to recover the happiness which in one moment I had lost. I remained bereft of my senses, abandoned, as it seemed, by all Heaven, proclaimed enemy of the earth which nourished me, the air refusing me breath for my sighs and the water moisture for my tears; fire only gained strength, so that I burned all with rage and jealousy.[1] When Lucinda fainted, all were thrown into commotion, and, on her mother unlacing her bosom to give her air, a folded paper was discovered within it, which Don Fernando at once seized and took himself aside to read by the light of one of the torches. After he had done reading it, he sat down on a chair and leant his cheek upon his hand, like one in a very thoughtful mood, without taking any notice of the remedies they were applying to his bride to recover her from her swoon.

Seeing all the people of the house in confusion I ventured forth, not caring whether I were seen or not, with the determination, if they saw me, to do some deed so desperate that the whole world should come to know of the just indignation of my soul, in the chastisement of the false Don Fernando, ay, and of the perfidy of the fainting traitress. But my destiny, which must have reserved me for evils still greater, if it is possible for such to be, so ordered it that at that moment my reason prevailed, which has since failed me. And so, without caring to take vengeance on my greatest enemies, which it was easy to do seeing how little they guessed of my presence there, I resolved to take it on myself, and to visit on my own head the penalty which they deserved, and even with greater severity perhaps

[1] This use of the four elements by the distraught Cardenio is in the purest spirit of *cultismo*, of which depraved style, introduced by Góngora, just then beginning to be fashionable, this story is in the sentimental passages a specimen.

than I should have used to them had I put them to death at that moment, for the penalty which falls suddenly is soon ended, but that which is long drawn out with tortures still slays without ending life.

I fled from that house at last, and reached the house of him with whom I had left my mule. I made him saddle it for me, and, without taking leave, I mounted and rode away from the city, like another Lot, not daring to turn my head to look behind me. When I found myself alone in the open country, the darkness screening me and inviting me by its silence to give vent to my sorrows, without care or fear of being overheard or recognised, I loosed my voice and untied my tongue, in so many maledictions of Lucinda and Don Fernando as if I could thus avenge the wrong they had done me. I gave her the names of cruel, of ungrateful, of false, and thankless ; above all, of mercenary, since the wealth of mine enemy had blinded the eyes of her affection and taken it from me and transferred it to him with whom fortune had dealt more freely and bountifully ; but in the midst of this torrent of maledictions and reproaches I would excuse her, saying that it was no wonder that a maiden, immured in her parents' house, fashioned and trained always to obey them, should have wished to comply with their pleasure, seeing that they gave her for husband so noble a courtier, so rich and accomplished a gentleman, that if she had rejected him she would have been thought either out of her senses or suspected of having placed her affections elsewhere,—a thing which would have reflected so gravely on her honour and good name. Then, again, I would say that, had she told them I was her husband, they would have seen that, in choosing me, she had not made so bad a choice as for her not to be excused, since before Don Fernando offered himself they themselves could not have desired, had their wishes been ruled by reason, any other better for their daughter's husband than I was ; and that she might easily have said, before taking that last enforced step of giving away her hand, that I had already given her mine, when I should have come out to support all that she might think fit to invent for the occasion. In fine, I came to the conclusion that small love,

a weak judgment, much ambition, and the desire for greatness had made her forget the words with which she had deceived, encouraged, and buoyed me up in my fervent hopes and honest desires.

So speaking to myself, and in this disquietude, I journeyed on through the rest of the night, and at daybreak I struck into a pass among these ranges, along which I travelled over three days without road or pathway, till I came to a halt in some meadows lying I know not on which side of these mountains, and there I enquired of some herdsmen where lay the ruggedest spot in these ranges. They told me it was in this direction, and I at once made my way thither, with the intention of ending my life here. On entering among these crags my mule fell dead through weariness and hunger, or, as I rather believe, to rid herself of so useless a burden as she carried in me. I was left on foot, nature having succumbed, exhausted with hunger, without having or caring to seek any relief. In this state I continued I know not how long, stretched on the ground. At length I rose, without any feeling of hunger, and discovered close to me some goatherds, who, doubtless, were those who had relieved my needs, for they told me of the state in which they had found me, and how I uttered so many follies and extravagancies as clearly showed that I had lost my wits; and since then I have felt within myself that I am not always right, but so enfeebled and deranged that I do a thousand mad things,—tearing my garments, crying aloud in these solitudes, cursing my fate, and vainly repeating the beloved name of mine enemy, without any other purpose or intent in such times than to wear out my life in lamentations. When I come to myself I find that I am so weary and bruised as to be scarcely able to move. My usual dwelling is in the hollow of a cork-tree, which is large enough to shelter this wretched body. The cowherds and goatherds who frequent these mountains, moved by charity, provide me with sustenance, placing food for me by the tracks and on the rocks where they think I may by chance pass and find it; and so, even when my reason fails, the wants of nature make me know my food, and awaken in me the desire to taste and the

will to take it. At other times, they tell me, when they meet me in my senses, that I rush out upon the roads and take from them by force, although they would give it to me willingly, what the shepherds bring from the village to the folds. In this manner do I pass what remains of my wretched life, until Heaven shall be pleased to bring it to its final term, or cause my mind to forget the beauty and the treachery of Lucinda and the perfidy of Don Fernando; and, should it do this without depriving me of life, I will turn my thoughts into some better course; if not, there is nothing else than to implore its infinite mercy for my soul, for of myself I feel neither courage nor strength to get my body out of this strait in which of my own accord I have chosen to place it.

This, sirs, is the bitter story of my misfortunes. Tell me if it be such as could be told with less emotion than you have seen in me; and trouble not yourselves to persuade or counsel me as to that which reason may suggest to you as good for my relief, for it will profit me as little as medicine prescribed by some famous physician profits the sick man who will not take it. I care not for health without Lucinda; and, since it is her pleasure to be another's, when she is or ought to be mine, be it my pleasure to give myself up to misery, who might have belonged to happiness. She, by her fickleness, sought to make stable my perdition; I, by choosing to destroy myself, shall gratify her wish; and it shall be a lesson to all in the future that to me alone there lacked what to all other of the wretched there is in abundance, to whom the very impossibility of relief is a consolation,[1] which in me is the cause of greater anguish and evil, for not even with death itself do I believe they will end.

Here Cardenio concluded his long discourse and his woful and passionate story. Just at the moment when the Priest was preparing to utter some words of consolation, he

[1] A reminiscence, probably, of Virgil:—

Una spes victis nullam sperare salutem.

Æn. ii. v. 354.

was checked by a voice that reached his ears, which, in pitiful accents, they heard say that which shall be told in the Fourth Part of this narrative; for at this point the wise and considerate historian—Cid Hamet Benengeli—brought the Third to an end.[1]

[1] See note to ch. viii. in vol. i.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Which treats of the novel and agreeable adventure which happened to the Priest and the Barber in the Sierra Morena

Most happy and fortunate was the age in which the most daring Knight, Don Quixote of La Mancha, was launched into the world, since through his having taken upon himself so honourable a resolve as the seeking to revive and restore to the world the lost and well-nigh defunct order of Knight Errantry, we may now enjoy, in these our times, so niggard and scant of cheerful entertainment,[1] not only the delight of his own truthful history, but that of the tales and episodes therein, which are scarcely less delectable, ingenious, and truthful than the history itself; which, pursuing its carded, twisted, and reeled thread, relates that, just as the Priest had begun to administer consolation to Cardenio, there interrupted him a voice which reached his ears, saying in mournful accents:

—Ah God! is it possible that I have at last found a

[1] How came Cervantes to say, asks Clemencin, that the age was one so scant of cheerful entertainment in books, seeing that before and during his time there was such an abundance of light and humorous productions, from the poems of that reverend scapegrace, the Archpriest de Hita, to the picaresque novels of Mendoza and Aleman?—Probably Cervantes was speaking ironically, or intending, by humorous exaggeration, to enhance the merit of his own work. What follows about the episodes being not less delightful than the history itself is, doubtless, a piece of banter, designed to carry off gaily what the author could not but have felt was a rather severe experiment on his readers' patience.

place which can serve as a secret grave for the weary load of this body, which I bear so unwillingly? Yes, so it will be, if the solitude these hills promise do not lie. Ah, unhappy me! how much more grateful companionship will these rocks and thickets bear me in my intent, since they will afford me opportunity by my plaints to tell my misery to Heaven, than that of any human being, since there is no one upon earth from whom I may hope for counsel in my doubts, comfort in my griefs, or relief in my troubles!

These words were overheard distinctly by the Priest and those with him, and conjecturing that he who thus bewailed was near them, as was the case, they rose to seek him; and they had not gone twenty paces when from behind a rock they espied, seated at the foot of an ash, a youth dressed as a peasant, whose face they could not then see, it being held down as he was washing his feet in the brook which ran thereby. They approached him so softly that he did not perceive them, nor was he intent on aught but the bathing of his feet, which were so fair as to look like two pieces of pure crystal which had grown among the other pebbles of the brook. The whiteness and beauty of the feet amazed them, seeming to them not made for treading clods, nor following the plough and the oxen, as the dress of their owner denoted. Seeing that they were not yet observed, the Priest, who was in front, made signs to the other two that they should keep close and hide behind some fragments of rock which were thereabout. This they did, watching intently all the youth's movements. He was clad in a short grey cape of two folds, girt tightly to his body with a white linen cloth. He wore also breeches and gaiters of grey cloth, and on his head a grey cap. He had his gaiters turned half-way up the leg, which verily seemed to be of white alabaster. After washing his beautiful feet he wiped them with a kerchief which he took from under his cap. On doing this

he raised his face, and those who were watching had the opportunity of beholding a beauty incomparable, such that Cardenio said to the Priest in a low voice :—This, since it is not Lucinda, is no human being, but divine.—The youth took off his cap, and, as he shook his head from one side to another, he disclosed and unloosed tresses of hair such as Phœbus himself might envy ; and by this they knew that he who seemed to be a peasant boy was a woman, and a delicate one,—yea, the most beautiful which till then the eyes of those two had beheld, and even those of Cardenio, if he had not looked upon and known Lucinda ; for he afterwards declared that the beauty of Lucinda alone could vie with hers. Her long golden locks not only covered her shoulders, but hid all below them round about, so that no other part of her body but her feet were visible, so thick and ample were they. Then she used her hands for a comb, so that, if her feet in the water had appeared like pieces of crystal, her hands among her tresses resembled flakes of driven snow. All this possessed the three who were gazing upon her with a greater admiration and an increased desire to know who she was ; and so they resolved to show themselves. At the movement they made in rising to their feet the lovely damsel raised her head, and, with her two hands putting away her hair from before her eyes, looked to see who made the noise ; and scarcely had she perceived them when she started to her feet, and, without waiting to put on her shoes or to gather up her hair, she hurriedly snatched up a bundle, seemingly of clothes, which she had near her, and full of confusion and alarm betook herself to flight. But she had not gone six paces, when her tender feet being unable to bear the sharpness of the stones, she fell to the ground. Seeing this, the three came out, and the Priest was the first who spoke to her :

—Stay, lady, whoever you may be, for those whom you see here have no other desire than to serve you ; you have

no cause to take to this vain flight, which neither can your feet endure nor we permit.

To all this, stunned and confounded, she answered not a word. Then they went up to her, and the Priest, taking her by the hand, went on to say:

—That which your attire, lady, denies, your hair betrays to us; clear sign that the causes were of no small moment which have disguised your beauty under a garb so unworthy, and brought you to a wilderness like this, in which it has been our good fortune to find you;—if not to provide a remedy for your woes, at least to give you counsel, since, so long as life is not ended, no evil can afflict so much or reach to such a height as that one should refuse wholly to listen to comfort which in good will is given to those who suffer. So that, dear lady, or dear sir, or whatever you may please to be, dismiss the fear which the sight of us has caused you, and tell us of your good or evil fortune, so that in us, together or singly, you may find one to feel for you in your distress.

Whilst the Priest was uttering these words, the disguised damsel stood like one stupefied, gazing at them all without moving her lips or speaking a word, just like some rustic clown to whom we suddenly show things rare and never before seen. But, the Priest having repeated other words to the same effect, she fetched a deep sigh and broke silence, saying:—Since the solitude of these mountains has not availed to hide me, and the unloosening of my disordered hair does not allow my tongue to be a liar, it were idle for me now to feign anew that which, if you believe, it would be rather through courtesy than for any other reason. This being so, let me say, gentlemen, that I thank you for the offer you have made me, which obliges me to satisfy you in all that you ask; though I fear that the story which I shall relate to you of my misfortunes will cause in you as much pain as compassion, for you will not find medicine to cure

them nor counsel to divert them. Yet, withal, that my honour may not be compromised in your esteem, you having discovered me to be a woman, and seeing me young, alone, and in these clothes, circumstances which together or singly could destroy any honest reputation, I will tell you that which I would rather keep silent if I could.

All this she, now seen to be a beautiful woman, spoke without hesitation, with so ready a delivery and a voice so soft that her grace of manner charmed them no less than her beauty; and, on their pressing her anew with offers of service and solicitations to do what she had promised, she, without waiting for further entreaty, first putting on her shoes and gathering up her hair all modestly, took her seat upon a stone, and the three being seated around her, after an effort to restrain the tears which started to her eyes, in a clear and gentle voice began the story of her life in this manner:[1]—

In this Andalucia there is a city whence a Duke takes his title,[2] which makes him one of those called Grandees of Spain.[3]

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[1] Dorothea is revealed in a beautiful picture, and she herself is a charming creation, who plays very skilfully an important part in the story. But it must be confessed that her episode, following so closely upon that of Cardenio, is a somewhat severe trial upon the reader's patience, though nothing can be better contrived than the ending, which takes up and concludes the adventure of Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena, in a manner at once natural and in conformity with all the rules of Knight-Errantry. As Southey remarks of similar episodes in *Amadis*, "doubtless this prolixity has its effect; if it provokes impatience, it also heightens expectation; it is like the long elm avenues of our forefathers; we wish ourselves at the end, but we know that at the end there is something great."

[2] In ch. xxiv. the city of Cardenio is made out to be Cordova. In ch. xxvii. we are told that from Cardenio's city to the place of the Duke, Fernando's father, was a distance of eighteen leagues. Thence we gather that the city near Dorothea's residence, from which a duke takes his title, was Osuna. There was a Duke of Osuna in Cervantes' time, as Pellicer reminds us, of the family of Giron; and it may be that the story here related was founded on a real occurrence.

[3] The Grandees (*grandes*) of Spain in Cervantes' time, and now supposed to be all equal amongst each other, were anciently divided into three classes: the

He has two sons, the elder heir to his dignity, and to all seeming of his good qualities, and the younger heir to I know not what, unless it be to the treachery of Bellido and the villainy of Galalon.[1] To this nobleman my parents are vassals, humble of birth, but so rich that, if their gifts of nature had equalled those of fortune, they would have nothing more to desire, nor should I fear to see myself in the trouble wherein I am now, for it may be my ill-fortune springs from theirs in not being nobly born. It is true that they are not so base as that they should be ashamed of their condition; neither are they so high as to remove from me the belief that from their lowliness comes my disaster. In sooth, they are farmers, simple people, without any mixture of ill blood, and, as they are wont to say, old rank Christians;[2] but so rich that their wealth and handsome way of living are gaining for them by degrees the name of gentlefolk, and even of nobility;[3] though what they prized as their greatest treasure and title to rank was their having me as a daughter. And since they had no other child to be their heir, and were the most affectionate of parents, I was of all daughters the most indulged of any that parents ever spoilt. I was the mirror wherein they saw themselves, the staff of their old age, the object towards which all their hopes tended, divided with

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first, who put their hats on in the presence of royalty *before* the King spoke to them; the second, who covered themselves *after* the King had spoken to them; the third, who remained bare-headed until the King had spoken to them and they had answered. These three have been absorbed into the first. Grandeeship was originally conferred by no other title or ceremony than by the King saying to the noble—*cubraos*, "cover yourself." It was and is independent of titular rank, and though every duke is a grandee, not every grandee is a duke, some being only marquesses and counts.

[1] *Bellido—Galalon.* See note to ch. xxvii.

[2] That is to say, of pure Christian blood, without admixture of Moorish or Jewish.

[3] *Nombre de hidalgos y aun de caballeros.* An *hidalgo* was one well born, whatever might be his worldly position. A *caballero* was a gentleman by station as well as by birth. In old days, to be an *hidalgo* meant positive social rank, the *hidalgo* having certain privileges and exemptions. Up to the year 1493, he was free from arrest on account of debt. In the present day *hidalguia* is of no account, but all are *caballeros.*

Heaven; to which mine entirely responded, knowing them to be good. And, just as I was mistress of their affections, so was I of their estate. By me were the servants engaged and dismissed. The account and record of all that was sown or reaped passed through my hands. Of the oil-mills, the wine-presses, the tale of the cattle and the sheep, of the bee-hives, in fine, of all that a rich farmer like my father could and did possess, I kept the reckoning. I was stewardess and mistress, with such care on my side and such pleasure on theirs, as that I may not easily exaggerate them. The spare hours of the day left to me, after having given out what was necessary to the overseers and head-men, and others the day-labourers, I passed in employments which are as allowable as needful to maidens; such as are afforded by the needle and the lace-cushion, and oft-times the distaff. If ever I left off these employments to recreate my mind, I had recourse to the reading of some goodly book, or the playing on the harp, for experience taught me that music composes the weary spirit and soothes the troubles natural to the soul. Such was the life which I led in my parents' house, the recounting of which so minutely has not been through ostentation, nor to give you to understand that I am rich, but that you may judge how, without any fault of mine, I have fallen from that happy state which I have described to the wretched one in which I now find myself. The truth is, that passing my life amidst these many duties, and in such seclusion that it might be compared with that of a convent,—unseen, as I deemed, by any one else than the servants of the house, for the days when I went to mass it was so early in the morning, and always accompanied by my mother and our maid-servants, and I myself so veiled and guarded that my eyes hardly saw more of the ground than that on which I set my feet,—with all this the eyes of love, or rather to say of idleness, sharper than those of the lynx, espied me, set in the importunity of Don Fernando,[1] for that is the name of the Duke's younger son, of whom I have told you.

[1] *Me viéron puestos en la solicitud de Don Fernando.* There is a little obscurity

Scarce had she who was telling the story mentioned the name of Don Fernando, when Cardenio's face changed colour, and he broke out into so violent an agitation, that the Priest and the Barber, casting their eyes upon him, feared that there was coming upon him that fit of madness which they heard say possessed him at times. But Cardenio did nothing more than tremble and remain silent, fixing his eyes intently on the peasant girl, guessing who she was. She, without noticing Cardenio's emotion, pursued her story, saying:

—And scarce had they discovered me when, as he afterwards declared, he was smitten with love of me, as his actions speedily showed. But, briefly to end this recital of my woes, I would pass over in silence the devices which Don Fernando used to make known to me his love. He suborned all the people of the house, offered and bestowed gifts and favours to my kinsfolk; every day was a festival and a holiday in our street; at night none could sleep for serenades; infinite were the letters which came, I know not how, to my hands, full of declarations and offers of love, containing more promises and vows than there were syllables in them. All this not only did not soften but rather hardened me, as though he had been my mortal enemy, and as if all that he did to reduce me to his will had a contrary effect; not that the gallantry of Don Fernando seemed ill in my eyes, or that I held his importunities to be rudeness, for it gave me I know not what pleasure to see myself so beloved and esteemed by so noble a gentleman, nor did it offend me to read my praises in his letters; for, as to this, we women, however ugly we may be, seem always to love to hear men call us beautiful. To all his pleadings, however, were opposed my modesty and the continual admonitions of my parents, who by

here which is not removed by our reading *diéron puesto*, as Clemencin suggests. The sense, it seems to me, is made clearer by putting a comma after *viéron*. The bold metaphor by which Don Fernando's importunity is personified and made to have eyes like those of a lynx, reads oddly in English, but I have preferred to retain it, as characteristic of the style of the original.

this time very plainly perceived Don Fernando's intention, for now he cared not though all the world should know of it. My parents said to me that to my virtue and goodness they left and trusted their honour and reputation, and bade me consider the inequality between me and Don Fernando, and that from this I should perceive that his intentions, whatever he might say to the contrary, were directed to his own pleasure rather than to my advantage, and that, if I would in any way consent to place an impediment in the way of his injurious pursuit, they would presently marry me to any one I most liked, either among the best in our town or of the neighbourhood, since they could well hope so to do with their great wealth and my good repute. With these promises, and being convinced of the truth of what they told me, I fortified my resolution, and would never consent to answer Don Fernando a word which, however distantly, might give him hope of achieving his purpose. All these precautions of mine, which he must have taken for disdain, only served to inflame the more his brutal appetite, for such must I call the passion which he affected for me, which, had it been what it ought, you would not now have known of it, for there would have been no occasion for telling it. At last Don Fernando got to know that my parents sought to marry me, to deprive him of the hope of possessing me, or, at least, that I might have better guards for my security; and this intelligence or suspicion was the cause of his doing that of which you now shall hear.[1] For one night, as I sat in my chamber, attended only by a young damsel in my service, having the doors well fastened, for fear lest through any negligence my honour might incur any peril, in the midst of these precautions, in the solitude and silence of my retreat, without knowing or imagining how, he stood before me; at whose sight I was so troubled that I lost the use of my eyes, and my tongue became mute; and so I was unable to cry out, nor do I think he would have let me do so, for he ran to me quickly, and catching me in his arms

[1] The whole of the passage following, down to the conclusion of Don Fernando's enterprise, was ordered to be erased by the *Index Expurgatorius* of Portugal, 1624.

(for, as I have said, I was so confused that I had no strength to defend myself), he began to use such arguments with me as that I know not how falsehood could frame them to look like truth. The traitor so continued as that his tears gave credit to his words and his sighs to his intent. I, poor soul, alone among my people, ill-practised in such matters, began, I know not in what way, to regard all his perjuries as truths ; not in such sort that his tears and sighs moved me to any but an honest compassion. And so, my first surprise and alarm passing away, I recovered somewhat of my lost spirits, and, with more courage than I thought I could command, said to him :—Sir, if, as I am in your arms, I were in those of a fierce lion, and my liberty were assured by my doing or saying something to the prejudice of mine honour, it would be no more possible to do or to say it than for that which hath been to cease to have been. Therefore, even as you hold my body clasped in your arms, I hold my soul bound by my good resolves, which are very different from yours, as you shall find, if by using force upon me you carry them any farther. I am your vassal, but not your slave. The nobility of your blood has not, nor ought to have, the privilege of dishonouring or insulting the humility of mine ; and, though a country girl and a farmer's daughter, I esteem myself as much as you, a lord and a gentleman. With me your violence shall not be of any avail, nor has wealth any weight, nor your words power to deceive, nor your sighs and tears to soften. Were I to see any of these things of which I have spoken in him whom my parents should give me for a husband, I would conform my will to his, nor ever swerve from it ; so that, my honour being preserved, though against my inclination, willingly would I bestow on you, sir, that which you would take with so much violence. All this I say that you may not think to obtain of me aught but as my lawful husband.

—If that be all the obstacle, loveliest Dorothea (for such is the name of unhappy me), exclaimed that disloyal gentleman, behold here I give thee my hand to be thine, and may the Heavens, from which nothing is hid, and this image of Our Lady which thou hast here, witness that this is true.

When Cardenio heard her say that her name was Dorothea, his agitation began afresh, and he was confirmed in the truth of his first opinion ; but, not wishing to interrupt the story, in order to hear how that which he already almost guessed might conclude, he only said :—What, lady ! is your name Dorothea ?—I have heard speak of another of the same name, whose misfortunes, perhaps, may run parallel to yours. Proceed, for the time will come when I may tell you things which will startle you as much as they will move your pity.

Dorothea took note of Cardenio's words and of his strange, tattered apparel, and asked him, if he knew aught of her affairs, to tell her at once ; for if fortune had left her any blessing, it was courage to hear whatever disaster might befall her, being sure that nothing could happen which could in any degree increase what she suffered.

—I would not omit to tell you, lady, answered Cardenio, of what I am thinking, if what I imagine be the truth ; but thus far there has been no occasion, nor does it concern you to know it.

—Be it what it may, replied Dorothea ; to go on with my story :

—Don Fernando, seizing an image which stood in the chamber, placed it for a witness of our espousals, and with the strongest words and by the most solemn vows he pledged himself to become my husband, although before he had uttered them I urged him to look well to what he was doing, and to reflect on the anger which his father would feel on finding him married to a peasant-girl, a vassal of his own ; that my beauty, such as it was, should not blind him, for there was not therein sufficient excuse for his error, and if he meant to do me any good for the love he bore me, he should let my fortune run even with my birth, for such unequal marriages are never happy, nor endure long in that same enjoyment wherein they begin. All these arguments I pressed on him which I have repeated, and

many others which I do not recollect, but they were of no avail in keeping him from his purpose, just as he who has no intention of paying never stops to haggle about the price when he is striking a bargain.

Then I argued the matter with myself briefly, saying to myself:—I shall not be the first who by the path of marriage hath ascended from a lowly to a great station, nor will Don Fernando be the first whom beauty or blind affection, which is the more likely, has impelled to take a mate unequal to his greatness. Then, since by this I neither make a new world nor a new custom, it were well to embrace this honour which fortune offers me; for even though his passion for me should last no longer than the accomplishment of his wishes, yet for all that before God I shall be his wife. And if I were disdainfully to reject him, I perceive by his behaviour that, regardless of his duty, he would use violence, and I shall come to be dishonoured, and without excuse for the fault which will be laid upon me by those who know not how innocently I have been brought into this strait; for what excuses will suffice to persuade my parents and others that this gentleman entered my chamber without my consent? All these questionings and answers did I in an instant revolve in my mind, and above all I began to be impelled and moved to what, without my suspecting it, was my ruin, by the vows of Don Fernando, the witnesses which he invoked, the tears which he shed, and finally by his spirit and good looks, which, accompanied by so many signs of true love, might conquer any heart even as free and as coy as mine. I called to me my servant, that she might be a joint witness on earth with those of Heaven. Don Fernando repeated and confirmed his vows, invoked new Saints for witnesses, called down on himself a thousand curses in the future if he did not fulfil what he promised; again his eyes waxed moist and his sighs increased, he pressed me closer to his arms, from which he had never loosed me, and thereupon, and on my maid leaving the room I ceased to be one, and he became a traitor and perjurer.

The day which followed the night of my undoing came not

so fast as, I think, Don Fernando desired, for, after having satisfied that which the appetite covets, the highest gratification is to fly from where it was achieved. This I say, because Don Fernando made haste to part from me, and by the connivance of my maid, who was the same that had brought him there, he found himself in the street before daybreak. On taking leave of me, he told me, although not with so much fervour and vehemence as when he came, that I might be sure of his good faith, and that his vows were firm and true, and for greater confirmation of his word he took off a rich ring from his finger and put it on mine. In fine, he went away and I remained—I know not whether sad or joyful. This I can truly say, that I was troubled and anxious, and almost beside myself at this strange event; yet, either I had not the heart or I forgot to chide my maid for the treachery she had been guilty of in hiding Don Fernando in my private chamber; for I had not yet determined if that which had befallen me were good or evil. I told Don Fernando on parting that he could come to see me on other nights by the same way, for now I was his own, until it should be his pleasure to make public what he had done; but he never came on any other night save the following, nor was I able to see him in the street or in church for more than a month, during which I wearied myself in vain looking for him, although I knew he was in the town, and that on most days he went hunting, an exercise of which he was very fond. Those days and those hours, full well I know how sad and bitter they were for me; in them full well I know I began to doubt, and even to disbelieve, the honour of Don Fernando; I know also that my maid then heard those words in rebuke of her presumption, unheard before; and I know that I had to do violence to myself to keep watch over my tears and to compose my face, lest I gave occasion to my parents to question me as to the cause of my unhappiness, and I should be obliged to tell them falsehoods. But all this ended at once, when that happened which bore down all considerations and restraints of honour and caution, which caused me to lose patience, and brought to light all my secrets; which was that, in a few days

thence, there was spread through the town a rumour that Don Fernando had married, in the neighbouring city, a damsel of surpassing beauty and of very noble parentage, although not so rich as that by her dowry she was entitled to aspire to so great a match. They said that her name was Lucinda, and spoke of surprising things which had happened at her wedding.

Cardenio, hearing the name of Lucinda, did nothing but shrug his shoulders, bow his head, bite his lips, knit his brows, and after a while let fall from his eyes two streams of tears; still Dorothea paused not in her story, but continued, saying:

—This doleful news reached my ears, and my heart, instead of freezing thereat, was so inflamed by the rage and fury which burned in it that I well-nigh ran into the streets calling out and proclaiming the perfidy and the treason which had been done me. But this fury was assuaged for a time by the resolve to do that which I carried out that same night, which was to clothe myself in this dress which was given me by a shepherd-lad from one of the farms, who was a servant of my father's, to whom I disclosed all my misery, beseeching him to attend me as far as the city where I understood my enemy was to be found. He, after remonstrating with me on my rashness and condemning my resolve, seeing by my looks that I was determined, offered to keep me company, as he told me, to the end of the world. I immediately packed up in a linen pillow-case a woman's dress and some jewels and money to serve me on occasion; and, in the silence of the night, without saying anything to my treacherous maid, I left my home, attended by my servant and many troubled fancies, and took the road to the city on foot, borne on the wings of my eagerness, if not to frustrate what had been done, at least to demand of Don Fernando to tell me with what conscience he had done it. In two days and a half I arrived at my destination, and, on entering the city, enquired for the house of Lucinda's parents, and the first to whom I addressed the question gave me for

answer more than I desired to hear. He showed me the house and told me of all that had happened at the wedding of its daughter, a thing so public in the city that everywhere people assembled in knots to speak of it. He told me that on the night when Don Fernando was espoused to Lucinda, after she had uttered her consent to be his wife, she was taken with a violent fainting-fit, and the bridegroom, coming to unclasp her bosom to give her air, found on her a letter, written in Lucinda's own hand, in which she declared and affirmed that she could not be the wife of Don Fernando, because she was already Cardenio's, who, as that person told, was a noble gentleman of that same city, and that if she had given her consent to Don Fernando it was only that she might not disobey her parents. In conclusion, he told me that the letter contained such words as gave it to be understood that she intended to kill herself at the end of the ceremony, and set forth her reasons for taking her life; all of which, they say, was confirmed by a dagger which they found in some part of her dress. Don Fernando, seeing all this, believing that Lucinda had deluded, mocked, and slighted him, rushed at her before she recovered from her swoon, and, with the same dagger which they found, wished to stab her, and would have done it if her parents and they who were present had not hindered him. They said, moreover, that Don Fernando fled immediately, and that Lucinda did not recover from her trance till next day, when she told her parents how that she was the true wife of that Cardenio of whom I have spoken. I learnt besides that this Cardenio, according to them, was present at the wedding, and that seeing her betrothed, which he never could have thought, he had fled the city in despair, first leaving behind him a letter declaring the wrong which Lucinda had done him, and how he would go where men should never see him more. All this was public and notorious through the whole city, and all were talking of it; and they talked the more when they learnt that Lucinda was missing from her father's house and from the city, for she could not be found in it; on account of which her parents almost lost their reason, and knew not what means to take to recover her.

This news rallied my hopes, and I was better pleased not to have found Don Fernando than to find him married, it seeming that as yet the gate was not wholly shut against my relief, flattering myself that it might be that Heaven had laid that impediment on the second marriage to bring him to a sense of what he owed to the first, and to make him reflect that he was a Christian, and that he was under a greater obligation to his soul than to human considerations. All these things did I revolve in my fancy, and consoled myself without finding comfort, dreaming some distant and illusive hopes to sustain the life which now I abhor. While I was in the city, not knowing what to do, since I could not find Don Fernando, there reached my ears a proclamation by the public cryer wherein was promised a large reward for whoever should find me, describing my age and the very dress I wore, and I heard it bruited about that the lad who came with me had carried me off from my parents' house,—a thing which touched me to my heart to see how low my credit had fallen, since it was not enough that I lost it by my flight, but it must be added with whom I had fled, with one so base and so unworthy of my honest thoughts. On the instant I heard the cryer, I departed out of the city with my servant, who already began to give signs of faltering in the fidelity he had promised me, and on that night, through fear of being discovered, we entered the most sheltered part of these mountains. But as they say one evil invites another, and that the end of one misfortune is wont to be the beginning of a greater, so it befell me, for my good servant, till then faithful and trusty, when he saw me in this solitary spot, incited by his own villainy rather than by my beauty, sought to profit by the opportunity which to his seeming this wilderness offered ; and with little shame, less fear of God, and no respect for me, solicited my love, and, seeing that I answered his shameless proposals with severe and just reproaches, he laid aside his entreaties whereby he first thought to have his will, and began to use force. But just Heaven, which seldom or never refuses to regard and favour all good intentions, did so favour mine, that with my feeble strength and little

trouble I pushed him down a precipice, where I left him, I know not whether dead or alive; and presently, more swiftly than my fright and my weakness seemed to permit, I made my way among these mountains, without any other thought or design than to hide myself in them and to fly from my father and from those who were seeking me on his behalf.

I know not how many months I had been here with this intention, when I found a herdsman, who took me for his servant, to a village which is in the heart of these ranges, whom I have served as a shepherd all this time, trying always to be out in the fields to conceal this hair of mine, which now so unexpectedly has betrayed me. But all my diligence and all my care were and have been of no avail, since my master came to know that I was not a man, and the same wicked thought was engendered in him as in my servant; and as fortune does not always send the remedies with her troubles, I found no precipice or steep where to throw down and to finish the master as I had found for the man; and therefore I found it more convenient to leave him and to hide myself once more amidst these deserts, than to try upon him my strength or my arguments. So I returned to bury me in these forests, and to seek a spot where, without any hindrance, I might by sighs and tears implore Heaven to have compassion on my misery, and give me grace and strength to escape therefrom, or else to lay down my life in this wilderness without leaving any memory of this wretch, who so innocently has given occasion that men should speak evil of her in her own and other lands.

CHAPTER XXIX

Which treats of the pleasant device and process which were adopted to rescue our love-sick Knight from the severe penance which he had imposed upon himself

—This, gentlemen, is the true story of my tragedy; see now and judge whether the sighs which reached your ears, the words ye overheard, and the tears which fell from my eyes had not sufficient cause to be even in greater abundance. Considering the nature of my misfortune, you will perceive that all consolation will be in vain, since its relief is impossible. All I ask of you is, what you should and may easily grant, to advise me where I may be able to pass my life, without losing it through the fear and alarm I have of being discovered by those who seek me; for although I know that the great love my parents have for me gives me assurance of being kindly received by them, so great is the shame I feel only to think that I have to appear in their presence otherwise than as they supposed me, that I would rather banish myself from their sight for ever than look them in the face with the thought that they beheld mine void of that modesty which in me they had a right to expect.

Saying this, she remained silent, her face flushed with a colour which showed plainly the shame and anguish of her heart. They who had listened to her felt in theirs as much pity as wonder at her sad fate. Just as the Priest was about to comfort and counsel her, Cardenio broke in, saying:—

What, lady, then thou art the beautiful Dorothea, the sole daughter of the wealthy Clenardo ?

Dorothea was startled when she heard her father's name, and saw how mean-looking was he that mentioned him, for it has been already told in what wretched guise Cardenio was attired, and she said to him :—And who are you, friend, that know the name of my father ?—for as yet, if I remember well, in the whole course of the story of my misfortune I have not named him.

—I, answered Cardenio, am that hapless one, lady, who, as you have related, Lucinda declared to be her husband. I am the wretched Cardenio whom the base conduct of him who has brought you to the pass wherein you are, has reduced to what thou seest me to be,—ragged, naked, bereft of all human comfort, and, what is worse than all, bereft of reason, for I have it not but when Heaven is pleased to grant it me for a brief space. I am he, Dorothea, who was present at the wrongs which Don Fernando did me, and waited to hear the *yes* by which Lucinda declared herself his wife. I am he who had not courage to see the end of her fainting-fit, or what became of the letter which was found in her bosom, for my heart had not fortitude to bear so many misfortunes at once, and so I quitted the house and my patience together, leaving only a letter with my host, which I prayed him to deliver into Lucinda's hands ; and I came to these deserts with the intention of here ending my life, which from that moment I abhorred as if it were my mortal enemy. But destiny has not been pleased to take it, contenting itself with depriving me of my reason, perhaps to preserve me for the good fortune I have had of meeting with you ; for, what you have recounted being true, as I believe it is, it may still be that Heaven has reserved for us both a better issue out of our disasters than we expect. For, seeing that Lucinda cannot marry Don Fernando, she being mine, as she has so openly declared, nor Don Fernando her, he being yours, we

may hope that Heaven will restore to us what is our own, for it yet exists, and is not alienated or destroyed. And since we have this consolation, arising from no very distant hopes nor founded in extravagant fancies, I implore you, lady, to form another resolve in your honest thoughts, as I intend to form in mine, suiting them to the expectation of better fortune; for I vow on the faith of a gentleman and a Christian not to forsake you till I see you in the possession of Don Fernando, and should I not be able with fair reasons to induce him to acknowledge what he owes to you, I will then use the privilege allowed to me as a gentleman, and can with just title challenge him to the field, in respect of the wrong he has done you, without remembering my own injuries, whose avenging I will leave to Heaven while I betake me to yours on earth.

Dorothea was struck with surprise at Cardenio's speech, and not knowing what thanks to return him for such generous offers, would have taken him by the feet to kiss them,[1] but Cardenio would not suffer her. The Licentiate responded for them both, approving of Cardenio's good resolve; and, above all, prayed, counselled, and persuaded them to accompany him to his village, where they might provide themselves with such things as they needed, and there they would take measures;—to search for Don Fernando, or to restore Dorothea to her parents, or to do whatever they should deem most expedient. Cardenio and Dorothea thanked him and accepted his offers of service. The Barber, who during all this had remained silent and in suspense, made also a courteous speech, and, with no less good-will than the Priest, offered to serve them in all that he could. He also briefly recounted the occasion of their

[1] To kiss the feet was a common mode of showing gratitude to a benefactor. What Dorothea now would do in earnest to Cardenio she presently does in jest to Don Quixote, when acting the part of the distressed damsel, after the mode of the old chivalries.

coming thither, with the strangeness of Don Quixote's folly, and how that they were waiting for his squire, who had gone in search of him. There came into Cardenio's memory, as in a dream, the quarrel which had occurred between him and Don Quixote, which he related to them, without being able to say what was the cause of the dispute.

At this moment they heard cries, and knew them to be uttered by Sancho Panza, who, not finding them in the place where he had left them, was calling aloud at the top of his voice. They went out to meet him, and, asking him after Don Quixote, he told them how he had found him, naked to his shirt, lean, yellow, and half dead with hunger, sighing for his lady Dulcinea ; and though he had told him that she had commanded him to leave that spot and betake him to El Toboso, where she was waiting for him, he had answered that he was resolved not to appear before her beauteousness until he had achieved feats which might make him worthy of her favour ; and that if this went on there was a danger of his master's not coming to be Emperor, as he was in duty bound to be, nor even Archbishop, which was the least he could be ; therefore they should consider what ought to be done to get him away thence. The Licentiate told him to be of good cheer, for they would get him out of that, despite of himself. He then told Cardenio and Dorothea what they had devised for Don Quixote's cure, or at least for restoring him to his home. Upon which Dorothea said that she would act the distressed damsel better than the Barber, and especially as she had with her a dress in which to do it to the life, and that they might leave to her charge the acting and all that might be necessary for carrying out their design, for she had read many books of chivalries, and knew well the style which the afflicted maidens used when they begged their boons of the Knights Errant.

—Then there is no more to do, said the Priest, than to

set about our work at once; for fortune, without doubt, declares in our favour; since for you, my friends, it has so unexpectedly begun to open a door for your relief, and for us it has made easy what we needed.

Dorothea forthwith drew out of her bundle a robe of some fine and rich woollen cloth, and a short mantle of another handsome green stuff, and out of a little box a necklace and other jewels, with which in a trice she adorned herself in such a manner as to look like a rich and grand lady. All this and more, she said, she had brought from home in case of need, but never had any use for them till then. They were all highly pleased with her exceeding grace, elegance, and beauty, and they reckoned Don Fernando as one of little discrimination who could reject such loveliness. But he who was most amazed was Sancho Panza, for to his seeming (which was the truth) never in all the days of his life had he seen so fair a creature. With great eagerness, therefore, he besought the Priest to tell him who that beautiful lady was, and what she was looking for in those out-of-the-way parts.

—This beautiful lady, brother Sancho, replied the Priest, to say nothing more of her, is the heiress in the direct male line[1] of the mighty kingdom of Micomicon, who has come in search of thy master to ask of him a boon, which is, to avenge her of a wrong or injury done her by a malignant giant; and, because of the reputation which your master enjoys throughout all the known earth as a good Knight, from Guinea has this Princess come in quest of him.

—A blessed quest and a blessed finding! exclaimed Sancho Panza at this;—and the more if my master be so lucky as to undo that injury and put that wrong to rights, slaying that whoreson giant of whom your worship speaks;

[1] We must allow, with the Spanish commentator, that to say that a Princess is "in the direct male line" heiress to a kingdom is a piece of waggishness on the part of the Priest.

and i' faith slay him he will should he meet him, if so be he is no phantom, for against phantoms my master has no power at all. But one thing among others I would beg of your worship, Master Licentiate, and it is that, lest the humour may take my master to become an Archbishop, which is what I fear, your worship should advise him to marry this Princess right off, and so he will be made incapable of receiving Archbishop's orders, and will come easily into his Emperorship and I to the end of my wishes ; for I have looked well into it, and by my reckoning find that it will not suit me for my master to be Archbishop, for I am no good for the church, seeing I am a married man ; and to go about now picking up dispensations to be able to hold church-livings, having as I have a wife and children, were never to end. So that, sir, the whole point lies in my master's marrying this lady out of hand. As yet I know not her name,[1] and, therefore, cannot call her by it.

—Her name, answered the Priest, is the Princess Micomicona, for as her kingdom is called Micomicon, it is clear that she must be so named.

—There is no doubt about that, replied Sancho, for I have seen many take their title and family name from the place where they were born, calling themselves Pedro de Alcalá, Juan de Ubeda, and Diego de Valladolid ; and this same must be the custom there in Guinea for the queens to take the names of their kingdoms.

—So it must be, quoth the Priest, and as touching the marriage of your master, I will use all my efforts towards it.

With this Sancho was as much rejoiced as was the Priest amazed at his simplicity, to see how firmly rooted in his fancy were those same absurdities which possessed his master, since he could believe so seriously that Don Quixote was going to become an Emperor.

By this time Dorothea had seated herself upon the

[1] *No sé su gracia* ; *gracia* is here used, according to a vulgar idiom, for *nombre*.

Priest's mule, and the Barber had fitted to his chin his ox-tail beard; and they told Sancho to lead them to the place where Don Quixote was, admonishing him not to say that he knew the Licentiate or the Barber, for the whole point of his master's coming to be Emperor lay in their not being recognised. But neither the Priest nor Cardenio would go with them lest his quarrel with Cardenio should be recalled to Don Quixote's mind;—the Priest, because his presence was not then necessary; and so they let the others go in advance, while they followed slowly on foot. The Priest did not neglect to instruct Dorothea in the part which she had to play, but she bade him fear nothing, for she would do everything, without failing a jot, as the books of chivalries required and laid down. They might have gone three-fourths of a league, when they discovered Don Quixote amidst a labyrinth of rocks, now clothed, but not in his armour; and as soon as Dorothea saw him and was informed by Sancho that this was Don Quixote, she gave the whip to her palfrey, the well-bearded Barber[1] following her; and, on coming up to him, the squire flung himself from the mule and went to take Dorothea in his arms, who, alighting with great sprightliness, ran to throw herself on her knees at Don Quixote's feet,[2] and, although he strove to raise her, she, without rising, addressed him in this manner:

—I will not arise from here, O valorous and redoubtable Knight, until your goodness and courtesy shall vouchsafe to me a boon, which shall redound to the honour and glory of your person and to the vantage of the most disconsolate and the most wronged damsel that the sun hath ever seen; and

[1] *El bién barbado barbero*—an intended play upon the words.

[2] A very common proceeding with the distressed damsels of romance. So Briolania, when Amadis takes upon himself the avenging of her wrong on Abiseos the usurper, falls at the hero's feet to kiss them—he with much shamefacedness drawing himself apart (*Amadis*, bk. i. ch. xlii.).

if it be that the valour of your mighty arm corresponds to the bruit of your deathless fame, it is your bounden duty to succour the hapless wight who comes from lands so remote, drawn by the odour of your renowned name, to seek in you a relief for her misfortunes.[1]

—I shall respond to you not a word, beauteous lady, replied Don Quixote, nor hear aught of your matter until you rise from the ground.

—Sir Knight, I will not arise, answered the afflicted damsel, unless first of your courtesy is vouchsafed to me the boon I ask.

—I do vouchsafe and grant it to you, replied Don Quixote, so that my compliance be not to the detriment or prejudice of my King, my country, or of her who keeps the key of my heart and liberty.

—It will not be to the detriment or the prejudice of any you speak of, honoured Knight, answered the doleful damsel.

At this point Sancho Panza came up to his master's ear, and said to him very softly :

—Your worship may easily grant her the boon she asks ; for it is a thing of naught—it's only to kill a big giant ; and she who asks it is the high and mighty Princess Micomicona, Queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, in Æthiopia.

—Let her be who she may, responded Don Quixote, for I shall do what I am bounden and what my conscience dictates, in conformity with the order I have professed.— And turning to the damsel he said :

—Let your high beauteousness arise, for I grant the boon which ye would ask of me.

—Then what I ask, said the damsel, is that your magnanimous person should straightway come away with me whither I shall conduct you, and that you promise me not to undertake any other adventure or enterprise until you give

[1] Dorothea speaks as one well versed in her part, using the high-flown language of the chivalric romances.

me vengeance on a traitor who, against all right, human or divine, hath usurped my kingdom.

—This I promise you, I repeat, answered Don Quixote; and therefore, lady, from this day forward you can cast away the melancholy which troubles you, and let your languid hopes gather fresh spirit and strength; for, with the help of God and of my arm, you shall see yourself shortly restored to your kingdom, and seated on the throne of your ancient and mighty estate, despite and maugre the villains who would gainsay it; and now, hands to the work! for in delay, it is said, is wont to be danger.

The distressful damsel strove with much obstinacy to kiss his hands, but Don Quixote, who in all was an accomplished and courteous Knight, did by no means consent thereto,[1] but, making her rise, he embraced her with much courtesy and kindness, and commanded Sancho to look to Rozinante's girths and to arm him instantly with all speed. Sancho took down the armour which was hung on a tree like a trophy, and, girthing Rozinante, accoutred his master in a moment, who, as soon as he saw himself in armour, cried:—In the name of God, let us away to succour this great lady!

The Barber was still on his knees, taking great pains to dissemble his laughter and to keep his beard from falling off, with whose fall, perhaps, they had all miscarried of their fine project. Seeing the boon granted, and the alacrity with which Don Quixote got ready to accomplish it, he arose, and, taking his lady by the other hand, between the two they set her upon the mule. Then Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, and the Barber settled himself on his animal, Sancho remaining on foot, which recalled to him anew the loss of Dapple, feeling the want of him now. But he bore it all cheerfully, being convinced that now his master was

[1] It was a point of honour with the old Knights not to permit their hands, or any other portion of their persons, to be kissed by suppliants, until, at least, the adventure undertaken had been achieved.

fairly on the road and just upon the point of becoming Emperor; for he supposed, without any doubt, that he would marry that Princess, and come to be at least King of Micomicon. The only thing that grieved him was to think that this kingdom was in a land of negroes, and that the people whom they would give him for subjects would be all black; but for this his imagination supplied at once a fine remedy; for, said he to himself—What matters it to me that my subjects be black? What more should be done than to ship them off and take them to Spain, where I shall be able to sell them, and where they will pay me in ready-money, with which money I can buy some title or some office on which to live at mine ease all the days of my life?—Nay, if ye do not go to sleep, and have no wit or talent to manage things, and to sell ten or thirty thousand subjects in the twinkling of a bed-post[1]—'Fore God, I will make them fly, little and big, or as I may; and be they ever so black, I will turn them into whites and yellows: go to, for I am a fool.[2]—With that he trudged along, so eager and joyful, that he forgot the pain of having to travel on foot.

All this Cardenio and the Priest beheld from among some brambles, and knew not what to do to join company. But the Priest, who was a great schemer, presently bethought him of how to accomplish their purpose. With a pair of scissors, which he carried in a case, he hastily cut off Cardenio's beard, and clothed him in a grey capote of his own, and gave him a black cloak, himself remaining in doublet and hose,[3] and

[1] *En dácame esas pajas*—a proverbial saying, meaning "in a trice," in allusion, says Covarrubias, to the facility with which straws (*pajas*) are burnt. *Daca* is a familiar phrase for *da aca* ("give here") by synæresis.

[2] "Whites and yellows,"—that is, into silver and gold. *Que me mamo el dedo*—lit. "for I am sucking my fingers." Sancho, of course, is speaking ironically. Sancho's speech is contorted and elliptical, and not easy to be rendered literally; but the sense is plain enough, though some of the translators have mistaken it, especially in the last sentence.

[3] *En calzas y en jubon*,—that is, in only his inner garments. The *jubon*, or

Cardenio appeared so unlike what he had been before, that he would not have recognised himself had he looked in a mirror. This done, though the others had gone a good way ahead while they were disguising themselves, they easily got to the high road before them, for the rough and broken paths there did not permit those on horseback to travel as fast as those on foot. In brief, they posted themselves in the plain at the foot of the mountains; and, as Don Quixote and his companions came out thence, the Priest gazed as him fixedly for some time, seeming by his gestures to be trying to recognise him; and after he had stood regarding him a good while, he ran up to him with open arms, crying out:

—In a happy hour be the Mirror of Knighthood found, my noble countryman, Don Quixote of La Mancha, the flower and cream of gallantry, the bulwark and relief of the needy, the quintessence of Knights Errant!—And, saying this, he clasped Don Quixote by the left knee.

The Knight, startled at what he saw and heard that man say and do, looked at him attentively; at length recognising him, he was amazed at the sight of him, and made a great effort to dismount; but the Priest would not suffer it, whereupon Don Quixote said:

—Give me leave, Sir Licentiate, for it is not right that I should be on horseback and so reverend a personage as your worship on foot.

—To that I will in no wise consent, said the Priest; let your mightiness remain mounted, for on horseback you achieve the greatest exploits and adventures which have been witnessed in your age; for me, a priest, though unworthy, it shall suffice to get up behind on one of the mules of these gentlemen who travel with your worship, if it displeases them not; and verily I shall reckon myself mounted upon the

doublet, fitted close to the body, covering the trunk and the arms; the *calzas* covered the thighs and legs.

steed Pegasus, or upon the zebra or courser on which rode that famous Moor Muzaraque, who to this day lies enchanted in the great hill of Zulema but a little distant from the grand Compluto.[1]

—Nay, good Master Licentiate, I did not think of that, answered Don Quixote; and I know that my lady the Princess will be good enough for love of me to command her squire to give your worship the saddle, for he can ride on the haunches, if the mule will bear them.

—Yes, she will, I believe, said the Princess; and I am sure also that there will be no need for me to lay my commands on my squire, for he is so polite and courteous[2] that he will not suffer an ecclesiastic to go on foot when he can ride.

—Indeed he is, answered the Barber.—And, dismounting on the instant, he invited the Priest to take the saddle, which the other did without much entreaty. As ill-luck would have it, on the Barber getting up behind, the mule, which in truth was a hired one, that is to say a wicked beast, lifted her hind-quarters and gave two kicks in the air, which, had they alighted on the breast or the head of Master Nicholas, would have made him send the quest of Don Quixote to the devil. As it was, they frightened him so that he tumbled to the ground with so little care for his beard that it fell off. Finding himself without it, he could do nothing better than

[1] The hill of Zulema rises from the left bank of the river Henares, immediately opposite the city of Alcalá. The legend of the Moor Muzaraque is connected with certain ancient mines or natural grottos which exist in the body of the hill, of which I can find no other mention elsewhere. Probably, as Clemencin suggests, this was some popular fable which Cervantes heard in his childhood in his native city. *La Gran Compluto* is Alcalá,—so called from its Roman name of Complutum, *quasi confluvium*. It was this passage in *Don Quixote* which set the ingenious and learned Father Sarmiento upon the trace of the discovery of Cervantes' birthplace.

[2] *Tan cortés y tan cortesano*, in the text, for which Hartzenbusch, with more reasonableness than usual, proposes to read *tan cortés y tan Cristiano*, on the ground that *cortés* and *cortesano* are much the same.

cover his face hurriedly with both hands and to cry out that his grinders were smashed. Don Quixote, seeing all that mass of beard, without jaws and without blood, lying apart from the face of the fallen squire, exclaimed :

—As God liveth but this is a great miracle ! The beard has been plucked and taken off the face as if it had been shaven !

The Priest, who saw the danger which their project was in of being discovered, ran at once to the beard and took it to where Master Nicholas lay, who was still crying out, and, drawing his head to his breast, in a twinkling clapt it on, muttering over him some words which he said were an infallible charm proper for the sticking on of beards, as they should see. And when he had fixed it on he retired, and the Barber remained as well bearded and as sound as before ; at which Don Quixote was amazed beyond measure, and entreated the Priest, when he had leisure, to teach him that charm ; for he conjectured that its virtue should extend farther than the sticking on of beards, since it was clear that where the beard was torn off the flesh must remain lacerated and injured, and, since it healed all that, it was good for more than beards.

—It is true, said the Priest ; and he promised to teach it him on the first opportunity.

They then agreed that the Priest should ride first, and after him the three by turns, until they reached the inn, which might be some two leagues from there. The three of them being mounted,—that is to say, Don Quixote, the Princess, and the Priest, and those on foot,—to wit, Cardenio, the Barber, and Sancho Panza,—Don Quixote said to the damsel : —Let your Highness, madam, be pleased to lead on whithersoever you will.

But, before she could reply, the Licentiate said :— Towards what kingdom will your ladyship guide us ? Will it be by chance towards that of Micomicon ? So it should

be, or I know little of kingdoms.—She, who was very apt in everything, understood that she had to answer *Yes*, and so she said:—Yes, Sir, towards that kingdom lies my way.

—If that be so, said the Priest, we must needs pass through my village, and thence your ladyship will take the route to Carthagena, where you may, with good fortune, embark; and if there be a favourable wind, a smooth sea, and no storm, in something less than nine years you will come in sight of the great lake Meona,—I mean Mæotis,—which is little more than a hundred days' journey on this side of your Highness's kingdom.

—You are mistaken, good Sir, said she, for it is not two years since I departed thence, and truly I never had fair weather, and for all that I have arrived to see what I so greatly longed for, which is the lord Don Quixote of La Mancha, whose renown reached my ears as soon as I set foot in Spain, and impelled me to seek him to commend myself to his courtesy and confide my just cause to the valour of his invincible arm.

—No more—a truce to your praises of me, exclaimed Don Quixote at this point; for I hate every kind of adulation, and although this be not such, still these compliments offend my chaste ears. What I can say, Madam, is, that whether I have valour or not, what I have or have not shall be employed in your service, even to the losing of my life. And now, leaving this to its own time, I pray you, Master Licentiate, to tell me what cause has drawn you hither into these parts, thus alone, without attendants, and so lightly equipped as to fill me with amazement.

—To that I will give a brief answer, replied the Priest; for your worship, Sir Don Quixote, must know that I and Master Nicholas, our friend and our barber, were going to Seville to collect certain moneys which a relative of mine, who many years ago went to the Indies, had sent me, which

were not so little but they exceeded sixty thousand dollars of tried weight,[1] which is no trifle; and, passing yesterday by these parts, we were encountered by four highwaymen, who stripped us to our beards, and in such sort that the Barber thought fit to put on a false one,[2] and as for this youth who goes here with us (pointing to Cardenio) he was quite transformed. And the best of it is that it is the public report hereabouts that those who robbed us are certain galley-slaves who, they say, were set at liberty almost on this very spot by a man so valiant that, in spite of the Commissary and the warders, he released them all; and, doubtless, he must be out of wits or he must be as great a knave as they, or else some fellow devoid of soul and conscience, seeing that he would loose the wolf among the sheep, the fox among the hens, the fly amidst the honey.[3] He would defraud justice and rebel against his King and natural lord, since he went against his righteous commands; he would, I say, rob the galleys of their feet[4] and disturb the Holy Brotherhood, which has been reposing these many years; and, in fine, do a deed by which his soul may be lost and his body not gain.

Sancho had related to the Priest and the Barber the adventure of the galley-slaves, which his master had achieved with so much glory, and therefore the Priest laid stress upon it in referring to it, to see what Don Quixote might say or do; whose colour changed at every word, nor did he dare

[1] *Pesos ensayados:* the *peso*, or dollar, as originally coined, was of the exact weight (*peso*) of an ounce of silver. *Ensayados*—"assayed"—signifies such as had gone through a trial and had been proved of full weight.

[2] The Priest forgets for the moment that Don Quixote has not recognised Master Nicholas.

[3] Hartzenbusch, adopting Clemencin's idea that honey is not in so much danger from flies as flies from honey, reads *oso* (a bear) *entre la miel* instead of *mosca entre la miel*,—a correction which proves how very differently Señor Hartzenbusch would have written *Don Quixote* had the story been his to write.

[4] That is, of their rowers, the convicts.

to say that he had been the liberator of those worthy people.

—Well, these, continued the Priest, were they who robbed us, and may God of His mercy pardon him who hindered them from going to receive the punishment they deserved.

CHAPTER XXX

Which treats of the fair Dorothea's cleverness, with other things of much pleasure and pastime

Scarce had the Priest ended, when Sancho cried :—Then i' faith, Master Licentiate, he who performed that exploit was my master ; and not for want of my telling him beforehand and warning him to look to what he did, and that it was a sin to give them liberty, for those were all very great rogues who went there.

—Blockhead, exclaimed Don Quixote ; it concerneth not nor appertaineth to Knights Errant to examine whether the afflicted, the enchained, and the oppressed whom they encounter upon the roads, go in that plight or are in that anguish for their crimes or for their humours. It solely concerneth them to succour the like as being distressed, fixing their eyes on their sufferings and not on their villainies. I lighted upon a bead-roll and string of sad and miserable people, and did for them what my bounden duty demands of me ; as for the rest, let what may happen ; and to whomsoever it has seemed amiss, saving the holy office of Sir Licentiate and his honourable person, I say that he knows little of the gear of Chivalry, and that he lies like a misbegotten son of a whore, and this I will make him know with my sword, which shall answer more fully.[1]

[1] *Donde mas largamente se contiene*—a legal formula of abbreviation used before. See note to ch. x., *ante*.

This he said, setting himself firmly in his stirrups, and pressing down his morion ; for the barber's bason, which by his reckoning was the helmet of Mambrino, he carried hanging at his saddle-bow, until such time as it could be mended of the damage it had received from the galley-slaves. Dorothea, who was of a lively wit and much pleasantry, having now thoroughly understood Don Quixote's crazy humour, and that they all made a jest of it except Sancho Panza, would not be behind the rest, and seeing him so enraged, said to him :

—Sir Knight, be pleased to bear in remembrance the boon you have promised me, and that in conformity with it you cannot intermeddle in any other adventure, how urgent soever it be ; calm your angered bosom, for had Sir Licentiate known that it was by that unconquered arm the galley-slaves were freed, he would have put three stitches through his lips, and even three times bitten his tongue, rather than have uttered a word which might redound to your disparagement.

—That I dare swear, quoth the Priest, and would even have plucked off a moustache.[1]

—I will hold my peace, dear Madam, said Don Quixote ; and I will repress the just anger which has been raised in my breast, and will go quietly and peaceably until I have achieved for you the promised boon. But in requital of this good resolve I pray you to tell me, if it be no trouble to you, what is your grievance, and who, how many, and of what condition, are the persons on whom I have to take due, sufficient, and entire revenge.

—That will I do with all my heart, answered Dorothea, if to hear of sorrows and misfortunes doth not vex your ears.

—It will not vex them, dear lady, said Don Quixote.

[1] In the time of Cervantes, as Clemencin reminds us, the clergy, now clean shaved, all wore moustaches and chin-tufts.

To which Dorothea replied:—Since it is so, let your worships give me your attention.

No sooner had she said this when Cardenio and the Barber placed themselves at her side, desirous to hear how the witty Dorothea would feign her tale; and the same did Sancho, who was as much deluded by her as his master. She, after settling herself well in her saddle, with preface of a cough and sundry other gestures, commenced with a lively air to speak as follows:

—In the first place, I would have you know, gentlemen, that my name is—— And here she stopped a moment, for she had forgotten what name the Priest had given her; but he hastened to her relief, for he understood why she hesitated, and exclaimed:

—It is no wonder, my lady, that your Highness should be troubled and embarrassed in recounting your misfortunes, for such are often wont to be of a nature to deprive the sufferers of their memory, even so that they do not remember their own names, as it has happened with your exalted Ladyship, who has forgotten that she is called the Princess Micomicona, lawful heiress of the great kingdom Micomicon, and with this hint your Highness can easily recall to your distracted memory all that you would wish to relate.

—Such is the truth, responded the damsel, and henceforward I think it will not be necessary to give me any more hints, for I shall bring my truthful history to a right conclusion. To proceed, then: The King, my father, who was called Tinacrio the Sage, was very learned in what they call the magic art, and discovered by his science that my mother, who was called the Queen Jaramilla, would die before him, and that within a little while after he also should depart this life, and I be left an orphan, without father or mother. But he was wont to say that this did not annoy him so much as the certain knowledge troubled him that a monstrous giant, lord of a great island, which is almost on

the borders of our kingdom, whose name is Pandafilando of the Sour Look,—for it is a veritable fact that, although he has his eyes in their place and straight, he always looks askew as if he squinted, and this he does out of pure malice, and to cause fear and terror in those on whom he looks ;—I say, then, that he knew that this giant, when he should hear of my being left an orphan, would pass over with a mighty force into my kingdom, and take it from me without leaving me a little village wherein to find refuge ; but that I could avert all this ruin and disaster if I married him, though, as far as he could see, he never expected that I would consent to a marriage so unequal ; and in this he spoke the pure truth, for it never came into my head to marry that giant, but[1] neither any other, however large and monstrous he might be. My father told me also that after he was dead, and I found that Pandafilando began to invade my kingdom, I should not stay to defend myself, for that would be my destruction, but freely abandon to him the kingdom without resistance, if I would avert the slaughter and total perdition of my good and faithful subjects, for it would not be possible to defend myself against the devilish might of the giant ; but that I should set out immediately for Spain, with some of my people, where I should find relief for my troubles by meeting with a Knight Errant whose fame about that time would extend throughout all this kingdom, who should be called, if I remember aright, Don Azote or Don Gigote.[2]

[1] Clemencin, with his usual insensibility to humour, observes that "but" (*pero*), the adversative conjunction here, disconnects the sense, seeing that there is no opposition between the two clauses of Dorothea's speech,—her disinclination to marry Pandafilando and her like objection to any other giant, however large and monstrous. For this obtuseness, Clemencin is severely reprehended by Calderon, in his *Cervantes Vindicado*, who points out, as scarcely seems necessary, that the conjunction objected to is used purposely, and for greater jocose effect, as though Dorothea seemed to imply for a moment that there might be a kind of giant whom she would like to marry.

[2] *Azote* is a whip, or whip-lash ; *gigote* (the French *gigot*)—originally and

—*Don Quixote*, you would say, lady, exclaimed Sancho Panza; otherwise called *The Knight of the Rueful Feature.*

—That is true, replied Dorothea; he said, moreover, that he was to be tall of stature, meagre of visage, and that on the right side, under the left shoulder,[1] or near thereto, he was to have a grey mole with some hairs like to bristles.[2]

On hearing this, Don Quixote said to his squire:

—Hold here, son Sancho; help me to strip, for I would see whether I am the Knight of whom that sage king did prophesy.

—But why would your worship strip? said Dorothea.

—To see if I have that mole of which your father spoke, answered Don Quixote.

—There is no occasion to strip, cried Sancho, for I know that your worship has a mole with those marks in the middle of your backbone, which is a sign of your being a strong man.

—That is enough, said Dorothea; for among friends we

properly, according to Covarrubias, the flesh of a sheep's leg—is now any minced meat (*carne picada*). *Gigote* and *Quixote* are etymologically closely allied, if not identical.

[1] *On the right side under the left shoulder.* The left shoulder cannot be on the right side, sagely observes Clemencin.

[2] Such marks were common to the heroes of the books of chivalries, serving to identify them upon occasion. Esplandian, the son of Amadis and Oriana, was known by having under his right pap some Latin characters in white, and under the left some Greek letters in red. Amadis of Greece came into the world with a flaming sword marked on his body. The Knight of the Sun was born with a little human face figured on his left side. The Knight of the Cross had a tawny mole on the right arm, and was told by the sage Xarton to look out for a mistress with the same mark in the same place. A bristle (*cerda*) growing out of a mole has the distinction of giving a name, *La Cerda*, to one of the noblest of Spanish families, in whom is the title of Duke of Medina Celi, descended from the Infante Don Fernando, eldest son of Don Alfonso X. The La Cerdas, disinherited in favour of the King's second son, Sancho, have ever since, by their representative the Duke of Medina Celi, kept up the show of a claim to the Spanish throne. At the accession of a new King the Duke of Medina Celi goes through the form of claiming the throne, and the farce of being fined for his audacity.

should not look nearly into little things, and be it on the shoulder or be it on the backbone, it matters little; it is enough that there is a mole, and let it be where it may, since it is all the same flesh. Doubtless, my good father was right in everything, as I have been in commending myself to Sir Don Quixote, for he it is of whom my father spoke, since the features of his face agree with those of the great fame which this Knight enjoys, not only in Spain but in all La Mancha.[1] Indeed, I had hardly landed at Osuna, when I heard related so many exploits of his that my heart at once told me that he was the same I had come to seek.

—But why, dear Madam, enquired Don Quixote, did you land at Osuna, since it is not a sea-port?[2]

But before Dorothea could reply, the Priest interposed, saying:

—The Lady Princess must have meant to say that, after she had landed at Malaga, the first place where she heard tidings of your worship was Osuna.

—So I meant to say, observed Dorothea.

—That makes it all straight, said the Priest; please your Majesty continue.

[1] Clemencin is in doubt here whether this is another jest of Dorothea's, or an inadvertence, or a slip in geography, such as Dorothea presently makes about Osuna. Shelton, innocently correcting the supposed blunder, puts Æthiopia in place of La Mancha.

[2] This query has been cited by Landor as an exquisite proof of Don Quixote's delicacy of mind. He does not rudely remind Dorothea that Osuna is no sea-port, but asks her why she landed at Osuna, seeing it is not by the sea. There is no need to excuse Dorothea, as Clemencin does, for ignorance of geography. Osuna being her own native city, as we have seen (ch. xviii.), she could hardly be ignorant of the fact that it was not a sea-port. She is merely keeping up her character, and talking such geography as is taught in the books of chivalries. There are innumerable blunders of this kind in the books, perhaps no more material than Shakspeare's placing of Bohemia on the sea. Probably, Cervantes had immediately in his eye, as Jarvis suggests, the passage in the historian Mariana, who makes the Roman Consul, Fabius Maximus, send 15,000 men into Spain against Viriatus, the patriot leader, who are landed at a city called Orsuna, or Osuna, in Andalucia.

—There is no more to say, answered Dorothea, except that at last my fortune has been so good in the finding of the noble Don Quixote, that I already account and hold myself Queen and mistress of my kingdom, since he of his courtesy and his munificence hath granted the boon of going with me whithersoever I may conduct him, which shall be to no whither save to set him before Pandafilando of the Sour Look, that he may slay him and restore to me that which against all right has been usurped; for all this has come to pass to the letter, since thus has prophesied Tinacrio the Sage, my good father. He has also left it recorded and written in Chaldean or Greek letters, for I cannot read them, that if this Knight of the prediction, after having cut the giant's throat, should wish to marry me, I should consent at once, without demur, to become his lawful wife, and give him possession of my kingdom together with that of my person.

—How seemeth it to thee, friend Sancho, cried Don Quixote at this point; hearest not what is passing? Did I not tell thee so? See whether we have not already a kingdom to govern and a Queen to marry.

—That I take my oath of, said Sancho: that for the whoreson rogue who will not marry as soon as Master Pandafilando his weasand is slit! The Queen, perhaps, is an ill piece of goods! I warrant me I wish all the fleas in my bed were such![1]

And so saying, he cut a couple of capers in the air, with signs of the greatest delight; and then ran to seize the bridle of Dorothea's mule, and, making her stop, he fell on his knees before her, beseeching her that she would give him her hands to kiss, in token that he acknowledged her as his Queen and mistress.—Which of the bystanders could help

[1] *Pués monta que es mala la Rêina, así se me vuelvan las pulgas de la cama.* Sancho breaks out here, in his rapture, into a string of idioms, hard to translate literally, though easy to understand.

laughing to see the madness of the master and the simplicity of the man?—Dorothea gave him her hands, and promised to make him a great lord in her kingdom when Heaven should be pleased to permit her to recover and enjoy it. Sancho returned thanks to her in such terms as made them all laugh anew.

—This, gentlemen, pursued Dorothea, is my story; it only remains to tell you that of all the people of my train which I brought out of my kingdom there is none left to me but this well-bearded squire, for they were all drowned in a great storm which we encountered in sight of port; and he and I escaped and came to land on two planks by a miracle; and, indeed, the course of my life is all miracle and mystery, as ye may have noted. And if in anything I have exceeded, or have not been so correct as I ought, impute the blame to what Sir Licentiate said at the beginning of my story, that continual and extraordinary troubles deprive the sufferers of their memory.

—They shall not deprive me of mine, O exalted and worthy lady, cried Don Quixote, as many as I shall endure in your service, however great and unheard of they may be; and thus I do confirm anew the boon I have promised you, and vow to go with you to the end of the world until I confront that fierce enemy of yours, whose proud head I intend, by the help of God and my right arm, to hew off with the edge of this,—I will not say good sword, thanks to Ginés de Pasamonte, who carried off mine[1]—(This he muttered between his teeth, and proceeded, saying:)—And

[1] There is no mention in the story of Ginés de Pasamonte having carried off the Knight's sword in the sequel to the adventure with the galley-slaves, but it has been suggested by Clemencin that as the Pasamonte of *Don Quixote* corresponds to the Brunelo of the *Orlando Furioso*,—Pasamonte stealing Sancho's ass, precisely as Brunelo stole Sacripante's horse,—so Cervantes may have intended to make Pasamonte rob Don Quixote of his sword, as Brunelo robbed Marfisa of hers at the siege of Albracca, but omitted to complete the parallel.

after I have hewed it off and placed you in peaceable possession of your realm, it shall rest with your own will to do with your person what shall seem best to your pleasure; for so long as I hold my memory occupied and my will captive, my mind enthralled by her——I say no more; it is not possible that I should incline, even in thought, to marry, although it were with a Phœnix.

So disgusted was Sancho with what his master last said about not wishing to marry, that, raising his voice, he cried in a great rage:

—By my body I vow and swear, Sir Don Quixote, that your worship is not in your right senses! For how? Is it possible that your worship should have any doubt about marrying so high a Princess as this one is? Think you that Fortune is to offer behind every little corner such a piece of good luck as she holds out to you now? Is it, perchance, that my lady Dulcinea is more beautiful? No, for certain, nor even the half; nay, and I would go to say that she does not come up to the shoe of her who is here present. A poor chance have I of getting hold of the countship which I look for, if your worship goes hunting for dainties in the bottom of the sea![1] Marry—marry at once, in the devil's name, and lay hold of this kingdom which comes to your hand free gratis for nothing,[2] and, when you

[1] *Pedir cotufas en el golfo*—a proverb, meaning "to look for impossibilities." *Cotufas* are identical with *chufas*, the tubers of an edible sedge (*Cyperus esculentus*), esteemed a delicacy in Valencia, which form the substance of the popular mucilaginous beverage called *horchata*.

[2] *De bobis bobis*—either Sancho's blunder or the printer's for *de bóbilis bóbilis*, which queer phrase, of uncertain origin, means "got without pains or merit," something which comes as a windfall, for which there is nothing to pay. Some of the translators come to sad grief over the words,—those who have courage to face them. The Frenchman, Viardot, misinterprets them ludicrously,—*comme vobis vobis*,—which a modern English translator adopts. *De bóbilis bóbilis* occurs in the Second Part of *Don Quixote*, as will be noted in due course. It is one of the mysterious common sayings on which Quevedo dilates in his *Visita de los Chistes*.

are King, make me Marquess or Governor, and then let the devil take all if he will.

Don Quixote, who heard these blasphemies uttered against his lady Dulcinea, was unable to bear it, and, raising his lance, without speaking a word to Sancho or opening his lips, gave him two such blows as brought him to the earth, and if Dorothea had not called out to him to hold his hand, without doubt he would have taken his squire's life there on the spot.

—Think you, miserable villain,—he said to him after a pause,—that you are to be always allowed to take me by the breech,[1] and that it is to be all sinning on your side and pardoning on mine? Then think not so, excommunicate scoundrel, for so doubtless you are, since you have wagged your tongue against the peerless Dulcinea; and know you not, rascal, vaurien,[2] that if it were not for the valour which she infuses into my arm, I would not have wherewith to kill a flea? Say, scoffer of the viperish tongue, who, think you, hath gained this kingdom and cut off the head of this giant, and made you Marquess (for all this I hold as accomplished and passed into a thing determined) except it be the might of Dulcinea, using my arm as the instrument of her exploits? She fights in me, and conquers in me, and I live and breathe, and have life and being, in her. O whoreson rogue, how ungrateful are you who see yourself raised from the dust of the earth to be a titled lord, and respond to so great a benefit by speaking ill of her who bestowed it on you!

[1] *Ponerme la mano en la horcajadura*—an act only suffered by an inferior or weaker man from one higher or stronger. *Horcajadura* is the fork between the thighs.

[2] Don Quixote in his rage uses outlandish words of abuse to his squire,—*faquin*, *belître*. *Faquin* is from the Italian *facchino*, a low drudge, equivalent to the Spanish *ganapan*, a hewer of wood and drawer of water. *Belître* is a word from the French *langue verte*, signifying a knave, a good-for-nothing, a loafer—common in Molière.

Sancho was not so much hurt as not to hear all that his master said to him, and, rising pretty nimbly, he ran to put himself behind Dorothea's palfrey, and from there he said to his master:

—Tell me, Sir, if your worship has resolved not to marry this great Princess, it is clear that the kingdom will not be yours, and, not being so, what favours can you do for me? It is this that I complain of. Let your worship marry once for all with this Queen, now we have her here,—rained down, as it were, from the sky,—and you may afterwards return to my lady Dulcinea, for there should be plenty of Kings in the world who have kept their mistresses. As to the matter of beauty, I have nothing to do with it, for in truth, if I must speak it, they both appear to me passing well, although I have never seen the lady Dulcinea.

—How?—thou hast not seen her, blasphemous traitor! exclaimed Don Quixote. Hast thou not just now brought me a message on her part?

—I mean that I did not see her, answered Sancho, as that I was able so much at my leisure to note particularly her beauty and her good parts, piece by piece, but in the lump she looked to me well enough.

—Now do I forgive thee, said Don Quixote; and do thou forgive me the injury I have caused thee, for men's first impulses are not in their own hands.

—I see that well, responded Sancho, and with me the longing to talk is the first impulse, and I cannot help speaking at once what comes to my tongue.

—For all that, said Don Quixote, take heed, Sancho, of what thou speakest, for the pitcher goes so often to the well[1]——I say no more to thee.

—Well, well, answered Sancho, God is in Heaven, who

[1] The proverb in full is *tantas veces va el cantarillo á la fuente que alguna se quiebre*,—"the pitcher goes so often to the well that at some time it will be broken."

sees all tricks, and He shall judge who does most harm,—I, in not speaking well, or your worship in doing it.

—No more of this, said Dorothea; run, Sancho, and kiss your master's hand, and beseech his pardon, and from henceforth go more circumspectly in your commendations and in your disparagements, and speak no evil of that Lady Toboso, whom I know not save that I am her humble servant, and have trust in God, that there shall not fail you an estate where you may live like a prince.

Sancho went up, hanging his head, and begged his master's hand, who gave it with a dignified air, and, after he had kissed it, the Knight gave him his blessing, and told him to go forward a little for he had something to enquire about, and things of much importance to discuss with him. Sancho did so, and the two going apart some little distance, Don Quixote said to him:

—Since thy return, I have had neither opportunity nor time to ask of thee many particulars touching the message which thou didst bear and the answer which thou broughtest back; and now that chance allows us time and place, do not deny me the happiness which thou art able to give me by thy good tidings.

—Let your worship ask what you please, answered Sancho; for to everything I will give as good an outing as an entrance. But I beseech your worship, good master, that you be not in the future so revengeful.

—Why sayest thou that, Sancho? asked Don Quixote.

—I say it, replied he, because these blows just now were more for the quarrel which the devil stirred between us the other night, than for what I said against my lady Dulcinea, whom I love and reverence like a relic, although she is nothing of the sort,[1] only because she belongs to your worship.

[1] Meaning, of course, that Dulcinea is physically not much like a relic, though morally worthy of the worship paid to such. Clemencin, who evidently

—No more of this talk, Sancho, on thy life, said Don Quixote, for it offends me. I pardoned thee then, and well thou knowest what they say—that, for the new sin a new penance.

[1] While this was passing they saw coming along the road on which they were, a man riding upon an ass, and as he came nearer he appeared to be a gipsy; but Sancho Panza, who had his eyes and his heart wherever he saw asses, had hardly descried the man when he knew him to be Ginés de Pasamonte, and by the thread of the gipsy he came on the clue of his ass;[2] which was the truth, for it was Dapple on which Pasamonte was riding, who in order that he might not be known, and to sell the ass, had put on the garb of a gipsy,[3] whose language,[4] as well as many others,

scents an impropriety in Sancho's speech, thinks it would be better to omit the words *aunque en ella no la haya*,—"although she is nothing of the sort,"—as being without point.

[1] This passage about the meeting with Pasamonte and the recovery of Sancho's ass was not in Cuesta's first edition of 1605, though it is to be found in his second of the same year, and in all subsequent editions.

[2] Referring to the proverb, several times repeated in *Don Quixote: por el hilo se saca el ovillo* (see notes to chs. iv. and xxiii.).

[3] The Gipsies in that age, and in every other, and in all countries, were famous for their skill and knowledge in all that relates to horse- and ass-flesh, and in dealings with the same. In vain did the Kings of Spain issue their edicts commanding the Gipsies to take to a settled life and to honest pursuits. One of these edicts, sent forth by Philip III. in 1611, ordered that Gipsies should engage in no other trade or calling but that of agriculture. As well might the wasps be commanded to make honey. Cervantes, who knew the race well, has depicted the Gipsy life admirably in his pretty tale of *La Gitanilla*.

[4] That Gipsies have a language is denied by many, in spite of George Borrow and the more recent pretenders to Romany lore. That they have still many words which they have brought with them from their native Moultan,—which, according to the best authorities, is the cradle of their race,—is, however, beyond a question. Half the words in Borrow's vocabulary are pure Hindustani, including the names of the elements, such as *āg* for fire, and *pāni*, water. Mixed up with the Spanish Gipsy dialect, as with English Romany, are a great many words which are mostly cant and slang, common to all vagabonds of every race; but neither in Spain nor in England have the Gipsies a constructed tongue other than that of the country which they inhabit.

he could speak as if they were his own. Sancho saw and knew him, and no sooner had he seen and recognised him, when he cried out with a loud voice:

—Ah, thief Ginés! give up my jewel, let go of my life, meddle not with my repose, give up my ass, give up my delight! fly, scoundrel! get thee gone, thief! give back what is none of thine!

There needed not so many words and reproaches, for at the very first Ginés jumped off, and getting into a trot at a racing pace, in a moment fled away and disappeared from them all. Sancho ran up to his Dapple, and embracing him, cried:

—How hast thou been, my darling, Dapple of mine eyes, my sweet companion?

And with this he kissed and caressed him as if he had been a human being. The ass held his peace and suffered himself to be kissed and caressed by Sancho, without answering a word. They all came up and congratulated him on the finding of Dapple, especially Don Quixote, who told him that notwithstanding this he would not revoke the order for the three ass-colts; for which Sancho returned him thanks.

Whilst they two travelled together, thus discoursing, the Priest said to Dorothea that she had acted very cleverly, as well in her story itself as in the brevity thereof, and its imitation of the books of chivalries. She owned that she had often amused herself with reading them, but that she knew not where lay the provinces and sea-ports, and therefore only said at a guess that she had landed at Osuna.

—So I saw, said the Priest, and therefore I hastened to say what I did, with which all was set right. But is it not marvellous to see how readily this unfortunate gentleman believes all these inventions and lies, simply because they wear the style and fashion of the absurdities in his books?

—It is, said Cardenio; and so rare and unheard of that

I know not whether if one wished to invent and create such a character in fiction he would have a wit acute enough to be able to succeed therein.

—There is yet another thing in it, said the Priest :—that, apart from the silly things which this good gentleman utters in matters touching his madness, if other topics are discussed, he discourses of them with excellent meaning, and shows that he has a clear and sober understanding in everything ; inasmuch as if one broaches not the subject of his chivalries, no one would pronounce him to be other than a man of very sound judgment.

Whilst they were engaged in this conversation, Don Quixote proceeded with his, saying to Sancho :

—Friend Panza, let us bury old injuries,[1] and now tell me, without retaining any anger or spite, where, how, and when didst thou find Dulcinea ? What was she doing ? What saidst thou to her ? What answer made she ? How did she look when she read my letter ? Who copied it for thee ? All that thou deemest in this matter to be worthy of being known, of being asked and answered, without adding or inventing aught to give me pleasure, or still less curtailing to deprive me thereof, tell me.

—Master, responded Sancho, if I must speak the truth, nobody copied the letter for me, because I carried no letter at all.

—It is as thou sayest, said Don Quixote, for the pocket-book wherein I wrote it, I found in my possession two days after thy departure, which caused me very great trouble, through not knowing what thou wouldst do when thou foundest thyself without the letter ; and I ever believed that thou wouldst return from the place where thou shouldst first miss it.

[1] *Echemos pelillos á la mar*—lit. "let us cast little hairs into the sea," an idiomatic saying, used by those who have quarrelled and have become reconciled,—meaning, "let bygones be bygones."

—I should have done so, replied Sancho, had I not got it by heart when your worship read it to me, so that I repeated it to a parish clerk, who copied it out of my head word for word so exactly that he said that in all the days of his life, although he had read many letters of excommunication, never had he seen or read so pretty a letter as that.

—And hast thou it still by heart, Sancho? asked Don Quixote.

—No, Sir, for after I gave it, seeing that it was to be of no more use, I let myself forget it. If I do mind me of anything it is that *Scrubby*,—I mean *Sovereign*,—*Lady*, and the ending: *Yours till death*, *The Knight of the Rueful Feature;* between these two points, I put more than three hundred *hearts*, and *lives*, and *dear eyes*.

CHAPTER XXXI

Of the delectable conversation which passed between Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, his squire, with other incidents

—All this displeaseth me not; pass onward, said Don Quixote.—Thou didst arrive; and what was that Queen of Beauty doing? Assuredly thou didst find her stringing of pearls, or broidering some device with thread of gold[1] for this her captive Knight.

—No, that I did not, answered Sancho; but winnowing two bushels of wheat in a back-yard of her house.

—Why, then reckon, said Quixote, that the grains of that wheat were seeds of pearl, touched by her hands; and didst thou note, friend, the wheat—was it of the white or brown sort?

—It was neither, but red,[2] answered Sancho.

—Then I warrant thee, said Don Quixote, that, winnowed by her hands, it made the finest white bread, without doubt. But go on; when thou gavest her my letter, did she kiss it? Did she put it upon her head?[3]

[1] *Oro de cañutillo*—lit. gold in quills, such as is used for tagging in embroidery. The device (*empresa*) is the mark by which every good Knight was distinguished,—generally some token given him by his lady-love, or some sign by which was indicated the adventure or undertaking to which he was pledged, of which the most familiar instance was the red cross worn by the Crusaders.

[2] *Trigo candeal, trechel, rubion,*—these were the three kinds of wheat cultivated in Spain,—white, brown, and red.

[3] To place a letter on the head before opening it was to do the writer the

Used she any ceremony worthy of such an epistle? Or what did she?

—When I went up to give it to her, answered Sancho, she was in all the bustle of a job with a good lot of wheat in her sieve, and said she to me:—Put the letter, friend, upon that sack, for I cannot read it till I have done sifting what I have here.

—Discreet lady! cried Don Quixote, that she must have done in order to read it and recreate herself with it at leisure. Proceed, Sancho; and whilst she was at her task, what discourse held she with thee? What did she ask of thee concerning me? And thou, what didst thou reply? Despatch; relate it all to me; leave not a syllable untold.[1]

—She asked me nothing, said Sancho; but I told her of the manner in which you worship abided there doing penance for her service, naked from the girdle upwards, shut up among these rocks like a savage, sleeping on the ground, eating bread without a table-cloth, nor combing your beard;[2] weeping and cursing your fate.

—In saying that I cursed my fate thou saidst amiss, observed Don Quixote; for I do rather bless it, and shall bless it all the days of my life, for having made me worthy to deserve the loving of a lady so high as Dulcinea del Toboso.

—So high she is, answered Sancho, that i' faith she overtops me by more than a hand's breadth.

—How then, Sancho, said Don Quixote; hast thou measured with her?

—I measured in this way, responded Sancho, that, going

highest honour. To kiss a letter was a mark of love, common in all romances, not only of chivalry. So Amadis, when he received, by the hands of the Damsel of Denmark, a penitent letter from his Oriana, "kissed it many times and placed it on his heart" (bk. ii. ch. ix.).

[1] *No se te quede en el tintero una minima*—lit. "leave not the least bit in the ink-horn."

[2] An allusion to Don Quixote's vow in ch. x.

up to help her to lay a sack of wheat on an ass, we came so close together that I couldn't help seeing that she was taller than me by a good span.

—But is it not true, replied Don Quixote, that she accompanies and adorns her greatness of body with a thousand million graces of the soul?—One thing thou wilt not deny me, Sancho; when thou didst approach her, didst not thou perceive a Sabæan odour, an aromatic fragrance, and something, I know not what, so sweet that I cannot hit upon a name to give it—I say, an essence or exhalation, such as if thou wert in some delicate glover's shop.[1]

—All I can say, answered Sancho, is that I got a sniff of something strong and mannish,[2] and it must have been because she was a-sweat with much work and somewhat on the run.

—It should not be that, replied Don Quixote, but thou must have been troubled with the rheum, or smelt thine own self; for full well I know what odour that rose among thorns distils,—that lily of the field, that liquid amber.

—That may well be, answered Sancho, for often there goes off from me that smell which then methought came from her grace the lady Dulcinea; but there is nothing to wonder at in that, for one devil is like another.[3]

—Well, then, pursued Don Quixote; she has sifted her corn and sent it to the mill; what did she do when she had read the letter?

—The letter, said Sancho, she did not read, for she said that she could neither read nor write; instead of that she tore it up into little pieces, saying that she did not wish to

[1] The glover's shop would in those days be the home of all sweet smells, as all gloves were scented.

[2] *Un olorcillo algo hombruno*—a phrase more forcible than delicate in the original, scarcely to be translated literally. Shelton has it "a little unsavoury scent, somewhat rammish and man-like."

[3] *Un diablo parece á otro*—a proverb.

give it to any one to read, lest they should know her secrets in the village; and that it was enough what I told her by word of mouth concerning the love which your worship bore her, and the strange penance you were doing for her sake; and, lastly, she told me that I was to say to your worship that she kissed your hands, and that she had a greater desire to see you than to write to you; and so she prayed and commanded, that on sight of this present, you should quit those bushes and brambles and leave off doing your mad pranks, and set out at once on the road to El Toboso, unless something of greater importance happened to you, for she had a great longing to see your worship. She laughed a good deal when I told her that they called your worship *The Knight of the Rueful Feature*. I asked her if the Biscayner of t'other day had been there. She said yes, and that he was a very good fellow. I also asked about the galley-slaves, but she told me that up to then she hadn't seen anything of them.

—Thus far all goes well, quoth Don Quixote; but tell me, what jewel was it she gave thee on thy leave-taking for the tidings which thou broughtest to her of me?—For it is a familiar and ancient usage among Knights and Dames Errant to give to their squires, damsels, or dwarfs, who carry news, to the one of their Ladies, to the other of their Knights, some rich jewel, as largess in acknowledgment of their errand.

—That may well be so, and for a good custom I take it; but it must have been in the times gone by, for nowadays it would seem to be the custom only to give a morsel of bread and cheese, for that was what my lady Dulcinea gave me over the yard palings when I took leave of her; and, more by token, it was cheese of ewe's-milk.

—She is liberal in the extreme, said Don Quixote; and if she gave thee not a jewel of gold, without doubt it must have been because she had not one there at hand to give to

thee. But sleeves are good after Easter.[1] I will see her, and all shall be rectified. Knowest thou, Sancho, at what I am astonished? It is that methinks thou hast gone and come through the air, for thou hast tarried a little more than three days in going and coming between here and El Toboso, though it is more than thirty leagues thence to this. On which account I am persuaded myself that the sage necromancer who takes charge of my affairs and is my friend (for of necessity there is and must be one, or I should be no good Knight Errant)—I say that such a one must have helped thee to travel without thy being aware of it, for there are sages of them that take up a Knight Errant sleeping in his bed, and, without knowing how or in what manner, he awakes the next day more than a thousand leagues from where he passed the night. And, were it not for this, Knights Errant would not be able to succour one another in their perils, as now they do at every turn. For it may be that there is one fighting in the mountains of Armenia with some dragon, or fierce serpent, or some other Knight, where he has the worst of the battle, and is already at the point of death; and, when he least expects it or looks for it, there looms from somewhere on top of a cloud or upon a chariot of fire, another Knight, his friend, who a little before was in England, who helps him and delivers him from death; and in the night he finds himself in his own lodging eating his supper with a very good appetite, and it is usually two or three thousand leagues from the one place to the other; and all this is effected by the craft and wisdom of those sage enchanters who take care of the said valorous Knights.[2] So

[1] *Buenas son mangas después de Páscua*—a proverb, meaning that a gift is welcome even though it comes late. Compare the English, "It is not lost what comes at last"; or the Scotch, "A yule-feast may be done at Pasch."

[2] There are numerous instances in the books of Knights so delivered from peril. Some of the grandsons of Amadis, hard beset by a dozen monstrous giants in the island of Guindaya, are rescued by Urganda and Alquife, who travel a thousand leagues on that service in one night. A witch in *Policisne*

that, friend Sancho, it is not hard for me to believe that in so short a space thou hast come and gone between this place and El Toboso, since, as I have said, some friendly sage must have carried thee flying through the air without thy being aware of it.

—It may be so, quoth Sancho, for i' faith Rozinante went as if he had been a gipsy's ass with quicksilver in his ears.[1]

—And what if he had quicksilver, said Don Quixote; aye, and a legion of devils besides, for they are gentry who travel, and make others travel, without being tired, as much as they please. But leaving this apart, what thinkest thou that I should do about my lady's commands to go and see her? For although I perceive that I am bound to obey her behest, I find myself also disabled from doing so by the boon which I have accorded to the Princess who accompanies us, and the law of chivalry compels me to satisfy my pledge rather than my pleasure. On the one hand, the desire of seeing my lady harasses and perplexes me; on the other, I am incited and summoned by my plighted faith and the glory I have to reap in this enterprise. What I purpose doing is to travel with speed and get quickly to where that giant is, and on my arrival I will cut off his head and instal the Princess peaceably in her kingdom, and forthwith I shall return to behold the light which illumines my senses; to whom I will make such excuses that she shall come to approve my delay, for she will see that all redounds to the increase of her glory and fame, since what I have achieved, do achieve, and shall achieve by arms in this life, proceeds wholly of the favour she bestows on me and from my belonging to her.

de Boecia beats this record, performing three thousand leagues in less than two hours.

[1] Among the tricks alleged to be practised by those arrant horse-copers, the Gipsies, was this,—to put quicksilver into the animal's ears to make him go faster. The practice is alluded to in Cervantes' novel of *The Illustrious Scullery-maid.*

—Alas! quoth Sancho, and in what a sad state is your worship's fate. Tell me then, Sir, does your worship intend to go this journey for nothing, and to let slip and lose so rich and noble a match as this, where they give you a kingdom in dowry, which is, in good sooth, as I have heard say, more than twenty thousand leagues round about, and most plentifully stored with all things needful for the support of human life, and bigger than Portugal and Castile put together? Peace, for the love of God! and be ashamed of what you have said, and take my advice, and pardon me, and marry off-hand in the first village where there is a Priest, and if not, here is a Licentiate who will do it finely; and mind that I am of age to give counsel, and this which I give you is pat to the purpose, for a sparrow in the hand is worth more than a vulture on the wing,[1] and he who had good and chose bad, must not be vexed for the ill he had.[2]

—Look you, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, if the counsel thou givest me to marry is to the end that I may soon be King upon slaying the giant, and have the means of doing thee favours and giving thee what I promised, I would have thee to know that without marrying I shall be able to satisfy your desire very easily, for I will make it a condition, before I engage in the combat, that upon my coming off thence a conqueror, albeit I marry not the Princess, they shall give me a portion of the kingdom that I may be able to bestow it upon whomsoever I please; and on their giving it to me, on whom wouldst thou have me bestow it if not on thee?

—That is plain enough, responded Sancho; but look your worship that you choose it towards the sea, so that, if the life shall not please me, I can ship off my black subjects,

[1] *Mas vale pájaro en mano que buitre volando*—a proverb, the equivalent to our English, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

[2] Another proverb, which Sancho somewhat varies. The correct form is *quien bién tiene y mal escoge, por mal que le venga no se enoje*,—"he who has the good and chooses the bad, must not be vexed for the bad he gets."

and do with them as I have said before.[1] And trouble not yourself to go just now to see my lady Dulcinea, but go away and kill the giant, and let us finish off this job, for 'fore God I verily believe that it will prove of great honour and great profit.

—I aver to thee, Sancho, said Don Quixote, that thou art in the right, and I will take thy advice in respect of going first with the Princess instead of visiting Dulcinea; and I warn thee, that thou sayest not a word to any one, not even to those who accompany us, of what we have here discussed and concerted, for since Dulcinea is so reserved that she will not that her thoughts be known, it would not be seemly that I, or any one for me, should disclose them.

—But if that be so, said Sancho, how is it that your worship makes all those you conquer by your arm go to present themselves before my lady Dulcinea, this being to put your name to it that you love her much, and are her sweetheart? And since you force those who go to fall down on their knees before her presence and to say that they come on the part of your worship to pay her obedience, how can the secrets of you both be hidden?

—O, how silly and simple art thou! Don Quixote exclaimed.—Seest thou not, Sancho, that all this redounds to her greater exaltation? For thou hast to know that in this our state of chivalry it is a great honour for a lady to have many Knights Errant in her service, without their extending their thoughts any further than to serve her solely for what she is, not expecting other reward for their manifold and noble desires than that she should be content to accept of them for her Knights.

[1] Neither to his master nor to any one else, remarks Clemencin, did Sancho ever say this. He had only thought it in his own head (see ch. xxix.). But Jarvis has been able to see that "this is no negligence in our author, but rather a fine stroke of humour, as it supposes Sancho so strongly possessed with the thought, that he does not distinguish whether he had said it to his master or to himself only."

—With that kind of love, said Sancho, have I heard them preach that we should love our Lord for Himself alone without our being moved thereto by the hope of glory or the fear of pain; although for my part I am inclined to love and serve for what He is able to do for me.

—The devil take thee for a clown! cried Don Quixote. And how wittily thou speakest at times! One would believe that thou hadst been to school.

—In faith then, answered Sancho, I cannot read.

At this moment Master Nicholas called out to them to stay a while, for they wished to halt and drink at a small spring which was thereby. Don Quixote stopped, to the no little satisfaction of Sancho, who by this time was tired of telling so many lies, and feared that his master would entrap him in his own words, for although he knew that Dulcinea was a peasant lass of El Toboso, he had never seen her in all his life. By this time Cardenio had dressed himself in the clothes which Dorothea wore when they found her, which although not very good were much better than those he had cast off. They all dismounted at the spring, and with what the Priest had provided himself with at the inn they appeased, although scantily, the great hunger which they all felt. Whilst thus occupied, there chanced to pass by there a lad, going along the road, who stopping to look very intently at those who were at the spring, after a moment ran up to Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, began to weep very freely, crying:

—Ah, my lord, does not your worship know me? Look well upon me; I am that boy Andrés whom you released from the oak-tree to which I was bound.

Don Quixote recognised him, and taking him by the hand, turned to those who were there and said:

—That your worships may perceive of how much importance it is to have Knights Errant in the world to redress the wrongs and injuries which are committed

therein, by insolent and wicked men who dwell here, know that a few days ago, passing by a wood, I heard some cries and very piteous lamentations as of a person afflicted and in distress. I hastened instantly, impelled by my obligation, towards the place whence it seemed the voice of sorrow proceeded, and there I found tied to an oak this youth who is now before you, at which my soul rejoices, for he shall be a witness that will not let me lie in anything. I say, that he was tied to the oak, naked from the middle upwards, and a clownish fellow, whom I afterwards learnt to be his master, was scourging him with lashes from a horse's bridle. As soon as I saw him, I demanded of the master the cause of so cruel a flagellation. The boor replied that he was flogging him because he was his servant, and for certain negligences of his which sprang rather from knavery than simplicity ; at which this child said :—Sir, he flogs me only because I ask him for my wages. The master answered with I know not what speeches and excuses, which although they were heard by me were not regarded. In fine, I made him untie the boy, and swore the clown to an oath to take him home with him, and pay him every *real* upon the nail, aye, and perfumed too.[1] Is not all this true, son Andrés ? Didst not note with what authority I commanded it, and with how much humility he promised to do all that I imposed upon him— notified and required ? Answer ; trouble not thyself, nor hesitate in anything ; tell what passed to these gentlemen, that they may behold and consider how useful it is, as I say, to have Knights Errant upon the road.

—All that your worship has said is very true, answered the lad ; but the end of the business happened very much the contrary of what you imagine.

—How contrary ? demanded Don Quixote ; did not the clown pay thee, then ?

—Not only did he not pay me, replied the boy, but as

[1] See *ante*, ch. iv. and note.

soon as your worship had got outside the wood, and we were alone, he tied me up again to the same tree and gave me afresh so many lashes that he left me flayed like Saint Bartlemy ; and, at each lash he gave me, he uttered some jest or scoff to make a mock of your worship, and if I had not felt so much pain I would have laughed at what he said. In fact, he treated me so as that I have been ever since getting cured in a hospital of the injuries which that evil villain did me. For all this your worship is to blame, for if you had gone away straight on your own road, and had not come where they did not call you, nor meddle with other people's business, my master would have been content to give me one or two dozen lashes, and then he would have released me and paid me what he owed. But as your worship abused him so causelessly, and called him so many bad names, his anger was kindled, and as he could not avenge himself on you when he found himself alone he let fly the tempest on me in such sort that methinks that I shall never be a man again in all my life.

—The mischief was, quoth Don Quixote, in my departure, for I should not have gone until after I had seen thee paid, for I ought to have known by long experience that there is no churl who keeps the word he gave, if he finds that it does not suit him to keep it. But thou wilt remember, Andrés, that I vowed, if he did not pay thee, I would go in search of him, and that I would find him, even though he should hide himself in the whale's belly.

—That is true, said Andrés, but it was of no use.

—Now shalt thou see whether it is of use or not, exclaimed Don Quixote ; and, saying this, he rose up hastily, and commanded Sancho to bridle Rozinante, who was browsing whilst they were eating.

Dorothea asked him what it was he meant to do. He answered her that he meant to go in quest of the churl and chastise him for such base conduct, and make him pay

Andrés to the last farthing, in despite and in the teeth of all the churls in the world. To which she replied by reminding him that he could not, in conformity with his promised boon, engage in any enterprise until hers was achieved; and as he knew this better than any one else he should restrain his anger until his return from her kingdom.

—That is true, answered Don Quixote; and it is necessary that Andrés should have patience until my return, as you say, lady, for I once more vow and promise anew not to desist until I have him avenged and paid.

—I do not believe in these vows, quoth Andrés; I would rather have just now something to carry me on to Seville than all the revenge in the world. Give me, if you have it here, something to eat and to take with me; and may God be with your worship and with all Knights Errant, and may they be as errant to themselves as they have been to me.

Sancho took out of his store a piece of bread and another of cheese, and, giving it to the lad, said:—Take it, brother Andrés, for each of us has a share in your misfortune.

—Pray, what share have you in it? asked Andrés.

—This share of bread and cheese which I give you, answered Sancho, for God knows whether I shall have to want it or not; for I would have you know, friend, that we squires of Knights Errant are subject to great hunger and ill-luck, aye, and to other things which are better felt than told.

Andrés laid hold of his bread and cheese, and, seeing that nobody gave him anything more, made his bow and took to his road;[1] though, before he went, he said to Don Quixote:

—For the love of God, Sir Knight Errant, if you meet me again, although you should see me being cut to pieces, succour me not nor help me but leave me to my ill fate, for it cannot be so great but that what comes of your worship's

[1] *Tomó el camino en las manos*—lit. "took the road into his hands."

help will be greater, whom and all the Knights Errant ever born in the world may God confound.

Don Quixote started up to chastise him; but he set off running so fast that no one ventured to follow. Don Quixote was much abashed at Andrés' story, and it was necessary for the rest to take great care that they did not laugh outright lest they should put him to utter confusion.

CHAPTER XXXII

Which treats of what happened to Don Quixote's whole troop at the inn

THEIR choice repast[1] being ended, they saddled at once, and without anything worthy of note befalling them arrived the next day[2] at the inn, the dread and horror of Sancho Panza, and though he would fain not have entered therein, yet he could not avoid doing so. The hostess, the host, their daughter, and Maritornes, seeing Don Quixote and Sancho approach, went out to receive them with tokens of

[1] *Buena comida*—a very obvious piece of irony which yet has escaped the Spanish commentators, two of the most illustrious of whom agree in suggesting that we should substitute *breve* for *buena*. Yet there is no adjective in Spanish so commonly used in an ironical sense as *buena*.

[2] This, and some other chronological details introduced in the last four or five chapters, make sad havoc of time and place, and have given sore trouble to the worthy Don Vicente de los Rios in his scheme of Don Quixote's chronology. In the 27th chapter it is related that the Priest, the Barber, and Sancho Panza reached the place in the Sierra Morena where Sancho had laid his marks, about three o'clock in the afternoon. Then they meet with Cardenio, who tells them his long story, and immediately afterwards with Dorothea, who is not concise. Then Dorothea is presented to the knight, who dons his armour, and they all set out, and emerge from out of the ranges into the plain. Some long conversations pass between the Knight and the Squire, not to speak of Dorothea's made-up story about her troubles. Then there is the episode of the recovery of Dapple, the meeting with Andrés, and the repast by the road-side. All this is supposed to have happened during the afternoon and evening of one and the same day; which presents, we must agree with Clemencin, grave difficulties to the chronologist, and makes confusion of the elaborate diary which has been drawn up by Vicente de los Rios. See Chronology of *Don Quixote*, Appendix A, vol. iv.

much gladness. The Knight acknowledged them with a demure and grave deportment, and bade them prepare him a better bed than they gave him the last time, to which the landlady replied that if he paid better than the last time she would give him one fit for a prince. Don Quixote said that he would, and so they prepared him a reasonably good one, in the same loft where he had lain formerly; and he went to bed at once, for he arrived much shattered and broken in body and mind. He had scarcely locked himself in when the mistress ran at the Barber, and seizing him by the beard cried:

—By my troth but my tail shall no longer be used for a beard; give me my tail again; for my husband's thing is being tossed about the floor, which is a shame—I mean the comb, which he used to stick in my fine tail.

The Barber would not give it to her, for all her tugging, till the Licentiate told him to let her have it, for there was now no longer need of that device, for he might discover himself and appear in his own shape, and tell Don Quixote that after the galley-slave thieves had robbed him, he had fled for refuge to that inn; and that if the Knight should ask after the Princess's squire, they could say that she had sent him on in advance to give notice to those of her kingdom how that she was on her way and was bringing with her the deliverer of them all. On this the Barber cheerfully gave up the tail to the landlady, and likewise all the other articles which had been borrowed for Don Quixote's deliverance.

All the people of the inn were struck with Dorothea's beauty, and also with the comeliness of the shepherd-swain Cardenio. The Priest made them get ready a dinner of whatever the inn could yield, and the landlord, in the hope of better payment, prepared for them with despatch a very tolerable meal. All this while Don Quixote slept, and they agreed not to wake him, for it would do him more

good now to sleep than to eat. They talked at dinner,—the landlord, his wife, his daughter, and Maritornes being present, as well as all the travellers,—of Don Quixote's strange craze and of the state in which they had found him. The hostess related to them what had happened between him and the muleteer, glancing round to see if perchance Sancho were present. Not seeing him, she told them all about his tossing in the blanket, from which they received no little amusement. Upon the Priest saying how that the books of chivalries which Don Quixote read had turned his brain, the landlord cried:

—I know not how that can be, for in truth to my seeming there is no finer reading in the world, and I have here two or three of them with other writings, which verily have put life into me, and not only into me but into many others; for when it is harvest-time many of the reapers assemble here in the mid-day heats, and there is always some one who can read who takes one of these books in hand, and then some thirty of us or more get round him, and we sit listening to him with so much delight that it keeps off a thousand grey hairs; at least I can say for myself, when I hear them tell of those furious and terrible blows which the Knights deal out, that the desire seizes me to be doing as much myself, and I could find in my heart to be hearing of them day and night.[1]

—And I too am of that mind, quoth the landlady, for I never have a good time but when you are listening to the reading, for you are so befooled that for that once you forget to scold me.

—That is true, cried Maritornes; and in good sooth I also take much delight in hearing of those things, which are

[1] Here we have evidence, doubtless taken from life, of the great and universal taste for this kind of reading which was popular not only among the great and well-born, with town gallants and country gentlemen, like Cardenio and Don Quixote, but with secluded rustic maidens like Lucinda and Dorothea, and even among innkeepers and reapers.

very pretty, and the more so when they tell how such a lady lies under the orange trees clipt in the arms of her Knight, and how they have a duenna keeping watch for them, dying of envy and struck dumb with wonder,—I say all this is as sweet as honey.

—And you, my young miss, what think you of it? said the Priest, speaking to the landlady's daughter.

—On my life, Sir, I know not, responded she. I also listen to it, and in truth, though I do not understand it, I take pleasure in hearing it; but I like not the blows which please my father, only the plaints which the Knights make when they are absent from their ladies, which in truth sometimes make we weep for the pity I feel for them.

—Then would you console them, fair maiden, said Dorothea, if they wept for you?

—I know not what I would do, replied the girl; only I know that there are some of those ladies so cruel that their Knights call them tigers and lions, and a thousand other abominable things. And, Jesu! what kind of people can they be, so heartless and without conscience that rather than bestow a look on an honourable man they will let him die or turn mad; nor do I know what good is in all this squeamishness,—if they do it out of honesty, let them marry them, seeing they desire nothing else.

—Hold your tongue, child, quoth the landlady, for it seems you know a great deal of these things, and it is not well for maidens to know or talk so much.

—As this gentleman asked me, replied she, I could not help answering him.

—[1]Well now, said the Priest, bring me hither those books, Master Landlord, for I wish to see them.

—With pleasure, he replied; and, going into his chamber, he brought out thence a little old valise fastened with a small

[1] The passage in the text here beginning—*Ahora bien, dijo el Cura*, was taken by Sir Walter Scott for a motto to his *Tales of My Landlord*.

chain, and, opening it, discovered therein three large books and some manuscripts written in a very good hand. The first book he opened he saw was *Don Cirongílio of Thrace*,[1] and the other *Felixmarte of Hyrcania*,[2] and the third was the *History of the Great Captain Gónzalo Hernández of Cordova*, together with the *Life of Diego Garcia de Paredes*.[3] No sooner did the Priest read the titles of the two first, than he turned round to the Barber and said :—

—We want here now my friend's housekeeper and niece.

—There is no need of them, answered the Barber, for I too can carry them to the yard or the fireplace, and in truth there is a very good fire in it.

—What ! would you then burn my books ?[4] quoth the Host.

—No more of them, said the Priest, than these two—this of Don Cirongílio of Thrace and this of Felixmarte.

—Perchance, then, said the Landlord, my books are heretics or phlegmatics that you wish to burn them ?

—Schismatics you would say, friend, interposed the Barber, and not phlegmatics.

—So it is, replied the Host ; but if you have a mind to burn any, let it be this of the Great Captain and that Diego Garcia, for I would rather let a child of mine be burnt than suffer one of those others to burn.

—Good friend, said the Priest, these two books are lying

[1] *Don Cirongílio de Tracia*, published at Seville, 1565,—one of the rarest and obscurest of the books of chivalries, of which nothing but the name survives.

[2] See ch. vi.

[3] The full title of this is *La Crónica del Gran Capitán Gónzalo Hernández de Córdova*, first printed at Zaragoza in 1559 ; to which is appended the life of the famous Knight, Diego Garcia de Paredes, a valiant soldier, and one of the heroes of the campaign in Naples under the Great Captain against the French.

[4] The original editions all make it *quemar mas libros*,—"burn more books." It was the London edition of 1738 which first proposed to read *mis libros*,—"my books,"—which happy and reasonable emendation has been adopted by the Spanish Academy. It was not at all likely that the innkeeper should have heard of the burning of Don Quixote's library.

books, full of frenzies and follies; and that of the Great Captain is true history, and contains the acts of Gónzalo Hernández of Cordova, who, for his many and mighty exploits, deserved to be called by all the world the Great Captain,[1] an appellation renowned and glorious, and merited by him alone; and that other, Diego Garcia de Paredes, was a noble Knight, born in the city of Truxillo, in Estremadura, a most valiant soldier, and of such great strength by nature that with one finger he stopped a mill-wheel in full motion; and, standing with a double-handed sword at the foot of a bridge, arrested an entire army, vast in number, so that it could not pass over; and he performed other deeds such as that, if instead of relating and describing them himself with the modesty of a Knight and of one who is his own chronicler, another had written them freely and dispassionately, they would have thrown into oblivion those of the Hectors, Achilleses, and Orlandos.[2]

—Tell that to my father! said the Innkeeper. See

[1] Gónzalo de Córdova (born 1453, died 1515) well merited his name of "The Great Captain." He was the first who made the name of Spain famous in war outside of the Peninsula,—the earliest and the best of Spanish generals. His campaign in Naples against the French was a brilliant passage of arms, for which he was but poorly rewarded by his own sovereign, though greatly lauded abroad. King Ferdinand was jealous of his great general, and suffered him to die in obscurity, after depriving him of his office in 1507. There is a splendid tomb erected by his widow to his memory, with a modest inscription, in the chapel of the convent of San Jerónimo, at Granada. Cervantes, who is supposed to have "laughed Spain's chivalry away," never loses an opportunity of doing honour to the neglected heroes of his country.

[2] These feats are not recorded in the memoir of Paredes, written by himself, but are found in Mariana and elsewhere. Cervantes, as usual, quotes from memory. The two-handed sword, or falchion (*montante*), with which Paredes stopped the French army at the bridge of Garigliano is preserved in the Royal Armoury at Madrid. Paredes, after a dissipated and stormy youth, became one of the most faithful and valiant of the adherents of the Great Captain. After his patron's disgrace, it is told of him that once, in the presence of King Ferdinand, when some of the courtiers were speaking slightingly of Gónzalo, Paredes threw down his gauntlet, exclaiming, "Whoever says that the Great Captain is not the King's best vassal, let him pick up that!"

what astonished you, stopping a mill-wheel! 'Fore God, your worship should read of what I have read about Felixmarte of Hyrcania, who, with a single back-hander, cut in two five giants at the waist, as if they had been made out of beans like the little friars which the children make;[1] and another time he fell upon a mighty and powerful army, where they were more than one million six hundred thousand soldiers, all armoured from head to foot, and routed the whole of them as if they had been flocks of sheep. Then what shall we say of the good Don Cirongílio of Thrace, who was so valiant and courageous, as will be seen in the book, wherein it is told that, as he was sailing up a river, there came up from the midst of the water a fiery serpent, and he, the moment he saw it, leapt upon it, and got astride on top of its scaly shoulders, and squeezed the throat of it with both hands with such force that the serpent, perceiving that it was going to be strangled, had no other resource than to let itself drop to the bottom of the river, carrying the Knight behind it, who would never let go his hold; and when they arrived there below, he found himself among palaces and gardens so beautiful that it was a marvel; and then the serpent changed itself into an old grey-beard, who told him so many things as were never heard.[2] Go to, Sir, for with only listening to this you would turn mad with delight. A brace of figs for your Great Captain and for that Diego Garcia you tell of!

Hearing this, Dorothea said in a whisper to Cardenio:

—Our host lacks but little to play the second part to Don Quixote.

—So it seems to me, replied Cardenio, for if we may

[1] An allusion to a pastime of the children of the time, who would cut almost through the top of a bean-pod, letting the part hang down like a friar's cowl, the uppermost bean being made to resemble his head.

[2] The reader need not search the chronicles of Cirongílio of Thrace or of Felixmarte of Hyrcania for mention of these particular marvels; but exploits quite as wonderful are recorded in the later romances.

judge by his words, he holds it for certain that all which these books relate has passed just as it was written, and the bare-footed Friars[1] themselves could not make him believe the contrary.

—Consider, friend, returned the Priest, that there never was in the world a Felixmarte of Hyrcania, nor a Don Cirongílio of Thrace, nor other such Knights as the books of chivalries tell of, for all is invention and fiction of the idle wits who composed them, to the end thou speakest of, to beguile the time as your reapers do in reading them; for I positively swear to you that never were such Knights in the world, nor did such feats and follies ever happen in it.

—To another dog with that bone! answered the Host; as though I know not how many beans make five, or where my shoe pinches me.[2] Let not your worship think to feed me with pap, for 'fore God I am no baby.[3] A good thing indeed that your worship should wish to persuade me that all which these fine books say are but follies and lies, —they printed with licence of the Lords of the King's Council,—as if they were people who would allow such a pack of lies to be printed, and so many battles and enchantments as take away one's wits!

—I have told thee, friend, already, replied the Priest, that this is done for the diversion of our idle thoughts, and as in all well-ordered commonwealths there are allowed to be games of chess, tennis, and billiards[4] for the entertain-

[1] A phrase which indicates, remarks Clemencin, the reputation for sanctity which the bare-footed friars enjoyed in the time of Cervantes; always supposing that Cervantes is speaking seriously.

[2] These are all proverbial sayings, common to other countries than Spain, which need no explanation.

[3] *No soi nada blanco. Blanco*, in the dialect of *Germania*, is slang for a fool, an innocent.

[4] *Juego de pelota*, here translated tennis, was more like bat-fives, played with a bat covered with leather. *Trucos* was a game then lately introduced from

ment of some who will not, or may not, or cannot work, even so are such books allowed to be printed, in the belief, as indeed is the truth, that there can be none so ignorant as to take any of these books for true history. And if I were permitted now, and my hearers desired it, I would say something as to what books of chivalries should contain in order to be good ones, which perhaps might make them of service and even of delight to some people; but I hope the time will come when I may be able to communicate my ideas to those who can give them effect.[1] In the meantime, good mine host, believe what I have said to you, and take your books, and settle it with yourself about their truths and lies, and much good may they do you; and God grant you limp not on the same foot on which your guest Don Quixote is lame.

—Not so, quoth the Innkeeper; I shall not be such a fool as to turn Knight Errant, for I see well enough that it is not the fashion now to do as they used in those times, when those famous Knights are said to have roamed about the world.

Sancho had come in at the middle of this dialogue, and was much confounded and cast down at what he had heard them say about Knights Errant being now no more in fashion, and that all the books of chivalries were fooleries and lies; and he resolved in his heart to await the issue of this expedition of his master's, and if it did not turn out so happily as he expected, he made up his mind to leave him and to return to his wife and children and to his wonted occupation.

The Innkeeper was taking away his valise and his books,

Italy, according to Covarrubias, something like billiards, but with a bridge in the centre of the table,—probably the billiards to which Cleopatra challenged Charmian.

[1] Here is evidence that even the Priest (through whom, doubtless, the author is speaking his own mind) is not disposed to condemn all books of chivalries as such, but only the bad and foolish books then in fashion.

but the Priest said to him :—Stay, for I would see what are those papers, written in so fair a character.—The Host took them out, and giving them to the Priest to read, the latter found about eight sheets of manuscript, and at the beginning was a title in large as follows :—*The Novel of the Impertinent Curiosity*.[1] The Priest read some three or four lines to himself, and said :

—Truly the title of this novel displeases me not, and I have a mind to read it through.

To this the Host replied :—Your reverence should do well to read it, for let me tell you that to some of my guests here, who have read it, it has given great pleasure, and they have begged it of me very earnestly ; but I would not give it to them, meaning to return it to him who left this valise here with these books and these papers which he forgot, for it may be that their owner will come back this way some time or other, and although I know that I shall miss the books, on my faith I will return them, for, though an innkeeper, yet am I a Christian.

—You are very right, friend, quoth the Priest ; but, for all that, if the novel pleases me, you must let me copy it.

—With all my heart, answered the Host.—Whilst the two were thus talking, Cardenio had taken up the novel and commenced to read it, and, forming the same opinion of it as the Priest had done, prayed him to read it aloud that all might hear.

—I would read it, said the Priest, were it not better to spend our time in sleeping than in reading.

[1] *El Curioso Impertinente* ; which all the old English translators, following Shelton, have translated literally, *The Curious Impertinent*, which is absurd as well as wrong, for it is *Curioso* which is the subject and *Impertinente* the predicate. As in English we cannot turn the adjective singular into a noun by simply prefixing the article, and "The Impertinent Curious One" would be awkward, there is no resource, if the title of the story is to be retained, but to turn the person into the state, and of "The Curious" make the "The Curiosity." The epithet "Impertinent" is sufficiently explained in the course of the story itself.

—It will be sufficient rest for me, cried Dorothea, to pass away the time in listening to some story, for my spirits are not yet so composed as to permit me to sleep when it would be seasonable.

—Well, in that case, said the Priest, I will read it, were it only for curiosity ; perhaps it will contain something pleasant.

Master Nicholas entreated him to do the same, and Sancho too ; seeing which, and considering that he would give pleasure to all and receive it himself, the Priest said :

—Since it is so, be all attentive, for the novel begins thus :—

CHAPTER XXXIII

In which is related the story of The Impertinent Curiosity

In Florence, a rich and famous city of Italy, in the province called Tuscany, there lived Anselmo and Lothario, two rich and noble gentlemen, and friends so close that they were called by all who knew them, by way of distinction and eminence, *The Two Friends*. They were bachelors,—young, of the same age, and the same tastes : all of which was cause sufficient why the two should be united in a reciprocal affection. True it is that Anselmo was somewhat more inclined to amorous pastimes than Lothario, who was fonder of the pleasures of the chase. But upon occasion, Anselmo would give up his amusements to follow those of Lothario, and Lothario would renounce his to pursue those of Anselmo, and thus their inclinations went so perfectly in accord that no clock could keep better time. Anselmo fell deeply in love with a beautiful and noble damsel of the same city, the daughter of parents so worthy, and of such worth herself, that he resolved, with the approval of his friend Lothario, without which he did nothing, to demand her of them for wife ; which resolve he put in execution. He that bore the message was Lothario, who concluded the matter so much to his friend's satisfaction, that in a short time Anselmo found himself gratified in his desire, and Camilla so happy in having obtained Anselmo for a husband, that she ceased not to give thanks to Heaven and to Lothario, by whose means this good had come to her. The first days,—all marriage-days being wont to be merry,—Lothario continued to frequent, as was his custom, the house of his friend Anselmo, striving to do honour to him, to cheer and entertain

him as far as was in his power; but when the wedding days were over, and the stream of visitors and congratulations had slackened, Lothario began purposely to relax his own visits to Anselmo's house, it seeming to him, as it would rightly seem to all men of sense, that we should not frequent and haunt the houses of our married friends in the same manner as when they were bachelors. For although good and true friendship neither can nor should be suspicious in anything, yet withal a married man's honour is so delicate a thing, that it is held liable to be hurt even by his brothers; how much more, then, by his friends.

Anselmo noted the remissness of Lothario, and made it the ground of great complaints, saying that if he had known that his marriage would have been the cause of depriving him of the wonted converse with his friend, he would never have married; and that if, by the great harmony which prevailed between them whilst he was a bachelor, they had earned so sweet a name as that of *The Two Friends*, he should not permit so famous and pleasant a title to be lost through over-circumspection. And therefore he entreated him, if it were lawful to use such a form of speech between them, to return and be master of his house, and to come and go as before, assuring him that his wife Camilla had no other pleasure or wish than that which he willed she should have; and that she, knowing how ardently they loved one another, was troubled to see so much shyness in him. To these and many other arguments used by Anselmo to Lothario to persuade him to come to his house as he was wont to do, Lothario responded with so much prudence, discretion, and judgment, that Anselmo remained satisfied with his friend's decision; and it was arranged between them that on two days of the week and every feast-day Lothario should come to dine with him. Although this was agreed between them, Lothario determined to do no more than what he might think most expedient to his friend's honour, whose good name was dearer to him than his own. He was wont to say, and to say truly, that the married man on whom Heaven had bestowed a beautiful wife ought to take as much heed of what friends he brought to his

house as of what female friends his wife consorted with, for that which is not done or arranged in the market-places, in the churches, or at the public shows or devotions (things which husbands cannot always deny to their wives), is contrived and facilitated in the house of the female friend in whom he has most confidence. Lothario was also wont to say that married men had need to have some one friend to advise them of the defects in their conduct, for it usually happens that, through the great love which the husband has for his wife, either he does not notice or does not tell her, for fear of angering her, that she does, or omits to do, certain things the doing or the omission of which might turn to his honour or disgrace ; to which, being advised by his friend, he may easily apply a remedy. But where might a man find a friend so discreet, so loyal, and so true as Lothario would have ? I know not indeed ; Lothario alone was such a one, who looked after the honour of his friend with so much zeal and vigilance, that he strove to reduce, shorten, and diminish the concerted days for his visits to the house, lest the free access of a young man so rich, noble, well-born, and of good parts as he thought himself to be, to the house of a lady so beautiful as Camilla, might give occasion of offence to the idle vulgar and to vagrant and malignant eyes. For although her goodness and worth might be able to put a bridle on evil tongues, he would not have her good name brought into doubt nor that of his friend ; and therefore the most of the days agreed upon he employed and spent in other things which he pretended were indispensable. And so most of these days passed in complaints on the one side, and in excuses on the other.

Now it fell out that one day as the two were taking a walk through a meadow outside the city, Anselmo addressed Lothario in these words :

—Thou mayst suppose, friend Lothario, that to the favours which God hath bestowed on me in making me the son of such parents as mine were, and in giving me with no niggardly hand the goods both of what is called nature and of fortune, I cannot respond with gratitude equal to the gift received, and above all to that with which He blessed me in giving me thee for a friend

and Camilla for my wife,—two pledges which I esteem, if not in the degree I ought, as highly as I am able. Yet with all these blessings which are commonly the sum with which men ought and are wont to be contented, I live the man most ill at ease and discontented in all the wide world; for I know not since when I have been vexed and harassed by a desire so strange, so alien to the common habit of men, that I marvel at it myself, and blame and scold myself for it when alone, and try to stifle it and hide it from my own thoughts; and it has been as impossible to conceal this secret as though my endeavour had been to publish it to all the world. Seeing that it must break out at last, I would that it were lodged in the secret archives of thy bosom, confident that thereby and through the pains thou wilt take, as a true friend, to relieve me, I shall see me quickly freed of the distress it causes me, and by thy sympathy my joy shall rise to the pitch to which my misery has reached through my folly.

Lothario was surprised at Anselmo's words, and knew not to what point this long preface and preamble tended; and although he tried in his own mind to imagine what desire it might be which harassed his friend, yet he ever shot wide of the mark; and to rid himself of the distress caused by that suspense, he told Anselmo that he did notable injury to their great friendship in searching his mind about ways to disclose to him his secret thoughts, since he might well reckon on finding in him either counsel to divert or help to attain them.

—Thou art right, answered Anselmo, and in that confidence I will tell thee, friend Lothario, that the desire which oppresses me is the longing to know whether Camilla, my wife, is so good and perfect as I think her to be, and I cannot inform myself thoroughly of the truth of this, except in proving her in such wise as that the trial shall manifest the purity of her virtue as fire doth show that of gold. For I am of opinion, O friend! that a woman is good only according as she has or has not been tempted, and she alone is strong who bends not to promises, to gifts, to tears, and the importunities of persistent lovers. For what thanks are due, said he, to a woman for being good if no

one tempts her to be bad? What merit is it for her to be reserved and modest to whom there is given no occasion of going astray, and who knows that she has a husband who, if he catches her in her first slip, will kill her? Wherefore, her that is good through fear or through lack of opportunity, I will not hold in such esteem as her who is solicited and pursued, and comes off with the crown of victory. So that for these reasons, and many others that I could tell you, to support and fortify the opinion I hold, I desire that Camilla, my wife, should pass through these trials, and be purged and refined in the fire of temptation and solicitation, and that by one who may be worthy of aspiring to her affections; and if she comes off, as I believe she will, with the palm of the battle, I shall account my good fortune matchless. I shall be able to say that the cup of my desires is full. I shall say that there has fallen to my lot the virtuous woman of whom the wise man says, *Who shall find her?*[1] And if it should happen contrary to what I expect, the pleasure of seeing that I was right in my opinion will help me to bear without complaint the pain which so dearly bought an experiment will cause me. And it being understood that nothing thou wilt say to me in opposition to my purpose can be of any avail in dissuading me from putting it into execution, I would, O friend Lothario, that thou dispose thyself to be the instrument of carrying out this wish of my heart, and I will afford thee opportunity for what thou shouldst do, without omitting anything that I shall see to be necessary for the solicitation of a woman, chaste, honourable, reserved, and indifferent. What moves me, among other things, to confide to thee so delicate an affair, is the consideration that if Camilla be overcome by thee, the victory will not be pushed to the extreme point and rigour, but only far enough to account that achieved which had to be done by the terms of my compact; and thus I shall be wronged no more than in intention, and my injury shall remain hidden in the virtue of thy silence, which I know will, in what concerns me, be eternal, like that of death. Therefore, if thou desirest that I live a life deserving the name, thou must forthwith

[1] "Who can find a virtuous woman?" (Proverbs, ch. xxxi. v. 10.)

enter into this amorous conflict, not languidly or lukewarmly, but with all the earnestness and ardour which my design requires, and with the loyalty of which our friendship assures me.

Such were the arguments which Anselmo addressed to Lothario, to all of which the latter listened so attentively, that until Anselmo had finished he did not open his lips except to utter the words we have already set down. Seeing that he spoke no more, Lothario, after he had regarded him a good while, as if he was looking upon a thing he had never seen before, which struck him with wonder and astonishment, said :

—I cannot persuade myself, O friend Anselmo, that these things which thou tellest me are anything but jests ; for had I thought that they were in earnest, I would not have suffered thee to proceed so far, and by lending thee no ear have stopped thy long harangue. Assuredly, I think either that thou knowest not me or that I know not thee. But not so ; for I know thee well to be Anselmo, and thou that I am Lothario. The evil is that I think thou art not the Anselmo thou usedst to be, and that thou must have deemed I was not the Lothario I ought to be ; because the things which thou hast said to me are not worthy of that Anselmo my friend, nor the things thou askest of me what should be asked of the Lothario thou knowest. For good friends ought to use and prove their friends, as the poet says, *usque ad aras*,[1] which means that they must not use their friendship in things offensive unto God. And if a heathen held this opinion of friendship, how much more should a Christian hold it, who knows that for no human friendship must the divine be forfeited ? When a friend so far exceeds the due bounds as to set aside his duties in order to fulfil those of friendship, it must not be for trifles or things of little moment, but only for those which touch his friend's honour and life. Tell me then, Anselmo, which of these is in jeopardy that I should risk myself in gratifying thee, and in doing a thing so hateful as that which thou demandest of me ? Neither, assuredly ; on the contrary, thou askest of me, as I understand,

[1] It is no poet who says it, but Plutarch, repeating a speech of Pericles to a friend. Erasmus has the same saying,—*usque ad aras amicus*—in his *Adagia*.

that I should endeavour and labour to deprive thee of honour and life, and myself too, for if I have to try to despoil thee of honour, it is clear that I rob thee of life, for the man without honour is worse than if he were dead ; and I, being the instrument, as thou wouldst have me to be, of so great an injury to thee, shall I not remain dishonoured, and by consequence, without life ? Listen, friend Anselmo, and be not impatient to answer me until I have finished telling thee all that occurs to me touching what thou desirest of me, for there will be time enough for thee to reply and for me to hear thee.

—Most willingly, cried Anselmo ; say what thou pleasest.

And Lothario proceeded, saying :—It appears to me, Anselmo, that thou art now in the temper which is even that of the Moors, whom you cannot convince of the errors of their sect by citations from the Holy Scripture, nor by arguments drawn from the conclusions of the understanding, nor by those which are founded on the canons of faith ; but you must give them examples, palpable, easy, intelligible, provable, indubitable, with mathematical demonstrations which cannot be gainsaid, as when we say, *If equals be taken from equals the remainders are equal.* And when they do not understand this in words, as in fact they never do, then must you show it to them with the hands, and put it before their eyes, and yet nevertheless no one succeeds in persuading them of the truths of our holy religion. This same way and method it is fitting that I should use with thee ; for the desire which has sprung up in thee is so extravagant and so wide of aught which bears the shadow of reason, that it seems to me to be time misspent to endeavour to convince thee of thy folly, for at present I would not give it any other name ; and I am even inclined to leave thee in thy infatuation, in punishment of thine evil desire ; but the friendship I have for thee will not permit me to use this rigour with thee, nor allow me to abandon thee in such manifest peril of thine own undoing. And that thou mayst see it clearly : say, Anselmo, hast thou not told me that I have to solicit her who is modest ? tempt her who is chaste ? bribe her who is scrupulous ? court her who is discreet ? Yea ; thou hast told me so. But if thou knowest

that thou hast a modest, chaste, scrupulous, and discreet wife, what seekest thou? And if thou believest that from all my assaults she will come off victorious, as she would without doubt, what better titles dost think to give her afterwards than those she has already? Or what will she be more hereafter than she is now? Either it is that thou dost not take her for what thou sayest she is, or thou knowest not what it is thou askest. If thou dost not take her to be what thou sayest, wherefore wouldst thou try her, rather than treat her as a bad woman, in such manner as thou mayst please? But if she be as good as thou believest, it will be a thing impertinent to experiment upon truth itself, for when that is done, it must remain in the same esteem it held before. Therefore we must conclude that to attempt things from which harm rather than good must spring, is the part of minds inconsiderate and rash, and more especially when they would attempt those things to which they are not forced nor driven, and which from afar give token that the attempt is manifest madness. Difficulties are undertaken for God, for the world, or for both; those which are essayed for God's sake are such as are done by the saints, essaying to live the life of angels in human bodies; those which are attempted in respect of the world, are achieved by those who traverse such immense seas, such various climes, such strange nations, in order to acquire what are called the goods of fortune; and those which are adventured for God and the world jointly, are those of valiant soldiers, who scarce perceive in the enemy's rampart a breach such as a single cannon-ball can make, when, casting all fear aside, without taking any thought or regarding the open dangers which menace them, borne upon the wings of ambition to fight for their faith, their nation, and their king, they do fling themselves intrepidly into the midst of a thousand threatening deaths which await them.

Such are the things which are wont to be adventured, and it is honour, glory, and gain to attempt them, how full soever they be of difficulty and danger. But that which thou speakest of, as wishing to attempt and put in execution, shall never gain thee glory of God, nor goods of fortune, nor renown with men;

for granted that thou succeed in it as thou desirest, thou wilt remain no more happy, no more rich, no more honoured than thou art now; and if thou succeedest not, thou wilt find thyself in the greatest misery that can be imagined; for it will not avail thee then to think that no one knows the misfortune which has befallen thee, for it will be sufficient for thy affliction and undoing that thou knowest it thyself. In confirmation of this truth, I will repeat to thee a stanza composed by the famous poet, Luigi Tansilo, at the close of the first part of his *Tears of St. Peter*, which runs thus :—

> In Peter's heart the anguish and the shame,
> As breaks the day do still the greater grow;
> Though seen by none and seeing none, the blame
> Within himself torments him, and such woe
> As racks the hearts of sinners great, the same
> As though his sin all fellow-mortals know.
> For with the guilty shame and woe begin,
> When none but heaven and earth do see their sin.[1]

So thou wilt not alleviate thy grief by secrecy, but rather wilt have cause to weep incessantly,—if not tears from the eyes, tears of blood from the heart, as wept the simple doctor of whom our poet sings, who made that trial of the cup, which the prudent Rinaldo, with better discretion, refrained from making;[2] and although that be a poetical fiction, it contains hidden within it a secret moral worthy of being noted, learnt, and imitated. Moreover, by what I am now about to say to thee, thou wilt be brought to a full conviction of the great error thou wouldst commit. Tell me, Anselmo, if Heaven or good fortune had

[1] These verses are from the poem of *The Tears of St. Peter*, written by Luigi Tansilo, the Neapolitan poet, in his old age, in reparation, it is said, of his sin in writing, when young, a licentious poem entitled *Il Vendemmiatore*. The Spanish version of the stanza is apparently by Cervantes himself, and not by any of the three or four translators of Tansilo's poem into Castilian.

[2] The reference is here to the story in the 42nd and 43rd cantos of the *Orlando Furioso*, from which, doubtless, Cervantes took his idea of the story of *El Curioso Impertinente*. The experiment of the magic cup, which was avoided by the prudent Rinaldo, was tried, not by a doctor, but by a knight who entertained Rinaldo.

made thee lord and lawful possessor of a very fine diamond, of whose goodness and properties all the lapidaries who saw it were so satisfied that all with one voice and common consent declared that it reached in quality, goodness, and fineness the utmost perfection of which a stone of that kind was capable,—and thou thyself believed it so, without knowing aught to the contrary,—would it be reasonable in thee to be seized with a fancy to take that diamond and put it between an anvil and a hammer, and there by mere dint of blows prove it is as hard and as fine as they said? And would it be more reasonable to put thy design into execution? For supposing that the stone made resistance to so foolish a proof, yet not for that wouldst thou add to it any worth or reputation; and if it broke, which might well happen, would not all be lost? Yea, assuredly, leaving its owner a fool in the estimation of all. Then bethink thee, friend Anselmo, that Camilla is a very fine diamond as well in thine as in other men's estimation, and that there is no reason for putting her to the hazard of being destroyed, since should she remain unbroken she cannot rise to more worth than she has now; and if she gave way and resisted not, consider even now what thou wouldst be without her, and how justly she might complain of thee for having been the cause of her perdition and thine own. Look you, there is no jewel in the world worth so much as the chaste and virtuous woman, and all women's honour consists in the good opinion which is held of them; and since that of thy wife is such that it reacheth to the extreme of goodness, as thou knowest, why wouldst thou put this truth in question? Know, friend, that woman is an imperfect animal, and one should not put stumbling-blocks before her that she should trip and fall, but rather remove them and clear the path of every obstacle in order that she may run freely and unencumbered to obtain the perfection she lacks, which consists in her being virtuous. The naturalists recount that the ermine is a little animal with a fur of exceeding whiteness, and, when the hunters would catch it, they use this stratagem:—Having found out the places it is accustomed to pass and to haunt, they stop them up with mud, and then, starting their quarry, they drive it towards that spot,

and, as soon as the ermine approaches the mud, it stands still and lets itself be seized and captured rather than pass through the mire and sully its whiteness, which it prizes more than liberty or life. The chaste and modest woman is an ermine, and the virtue of chastity is whiter and purer than snow. He that would not have her lose but rather keep and preserve it, must use a method with her different from that which is taken with the ermine, for there must not be placed before her the mire of the gifts and services of importunate lovers, for perhaps,—and even without any perhaps,—she has not so much natural virtue and strength as to enable her, of herself, to trample down and pass through those impediments. It is, therefore, requisite to free her of them, and to set before her the purity of virtue and the beauty which is contained in a good name. The good woman is also like a mirror of clear and shining crystal, subject to be stained and dimmed by every breath which touches it. One must use the chaste woman in the same way as relics, adoring but not touching. One must guard and prize the good woman as one guards and prizes a beautiful garden full of flowers and roses, whose owner permits not any one to walk therein nor touch : enough that from afar and from between bars of iron they enjoy its fragrance and beauty. Lastly, I will repeat to thee some verses which have come to my memory, which I heard in a modern play, which seem to me to be very apt to the purpose of which we are treating.[1] A shrewd old man was giving counsel to another, father of a damsel, that he should look after her, guard her, and shut her up, and among other reasons he used these :—

Truly, woman's made of glass,
  Therefore do not prove her so,
  Whether she be frail or no ;
For everything may come to pass.

And so apt to break is she,
  That by proof to peril it
  Argues but a shallow wit ;
Once broke, it cannot mended be.

[1] This "modern comedy" has not been identified, and the verses belong rather to some "old play," perhaps composed by Cervantes himself.

In this truth let all men dwell,
For 'tis reason good and sound,
That if Danaës abound
There are golden showers as well.

All that I have said to thee thus far, O Anselmo, has been concerning what touches thyself, and now it is right that there should be heard something of what concerns me; and if I be tedious, pardon me, for it is all required by the labyrinth into which thou hast entered, and whence thou wouldst that I should free thee. Thou dost reckon me for thy friend, and wouldst deprive me of my honour, a thing which is against all friendship; and not only dost thou attempt this, but wouldst try to make me deprive thee of thine. That thou wouldst rob me of mine is clear, for when Camilla sees me soliciting her as thou desirest, it is certain that she will take me for a man without honour and of no principle, seeing that I attempt and do a thing so contrary to my duty to myself and to thy friendship. That thou wouldst that I should rob thee of thine there is no doubt, for Camilla, perceiving that I solicit her, must think that I have seen in her some levity which made me bold to discover to her my base desire, and, holding herself dishonoured, her disgrace affects thee as a part of her. Hence arises, what is so commonly found, that the husband of the adulterous woman, although he neither knows nor has given occasion that his wife should be other than she ought to be, nor has it been in his power by care and prudence to prevent his disgrace, for all that is called and entitled by a vile and opprobrious name, and to a certain degree is looked upon by those who know of his wife's depravity with the eyes of contempt instead of those of compassion, although they see that it is not by his fault, but by the will of his guilty consort, that he is brought to that misfortune. But I could tell thee wherefore the husband of the bad wife is with just cause dishonoured, although he knows not that she is so, nor is to blame, nor has shared with her, nor has given cause for her fault; and be not weary of hearing me, for it shall redound to thine advantage.

When God created our first parent in the earthly paradise,

the Holy Scripture says that He infused sleep into Adam, and that, being asleep, He took a rib out of his left side,[1] of which He formed our mother Eve ; and as soon as Adam awoke and looked upon her, he exclaimed—*This is flesh of my flesh and bone of my bones.* And God said :—*For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and they two shall be one flesh;* and then was instituted the divine Sacrament of Matrimony, with such bonds as only death can unloose. And this miraculous sacrament has such efficacy and virtue that it makes two different persons to be of one flesh ; and even effects more in those well-married, for although they have two souls, they have no more than one will ; and hence it proceeds that as the flesh of the wife is one and the same with that of her husband, the blemishes which fall on her, or the defects which are incurred, redound to the flesh of the husband, although he may not have given, as I have said, cause for that harm ; for as the whole body feels the pain of the foot or any member of the human frame, as being all of the same flesh, and the head feels the hurt of the ankle, without having caused it, so the husband is participator in the wife's dishonour, he being one with her. And as the honours and dishonours of the world all come and are born of the flesh and blood, and those of the bad wife are of this kind, it is inevitable that a part of them should fall on the husband, and he be held dishonoured, although he knows not of it. Reflect, then, O Anselmo, on the danger to which thou dost expose thyself in seeking to disturb the peace wherein thy good wife lives. Reflect for how vain and impertinent a curiosity thou wouldst rouse the passions which now lie dormant in the bosom of thy chaste spouse. Note that what thou adventurest

[1] The Holy Scripture says nothing about the left side, though it is a very old tradition in the Church, going as far back, at least, as St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne, in the fifth century, who wrote a poem on the creation of the world. After relating how the *Pater Omnipotens* cast Adam into a deep sleep, the poet goes on to say—

Tunc vero cunctis costarum ex ossibus unam
Subducit lævo lateri, carnemque reponit,—

out of which bone woman was made.

to gain is little, and what thou mayst lose will be so much that I will say nothing of it, for words fail me to convey its value. But if all I have said sufficeth not to move thee from thy mischievous purpose, thou canst seek another instrument of thy dishonour and misfortune, for I mean not to be one, although thereby I should lose thy friendship, which is the greatest loss I can imagine.

Having thus spoken, the prudent and virtuous Lothario was silent, and Anselmo remained so troubled and full of thought that for a good while he could not answer a word; but at length he said:

—I have listened, friend Lothario, to what thou hast told me with all attention, as thou hast noted, and in thy arguments, examples, and similes, I have perceived thy great good sense and the perfect true friendship thou hast attained; and likewise I perceive and confess that, if I regret thy opinion and follow mine own, I am flying from the good and pursuing the evil. This being admitted, thou hast to consider that I suffer now the infirmity which some women are wont to have, who long to eat earth, chalk, coal, and other worse things, loathsome even to the sight, and much more to the palate. Therefore, it is necessary to have recourse to some art for my cure, and this can be done easily, only by thy commencing to solicit Camilla, though it be weakly and feignedly, for she cannot be so frail as to surrender her virtue at the first encounter; and with this beginning alone I shall be contented, and thou wilt have complied with what is due to our friendship,—not only restoring me my life, but convincing me that I retain mine honour. And thou art bound to do this for one reason alone, and it is that I being as I am determined to put this experiment into practice, thou must not permit me to reveal my infatuation to any other person, whereby I might imperil the honour which thou art endeavouring to preserve; and though thine should suffer in some degree in Camilla's esteem, whilst thou solicitest her, that matters little or nothing, since in a short time, when we find in her the integrity which we expect, thou wilt be able to tell her the simple truth as to our artifice, whereby thy

credit will be restored as at first. Therefore, seeing how little thou venturest, and how much pleasure thou canst give me in the venturing, do not refuse to do it, however great may be the difficulties which present themselves to thee, for as I have said, if only thou wilt make a beginning, I shall account the matter concluded.

Lothario, seeing the resolute determination of Anselmo, and not knowing what further examples to adduce, nor what more arguments to offer to dissuade him from his purpose, and finding that he threatened to break the matter of his ill design to another, to prevent greater mischief resolved to gratify him and to do what he required, with the object and intention of managing that business in such a manner as that, without disturbing Camilla's mind, Anselmo should rest satisfied. So in reply he told him not to communicate his idea to any one else, for he took that enterprise on himself, and would begin it whenever he pleased. Anselmo embraced him tenderly and lovingly, and thanked him for his offer as if he had done him some great favour; and it was agreed between the two that from the next day following the work should be commenced, for he would give Lothario time and opportunity to speak alone with Camilla; and he would provide him also with money and jewels to offer and present to her. He counselled him to treat her to serenades, and to write verses which, if he would not take the trouble to make them, he himself would compose. All this Lothario undertook, but with a very different intention from what Anselmo imagined; and with this understanding they returned to Anselmo's house, where they found Camilla anxious and full of care, awaiting her husband, for that day he had stayed longer in coming than was his custom. Lothario went home, leaving Anselmo as contented as he himself was thoughtful, not knowing what scheme to adopt to come well out of that foolish business. But that night he bethought him of a way by which he might deceive Anselmo without offending Camilla; and the next day he came to dine with his friend, being made welcome by Camilla, who, knowing the disposition of her husband towards him, received and entertained him with

great cordiality. Dinner being ended and the table cleared, Anselmo bade Lothario remain there with Camilla whilst he went on a pressing business, and within an hour and a half he would return. Camilla prayed him not to go, and Lothario offered to bear him company, but nothing prevailed with Anselmo, who importuned Lothario the more to abide there and await him ; for he had an affair of much importance to transact with him. He told Camilla also not to leave Anselmo alone until his return. In short, he was so well able to feign the reason, or the unreason, of his absence, that no one could know it to be feigned.

Anselmo departed, and Camilla and Lothario remained alone at the table, for the people of the house had all gone away to dinner. Thus Lothario found himself engaged in the lists as his friend had desired, and with the enemy before him, who with her beauty alone should be able to conquer a squadron of armed cavaliers. Imagine, then, whether Lothario had not reason to fear her. What he did was to place his elbow on the arm of his chair and his open hand on his cheek, and, praying Camilla's pardon for his ill manners, said that he wished to repose a little until Anselmo's return. Camilla answered that he might rest better on the cushions[1] than in the chair, and so she begged him to go in and sleep there. Lothario would not, but remained sleeping where he was until Anselmo returned, who, when he found Camilla in her chamber and Lothario sleeping, believed that he had stayed away so long as to have given the two time enough for talk and even for rest, and was impatient till Lothario awoke, so that he might go out with him and ask him of his success. All fell out as he wished. Lothario awoke, and the two then went out of the house ; and Anselmo questioned the other as to what he wanted to know. Lothario answered that he had not thought it advisable to dis-

[1] In those days ladies, in that semi-Oriental land, sat not upon chairs, except when at table or on occasions of ceremony, but upon cushions spread on the ground, in a portion of the chamber set apart for the purpose,—raised about a foot from the floor,—called the *estrado* (from Latin *stratum*), covered with rugs or mats. Here was the special ladies' quarter, where visits were paid and received.

cover himself entirely the first time, and therefore had done nothing else than praise Camilla for her beauty, telling her that in all the city they talked of nothing save her loveliness and wit, for he thought this to be a good beginning for an introduction into her good graces, to dispose her to listen to him next time with pleasure, employing in this the same artifice which the Devil uses when he would deceive one who is on guard to look after himself, for then being the angel of darkness he is transformed into one of light, under cover of a fair seeming; in the end he reveals what he is and succeeds in his intent, if his deception be not discovered at the beginning. Anselmo was greatly pleased at all this, and promised to give him every day the same opportunity, although he would not go from home, for he would so occupy himself there that Camilla should not be able to get an inkling of his stratagem.

So it happened that many days passed during which Lothario, without speaking a word to Camilla, persuaded Anselmo that he conversed with her, and was never able to get from her the least token of anything amiss, nor the sign of a shadow of hope. Rather, he said, that she threatened him that if he did not desist from his base design she would tell her husband.

—It is well, said Anselmo; hitherto Camilla has resisted words; it is necessary to see how she will resist works. I will give you to-morrow two thousand crowns in gold that you may offer them,—nay, give them to her, and as many more to buy jewels wherewith to lure her; for women, be they ever so chaste, are wont to be fond, especially if they are well-looking, of being well decked and going gaily dressed. If she resist this temptation[1] I shall be satisfied, and give you no more trouble.

Lothario answered that, since he had begun it, he would

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[1] This, according to Ariosto, is the extreme temptation to which a woman can be subject:—

Che quella, che da l'oro e da l'argento
Difende il cor di pudicizia armato,
Tra mille spade via più facilmente
Difenderallo, e in mezzo al fuoco ardente.
—*Orlando Furioso*, canto xliii. st. 68.

carry through the enterprise to the end, for he believed he would issue therefrom weary and vanquished. The next day he received the four thousand crowns, and with them four thousand perplexities, for he knew not what to say in order to lie anew; but in the end he resolved to tell Anselmo that Camilla was as proof against gifts and promises as against words, and therefore he need not tire himself more, for all his time was spent in vain. But fortune, which guided matters otherwise, so ordered it that Anselmo, having left Lothario and Camilla alone, as he was wont to do at other times, shut himself up in a room and stood by the key-hole watching and listening to all that passed between the two; and he perceived that during more than half an hour Lothario spoke not a word to Camilla, nor would he have spoken had he remained there an age; wherefore he concluded that what his friend had told him of Camilla's answers was all invention and lying; and to discover if this was so he left the room, and, calling Lothario apart, asked him what news he had and what humour Camilla was in. Lothario replied that he had resolved to have no more to do with that business, for she had answered him so sharply and bitterly that he had no heart to speak to her again of anything.

—Ah! Lothario, Lothario! cried Anselmo, how ill dost thou respond to the affection thou owest me and the confidence I have in thee! I have been looking at thee but just now through the means of this key-hole, and I have witnessed that thou hast not spoken a word to Camilla, whence I conclude that even thy first words are yet unsaid, and if it be so, as undoubtedly it is, why dost thou deceive me, or why by thine artifice dost thou deprive me of the means I would use to obtain my desire?

Anselmo said no more, but what he had said sufficed to make Lothario abashed and confused. Taking his being caught in a lie as a point of honour, Lothario swore to Anselmo that from that moment he charged himself with the duty of satisfying him, and telling no more lies, as he should see, however curiously he spied; albeit it would not be necessary for his

friend to take any trouble, for that which he intended to do for his satisfaction would remove all suspicion. Anselmo believed him, and, to provide him with an opportunity more secure and free of interruption, he determined to absent himself from him for eight days, going to the house of a friend of his who lived in a village not far from the city, with whom he arranged that he should be sent for very pressingly, that he might excuse his departure to Camilla.

O rash and luckless Anselmo, what is that thou art doing? what art thou plotting—what devising? Mind thee, thou art working against thyself, plotting thy dishonour, contriving thy perdition. Thy wife, Camilla, is good; thou possessest her in peace and in serenity; no one intermeddles with thy pleasures, her thoughts transgress not the walls of her home; thou art her heaven upon earth, the goal of her desires, the crown of her joys, and the rule by which she metes her will, adjusting it in all things with thine and that of Heaven. Since then the mine of her honour, beauty, virtue, and modesty yields thee without any toil all the wealth thou hast and canst covet, wherefore wouldst thou dig the earth and seek fresh veins of new and unseen treasure, putting thyself to the risk of bringing all to wreck, seeing indeed it is sustained upon the feeble props of her frail nature? Remember, he that seeks the impossible, may justly be denied the possible, as a poet has better expressed it, saying—

In death I seek for life,
  Health in infirmity,
  In chains I would be free,
I look for rest in strife,
  And truth in treachery.

But destiny unkind,
With Heaven has still combined
  Against me to decree
  That since I seek what cannot be,
What can be I shall never find.

The next day Anselmo departed to the village, having told Camilla that during the time he was absent Lothario would come to look after the house and dine with her, and that she

was to take care and treat him as she would himself. Camilla, like a discreet and honest woman, was grieved at her husband's order, and bade him consider how that it was unseemly, he being absent, any one should occupy his chair at the table; and that if he did it through not having confidence in her to govern her household, he should prove her that once, and see by a trial how that she was equal to more important charges. Anselmo replied that such was his pleasure, and that she had nothing to do but bow her head and obey. Camilla said that she would do so, although against her will. Anselmo went away, and the next day Lothario came to the house, where he was received by Camilla with a loving and modest greeting; but she never gave him an opportunity of seeing her alone, for she always had about her men and women servants, and especially her own maid, who was called Leonela, whom she loved dearly as having been brought up since the two were children in the house of Camilla's parents, and whom she had brought with her when she married Anselmo. During the three first days Lothario said nothing, although he might, when the cloth was removed and the people of the house went to a hurried dinner, for so Camilla had commanded, and Leonela had even orders to dine before Camilla, for that she never might leave her mistress's side. But the girl, who had set her fancy on other things for her own pleasure, and had need of those hours and that opportunity for accomplishing them to her contentment, did not always comply with her lady's commands, rather leaving them alone as if she had been so ordered. But the modest presence of Camilla, the gravity of her mien, the composure of her person, were such as to set a bridle on Lothario's tongue. However, the advantage they had from the many virtues of Camilla in inspiring silence in Lothario, redounded to the injury of them both; for if the tongue was silent, yet were his thoughts eloquent; and he had leisure to contemplate, piece by piece, all the perfections of goodness and beauty which Camilla possessed, enough to raise love in a statue of marble—not to say a heart of flesh. Lothario looked at her during all the time he should have been speaking to her, and reflected how worthy she was of

being loved; and this reflection began little by little to assail the regard he had for Anselmo. A thousand times he desired to absent himself from the city and go away where Anselmo might never see him nor he see Camilla; but the delight he now found in looking upon her hindered and detained him. He struggled and fought with himself to expel and repress the pleasure he took in looking upon Camilla. He blamed himself when alone for his mad inclination, calling himself bad friend and also bad Christian. He reasoned and made comparisons between himself and Anselmo, and all concluded in his saying that the folly and confidence of Anselmo were greater than his own infidelity; and that if he had as good an excuse before God as he had before men for what he intended to do, he feared no punishment for his crime. In fine, the beauty and the goodness of Camilla, together with the opportunity which the ignorant husband had put into his hands, overthrew Lothario's loyalty. Without regarding anything but what his pleasure was inclined to, at the end of three days from Anselmo's absence, during which he was in a continual battle in resisting his desires, he began to woo Camilla with so much vehemence and such amorous phrases, that she was confounded, and could do nothing else than rise from where they were and go into her chamber, without answering any word. But not by this coldness were the hopes of Lothario chilled (for hope is always born with love); rather it made him more eager for Camilla. She, having discovered in Lothario what she had never suspected, knew not what to do; but it appearing to her neither safe nor seemly to give him either place or opportunity to speak to her again, she determined to send that same night, which she did, a servant of hers with a letter to Anselmo, wherein she wrote thus :—

CHAPTER XXXIV

Wherein is continued the story of The Impertinent Curiosity

Even as they say that the army looks ill without its general, and the castle without its warder, much worse, I say, does the young and married woman without her husband, unless there are the strongest reasons to keep him away. I find myself in such ill plight without you, and so powerless to bear this separation, that if you do not come speedily I shall have to go and take refuge in my father's house, even though I leave yours without a guard; for the one you have left me, if he is here in that character, I believe looks more to his own pleasure than to what concerns you. As you are wise, I have no more to say to you, nor is it well I should say more.[1]

This letter Anselmo received, and understood by it that Lothario had already begun the enterprise, and that Camilla had responded to him as he wished. Rejoicing exceedingly at this intelligence, he sent back word to Camilla that she should not on any account change her home, for he would return in a very short time. Camilla was astonished at Anselmo's answer, which placed her in greater embarrassment than before, for she could neither remain in her house nor go to that of her parents, for in remaining she imperilled her honour, and in going she

[1] Guillen de Castro, the Valencian dramatist, upon whose tragedy of *Las Mocedades del Cid*,—"The Youthful Adventures of the Cid,"—Corneille founded his more famous drama of *The Cid*, made two plays out of *Don Quixote*, treating Cervantes' work with as little ceremony as Corneille has treated his. One of these plays is upon the novel of *The Impertinent Curiosity*, published in 1629, in which very free use is made of the ideas, the situations, and even the words of Cervantes' story,—this letter of Camilla's to her husband being given in the play almost literally.

transgressed her husband's command. In the end she resolved to do what was worst for her, which was to remain, with the determination of not avoiding Lothario's presence, that she might not give her servants cause to talk; and now she was sorry she had written what she did to her husband, fearing that he should think that Lothario had noted in her some lightness which had moved him to lay aside the respect which he owed her. But, confident in her virtue, she trusted in God and in her own good resolution wherewith she designed to resist in silence all that Lothario might say to her, without telling her husband anything more, so as not to involve him in any quarrel or trouble. She even sought to find means of excusing Lothario to Anselmo when the latter should ask the reason which had made her write him that letter. With these resolutions, more honourable than judicious or effectual, the next day she stayed to give ear to Lothario, who pressed her so vehemently that Camilla's firmness began to waver, and her virtue had enough to do in guarding her eyes, lest they should give signs of a certain amorous compassion which the tears and the arguments of Lothario had awakened in her bosom. All this Lothario noted, and it all inflamed him the more. In fine, it seemed to him necessary, now that he had the time and opportunity which the absence of Anselmo gave him, to push closer the siege to the fortress; and so he assailed her self-love with praises of her beauty, for there is nothing which reduces and levels the embattled towers of a beautiful woman's vanity than this same vanity posted upon the tongue of flattery. Indeed, he industriously undermined the rock of her integrity with such engines that, even though Camilla had been all of brass, she must have fallen. He wept, he prayed, he promised, he flattered, he persisted, and he feigned with so much feeling, with such tokens of earnestness, that he overthrew Camilla's chastity, and arrived at the victory he least expected and most desired. Camilla yielded; Camilla surrendered. But what wonder, since Lothario's friendship could not stand its ground? A clear example, which shows us that the amorous passion is only conquered by flight, and that no one should take up arms

against so potent an enemy, for divine forces are needed to overcome those of the flesh.

Leonela alone knew of her mistress's frailty, for the two false friends and new lovers could not hide it from her. Lothario did not wish to tell Camilla of Anselmo's scheme, nor that the latter had given him the opportunity of achieving that pass, lest she should undervalue his love and think that it was by chance and without premeditation, and not designedly that he had solicited her. A few days afterwards, Anselmo returned home, nor did he perceive what was lacking there, which was what he had held most lightly and yet most highly esteemed. He went at once to see Lothario, and found him at his house. The two having embraced, the one asked after news of his life or of his death.

—The news I can give thee, O friend Anselmo, said Lothario, is that thou hast a wife worthy to be called the pattern and crown of all good women. The words I spake to her have been given to the wind ; my promises have been despised ; my gifts rejected ; of my feigned tears she has made an open jest. In short, as Camilla is the sum of all beauty, so is she the treasure-house wherein modesty resides, and where gentleness and prudence and all the virtues abide which can make an honest woman worthy of praise and of happiness. Take back thy money, friend, for I have it here without having had need to touch it, for Camilla's integrity is not to be subdued by things so base as gifts and promises. Be content, Anselmo, and desire not to make further trial ; and now that thou hast passed over dry-shod the sea of troubles and suspicions which are and may be entertained of women, care not to enter afresh into the deep gulf of new disquietudes, nor to make trial with another pilot of the goodness and strength of the vessel which Heaven has allotted thee for thy passage over the sea of this world, but reckon that thou art now in safe port, and moor thyself with the anchor of happy reflection, and rest thee until they come to demand the debt from which no rank of man is exempt.

Anselmo was made very happy with Lothario's words, and believed them as firmly as if they had been spoken by some

oracle ; but nevertheless he besought him not to give up the enterprise, even if it were for nothing more than curiosity and pastime, although thenceforth he should not use such pressing means as he had done up to that time. He wished him only to write some verses in her praise under the name of Chloris, for he would give Camilla to understand that he was enamoured of a lady to whom he had given that name, that he might be able to celebrate her praises with the respect due to her honour, and should Lothario not wish to take the trouble of writing these verses he would do so himself.

—That will not be needed, said Lothario, since the Muses are not so much my enemies but that now and then during the year they visit me. Speak then to Camilla of what thou hast said of my intended amour, for I will make the verses ; and if they are not as good as the subject deserves, at least they shall be the best I can make.—Thus agreed the foolish husband and the traitorous friend, and Anselmo, returning to his house, asked Camilla that which she marvelled he had not asked before, namely, to tell him the reason she had written the letter she had sent him. Camilla answered that it had seemed to her that Lothario had looked at her a little more freely than when he was at home, but that she was now undeceived, and believed it to be her own imagination, for Lothario avoided seeing her, and being with her alone. Anselmo told her that she might very well be safe from that suspicion, for he knew that Lothario was in love with a noble damsel in the city, whom he celebrated under the name of Chloris, and even if it were not so, she had nothing to doubt of Lothario's truth and the great friendship which was between them two. Had not Camilla been advised by Lothario that this love of Chloris was feigned, and that he had himself told it to Anselmo in order that he might be able now and then to occupy himself in Camilla's own praises, she would doubtless have fallen into the desperate snare of jealousy ; but being so forewarned, that alarm passed over her lightly.

The next day, the three being at table, Anselmo asked Lothario to repeat some of those verses he had composed for

his beloved Chloris, for since Camilla did not know her he might safely say what he pleased.

—Even though she did know her, replied Lothario, I would conceal nothing, for when a lover praises his lady's beauty and reproaches her with cruelty, he casts no reproach upon her good name. But let that be as it may; what I have to say is that yesterday I made a sonnet on the ingratitude of this Chloris, which runs thus:—

When in the darkness of the silent night
  Soft sleep doth lap all mortals in repose,
  To thee the poor account of my rich woes,
My Chloris, and to Heaven I still recite;
And when once more up-risen, Phœbus bright
  His face through rosy bars of Orient shows,
  With sighs and sad laments my heart renews
The stale rehearsal of its mournful plight.
And when the Sun, down from his starry throne,
  Straight beams of fire upon the earth doth rain,
    My sighs I double and my bitter tears;
The night returns and still returns my moan,
  And still I find in this my mortal pain,
    All Heaven deaf and Chloris without ears.[1]

The sonnet pleased Camilla much, but Anselmo more, who praised it and said that the lady was over-cruel who did not respond to truth so manifest. On this Camilla said:—Then is all truth that enamoured poets tell?

—In their character of poets they tell it not, answered Lothario, but as lovers they are as slow to express it as they are truthful.

—There is no doubt of that, quoth Anselmo, who was all for supporting and confirming what Lothario thought in regard to Camilla, she being as regardless of Anselmo's artifice as she was now enamoured of Lothario. And so for the pleasure she felt in what was his, and moreover taking it for granted that

[1] This sonnet, which even Clemencin thinks to be not without merit, the author thought so highly of that he reproduced it in his comedy of *La Casa de los Zelos* (*The House of Jealousy*), one of those published in 1615.

his desires and his verses were addressed to herself, and that she was the real Chloris, she begged him, if he knew another sonnet or other verses, to repeat them.

—Yes, I do, answered Lothario; but I do not think it to be as good as the first one, or rather it is the other was not so bad, as you may well judge, for it is this :—

I know I die, and if I'm not believed
By thee, then 'tis most certain that I die ;
As sure that dead I at thy feet will lie,
If, beauteous ingrate, of thy love bereaved.
Then, when obscurity hath me received,
And dark oblivion doth to me deny,
Life, glory, favour,—in my heart they'll spy
In death thy lovely image deeply graved.
For this dear relique I do still retain
'Gainst the last stage which waits my constancy,
Which in thy rigorous self keeps fortalice ;
O, wretched he who ventures on the main,
In darkening skies, to tempt an unknown sea,
Where neither pole-star shines nor haven is !

Anselmo commended this second sonnet too, as he had done the first, and thus he went on adding link upon link to the chain with which he entangled himself and bound his own dishonour, since when Lothario most dishonoured him he assured him that he was most honoured. And thus all the steps by which Camilla descended towards the centre of her disgrace, she mounted in the opinion of her husband towards the summit of virtue and good repute. Now it happened that Camilla, finding herself once alone with her maid, said to her :

—I am ashamed, friend Leonela, to see how little I have been able to value myself, since I did not make Lothario spend some time in purchasing the full possession of what I gave him so readily of my own free will. I fear he must despise my easiness and lightness, without reflecting on the force he used with me to make me unable to resist him.

—Let not that trouble you, my lady, answered Leonela, for it is of no moment, nor is it a reason for a thing to lose its value that it is given quickly, if that which is really given is

good, and of itself worthy of esteem; and they even say that he who gives quickly gives twice.

—It is also said, replied Camilla, that what costs little is little valued.

—That does not affect thee, answered Leonela, for Love, as I have heard say, sometimes flies and sometimes walks; he gallops with this one, and with that moves slowly; some he cools and others he inflames; some he wounds and others he kills; in one instant he begins the course of his desires, and in that same instant finishes and concludes it; in the morning he is wont to lay siege to a fortress, and in the evening it is surrendered to him, for there is no force which can resist him. This being so, what alarms thee, or what art thou afraid of, when the same must have befallen Lothario? Love made of my master's absence an instrument of thy defeat, and it was absolutely necessary that during it should be concluded what Love had designed, without giving time for Anselmo to return, and by his presence cause the work to be left unfinished; for Love has no better minister to execute his desires than opportunity; it is of opportunity he avails himself in all his acts, especially in the beginning. All this I know very well, more from experience than hearsay, and some day, my lady, I will tell thee, for I am also a girl of flesh and blood. Moreover, lady Camilla, thou didst not deliver thyself over nor speak so soon but that thou hadst first seen in the eyes, in the sighs, in the declarations, and in the promises and the gifts of Lothario, all his soul, reading in it and in its perfections how worthy Lothario was of being loved. Then, since it is so, let not those simple and prudish thoughts seize hold of thy fancy, but be assured that Lothario esteems thee as much as thou esteemest him; and live happy and contented that since thou hast fallen in the amorous snare, he who catches thee is of worth and honour; and that he not only possesses the four *S*'s, which they say all good lovers should have,[1] but also a whole alphabet;

[1] The four *S*'s,—to wit, *Sabio*, *Solo*, *Solicito*, and *Secreto*,—in allusion to some lines in *Las Lagrimas de Angelica*, a poem by Cervantes' friend, Luis Barahona de Soto, two or three times quoted in *Don Quixote* with singular partiality:—

only listen to me and you shall see that I have it by heart. He is, as I see and as well as I can judge, *Amorous*, *Bountiful*, *Courteous*, *Discreet*, *Eager*, *Faithful*, *Grateful*, *Honourable*, *Illustrious*, *Kind*, *Loyal*, *Mettlesome*, *Noble*, *Open*, *Quick*, *Rich*, —the *S's* according to the saying,—and then *Tender*, *Valiant*, *Warm*. The *X* squares not with him, for it is a harsh letter; the *Y* has been already given; *Z*, *Zealous* of your honour.[1]

Camilla laughed at her maid's A, B, C, and perceived her to be more expert in matters of love than she had supposed; and, indeed, she confessed it, revealing to Camilla how that she had a love-affair with a young man of good birth in that city; at which Camilla was much disturbed, dreading lest this should be the means by which her honour might be brought into peril. She pressed her to say whether their converse had gone farther than words. She, with no shame and much effrontery, answered that it had; for it is certain that the faults of the mistresses take all shame from their servants, who, when they see their mistresses trip, make nothing of stumbling themselves or of letting it be known. Camilla could do nothing else than beseech Leonela not to tell of her affair to him who she said was her lover, and to manage her own secretly, that it might not come to the knowledge either of Anselmo or Lothario. Leonela answered that she would, but she kept her promise in such a manner as to confirm Camilla's fears that through her she would lose her reputation. For the bold and wanton Leonela, when she found that her mistress's conduct was not what it used to be, had the effrontery to introduce and lodge her lover within the house, being confident that, although her mistress saw him, she would not dare to betray him; for this

Sabio en servir y nunca descuidado,
Solo en amar á otra alma no sujeto,
Solicito en buscar sus desengaños,
Secreto en sus favores y en sus daños.

In one of Lope de Vega's interludes, called *El Triunfo de los Coches*, these four conditions of the true lover are quoted.

[1] Leonela's alphabet cannot be rendered into English literally, nor is it material that her adjectives should be used, so long as others can be found which convey the true lover's qualities as well as fall into her conceit.

mischief, among others, the sins of the mistresses bring upon themselves, that they become the slaves of their own servants, and are obliged to screen their frailties and vices. Thus it happened with Camilla, who though she saw, not once but many times, that Leonela was with her gallant in a room of her house, not only dared not rebuke her, but gave her opportunities of secreting him, and took all precautions to prevent his being seen by her husband. But she could not prevent him being seen by Lothario on one occasion, when leaving the house at break of day. He, not knowing who the other was, took him at first to be some spirit; but when he saw him walking away, muffling and cloaking himself carefully and cautiously, he fell from one silly notion into another, which would have been the ruin of them all if Camilla had not found a remedy. Lothario did not imagine that this man whom he had seen come out of Anselmo's house at so unseasonable an hour had entered therein for the sake of Leonela, nor did he even remember there was a Leonela in the world. He thought only that Camilla, in the same way as she had proved easy and light with him, had been the same with another; for such are the consequences which the wickedness of a bad woman brings in its train, that it destroys the credit of her honour with the very man to whose prayers and persuasions she has yielded, he believing that she yields herself with even greater facility to others, and giving implicit credence to every suspicion which comes of it. All Lothario's good sense seems to have failed him at this point, and all prudent resolves were banished from his mind, for, without stopping to frame one which was good or even reasonable, without more ado, impatient and blind with the raging jealousy which inwardly consumed him, and dying to be revenged on Camilla, who had offended him in nothing, he went to Anselmo before he was risen, and said:

—Know, Anselmo, that for many days I have had a struggle with myself, doing violence to myself in not speaking of what it is not right or profitable that I should conceal from thee. Know that Camilla's fortress has already capitulated, and is subject to all that I may please to do with it. If I have delayed

in making known to thee this fact, it has been because I would first see whether it was some wanton fancy in her, or if she did it to try me, and find whether the love I made to her with your leave was in earnest. I believed, also, that she, were she what she ought to be, and what we both thought her, would have before now informed thee of my suit; but seeing that she delays to do so, I conclude that the promise she has given me is a true one, that the next time thou art absent from home, she would speak with me in the cabinet which serves thee as a wardrobe (and indeed it was there that Camilla was wont to entertain him). But I would not have thee run precipitately to take thy vengeance, since the sin is not yet committed except in thought, and it may be that between this and the time of its commission, Camilla may change her mind, and repentance be awakened in its course. And since wholly or in part thou hast hitherto always followed my counsels, follow and observe this which now I shall give thee, in order that, without mistake, and with ripe deliberation, thou mayst satisfy thyself as to what is most expedient for thee to do. Feign to absent thyself for two or three days, as thou wast wont to do before, and contrive to conceal thyself in thy wardrobe, for the tapestries there and other things with which thou canst cover thyself offer every convenience, and then thou shalt see with thine own eyes and I with mine what Camilla will do; and if it be guilt, as is rather to be feared than expected, thou canst be the avenger of thy wrong,—silently, cautiously, and discreetly.

Anselmo was amazed, confounded, and stupefied at Lothario's words, for they came upon him at a time when he least expected to hear them, since he already regarded Camilla as victorious over the feigned assaults of Lothario, and had begun to enjoy the glory of her triumph. He remained silent a good while, looking on the ground without moving his eyes, and at length said:

—Thou hast acted, Lothario, as I expected of thy friendship. I must follow thy counsel in everything; do what thou pleasest, and keep that secret, as so unexpected an event requires.

Lothario promised he would, but in parting from him he

repented wholly of what he had said, reflecting how foolishly he had behaved, as he might have revenged himself on Camilla, and by a less cruel and dishonourable way. He cursed his folly, blamed his weak resolution, and knew not what means to take to undo what he had done, or how to contrive a decent escape. At last he resolved to tell Camilla all, and as he lacked not opportunity to do it, that same day he found her alone; but she, as soon as she saw that she could speak to him, said:

—Know, friend Lothario, that I have a pain at my heart which oppresses me so that I think it will burst my bosom, and it will be a marvel if it does not, since the shamelessness of Leonela has reached such a pitch that she admits a lover of hers every night to this house, and she is with him till day-break, at the expense of my reputation; so much so as to expose it to be condemned by any one who should see him come out of my house at such unusual hours; and what afflicts me is that I cannot chastise or rebuke her; for she, being privy to our commerce, puts a bridle on my tongue, obliging me to be silent about hers; and I am afraid that from this some harm will come.

At first, when Camilla said this, Lothario believed it to be some artifice to delude him into the notion that the man he had seen come out was Leonela's lover and not her own; but seeing that she wept, and was afflicted, and sought his help, he came to know the truth, and on hearing it was filled with confusion and remorse. However, he replied to Camilla that she was not to make herself uneasy, for he would devise a means of restraining Leonela's insolence. He told her also of what, instigated by the furious rage of jealousy, he had said to Anselmo, and how it was agreed that he should be hidden in the wardrobe, to be an eye-witness of her disloyalty. He besought her pardon for his madness, and her advice to remedy it and extricate them out of such an intricate labyrinth as that into which his imprudence had involved him.

Camilla was alarmed at hearing what Lothario said, and with much anger and many and just reproaches, rebuked him for his evil thoughts, and for the foolish and evil resolution he had

taken. But as woman has by nature a readier wit for good or for ill than man, though it often fails her when she sets deliberately to reason, Camilla thereupon instantly hit upon a way of remedying that apparently irremediable business. She told Lothario that he should try to hide Anselmo the next day where he had arranged, for out of this hiding she designed to derive an advantage by which thenceforth they two might enjoy themselves without any fear of surprise. Without revealing to him the whole of her plan, she instructed him that when Anselmo should be hidden he should take care to come when Leonela called him, and that to whatever she said he should answer as he would if he did not know that Anselmo was listening. Lothario urged her to explain to him her entire scheme, that he might with greater safety and caution take care to do whatever he saw to be needful.

—I tell thee, said Camilla, that thou hast to take no more care than only to answer me as I shall question thee.

Camilla was not willing to tell him beforehand of what she intended to do, being afraid that he might not follow the plan which seemed to her so good, but look out for others which might not be so good.

With that Lothario went away, and the next day Anselmo, under pretence of going to his friend's country-seat, set out, but returned and hid himself, which he could do conveniently, as Camilla and Leonela had purposely given him an opportunity. Anselmo being now hidden, with all that anxiety of mind which may be conceived he could feel who expects to see with his own eyes the death-blow given to his honour,[1] found himself on the point of losing the supreme good which he deemed he possessed in his beloved Camilla. She and Leonela having made sure that Anselmo was in hiding, entered the cabinet, and scarce had she set her foot within when Camilla, heaving a good sigh, said :

—Ah, friend Leonela, were it not better, before I put in execution that which I would not have you know lest you

[1] *Hacer notomia de las entrañas de su honra*,—which literal Shelton translates "an anatomy made of the bowels of his honour."

should seek to prevent it, that you take Anselmo's dagger which I have asked of you, and pierce with it this infamous heart of mine! But do not so; for it were not right of me to bear the punishment of another's faults. I would first know what the bold and licentious eyes of Lothario have seen in me to give him the daring to declare to me so base a passion as that which he has discovered to me, to the prejudice of his friend and to my dishonour. Go to the window, Leonela, and call him; for doubtless he is in the street, waiting to carry out his vile purpose; but first I shall carry out mine, as cruel as it is honourable.

—Ah! my lady, answered the wary and well-tutored Leonela, what is it you would do with that dagger? Would you take your own life, or would you take Lothario's? Whichever you mean to do must lead to the ruin of your credit and good name. It is better that you should dissemble your wrong, and not give that bad man an opportunity now of coming into this house and finding us alone. Consider, my lady, that we are weak women, and he a man and a determined one, and since he comes upon that wicked design, blinded with passion, perhaps before you can execute yours he will do what would be worse for you than losing your life. Evil betake my master, Anselmo, for having allowed this base fellow such a footing in his house! But should you kill him, my lady, as I think you mean to do, what shall we do with him after he is dead?

—What should we do? replied Camilla; we will leave him for Anselmo to bury; for it is just that he should have for a recreation the toil he will incur in putting under ground his own infamy. Call him, at once, for all the time I delay in taking due vengeance of my wrong, methinks I offend against the loyalty which I owe my husband.

All this Anselmo overheard, and at every word that Camilla uttered his mind changed; but when he understood that she was resolved to kill Lothario, he wished to come out and discover himself, lest she might do such a deed; but he was restrained by the desire of seeing where so courageous and virtuous a resolution might end, being determined to sally forth

in time to prevent the act. And now Camilla was seized with a violent fainting-fit, and Leonela, laying her upon a bed which was there, began to weep very bitterly, and to say :

—Ah, woe is me ! to be so unhappy as to have die between my arms the flower of the world's chastity, the cream of good wives, the pattern of virtue !—with other such-like expressions which, if one heard her, he would have taken her for the most compassionate and faithful handmaiden in the world, and her mistress for another new and persecuted Penelope. Camilla recovered in a little while from her swoon, and, coming to herself, she said :

—Why do you not go, Leonela, to call that most disloyal of friends whom the sun ever shone upon or the night ever screened ? Be quick ; run ; haste ; fly ; lest the fire of the rage with which I burn be quenched by delay, and the just vengeance I aim at pass away in menaces and curses.

—I go to call him, my lady, said Leonela ; but you must first give me that dagger, lest while I am away you should do a thing with it which should make all those who love you weep all their lives long.

—Fear not, friend Leonela, I will not do it, answered Camilla ; for although I may be bold and rash in thy opinion in the keeping of mine honour, I shall not be so much so as that Lucretia, of whom they say that she slew herself without having committed any fault, and without having first slain him who was guilty of her dishonour. I will die, if I am to die ; but I will be satisfied and avenged on him who has caused me to come to this pass, to weep for his insolences, begotten of no fault of mine.

Leonela had to be much entreated before she would go out to call Lothario ; but at last she went, and while awaiting her return, Camella said, as though speaking to herself :

—God help me ! would it not have been more prudent to have dismissed Lothario, as at many other times I have done, rather than to give him occasion, as I have now, to think me immodest and wicked, at least for the time during which I must delay his undeceiving. Doubtless it would have been better ;

but then I should not be revenged, nor the honour of my husband satisfied, if he should come off so safely and smoothly from the pass whither his evil desires led him. Let the traitor pay with his life for that which out of lewd passion he attempted. Let the world know (if by chance it should ever do so) that Camilla not only preserved her loyalty for her husband, but gave him vengeance on the man who dared to offend him. But yet, perhaps, methinks it would be better to tell Anselmo of this; though I have already given him a hint of it in the letter which I wrote him in the country; and I imagine that his not hastening to remedy the mischief I therein pointed out, must be that through pure goodness and trustfulness he would not and could not believe that in the bosom of so firm a friend could be harboured any kind of thought to his dishonour. Even I myself did not believe it till after many days, nor would I ever have believed it, if his insolence had not reached so high that his open bribes, his large promises, and his continual tears made it clear to me. But why do I hold this parley with myself? Is it that a brave resolve has need of any arguments? No, assuredly. Avaunt, then, traitors! Come, Vengeance! Let the false one approach—let him come—let him enter—let him die—let him end, and happen what may. Pure I came into the possession of him whom Heaven gave me for my own, and pure I must go from him, even though I go bathed in my chaste and his impure blood, who is the falsest friend that ever friendship saw in the world.

Saying this, she paced across the room with the dagger unsheathed, with such irregular and disordered strides, and making such gestures, that she seemed like one bereft of reason, and a raging desperado rather than a delicate woman.

All this Anselmo beheld, concealed behind some tapestries where he had hidden himself, and was amazed at all; and it now appeared to him that what he had seen and heard was proof enough to banish even greater suspicions than his, and he could have wished that the trial of Lothario's coming might be excused, being fearful of some sudden disaster. He was at the point of discovering himself and coming out to embrace and

undeceive his wife, when he stopped on seeing Leonela return leading Lothario by the hand. As soon as Camilla saw him, she drew with the dagger a long line on the floor before her, and said :

—Lothario, take note of what I tell you ; if by chance you dare to pass this line you see, or even come up to it, the moment I see your intent, in that same I will plunge this dagger I hold in my hand into my bosom ; and before you reply to me by a word, I would have you listen to a few more from me, and then you may answer as you please. First, Lothario, I would have you tell me if you know Anselmo, my husband, and in what esteem you hold him ; and, secondly, I would learn also whether you know me. Answer me this, nor trouble yourself nor think long of what you have to say, for these are not riddles I propose to you.

Lothario was not so dull but that, from the moment Camilla bade him make Anselmo hide himself, he guessed what was the part she intended him to play, and therefore fell into her design so aptly and cleverly as that the two made that imposture to pass for something more than the truth itself ; and so he answered Camilla in this fashion :

—I did not think, beauteous Camilla, that you summoned me to question me so wide of the purpose for which I am come here. If you do it to postpone the promised favour, you might have put me off when I was farther from you, for the coveted boon torments us the more as the hope of possessing it comes nearer. But that you may not say that I do not answer your questions, I reply that I do know your husband, Anselmo, and we two have known each other from our tenderest years. I would say nothing of what you know so well,—of our friendship,—that I may not make myself a witness of the wrong which love compels me to do him, that potent excuse for the greatest faults. You also I know, and rate as highly as he does ; and were it not so, for lesser charms than yours, being what I am, I would not have acted so contrary to my duty, and contrary to the sacred laws of true friendship, now through me broken and violated through that potent enemy, love.

—If you confess that, answered Camilla, O mortal enemy of all that is justly worthy of being beloved, with what face do you dare to appear before her whom you know to be the mirror in which he beholds himself, in which you also ought to have looked that you might see with what little cause you wrong him? But now, unhappy me! I bethink me, alas! of what has made you so heedless of what you owe to yourself. It must have been some levity of mine, for I will not call it immodesty, since it could not proceed from deliberate design, but from one of those indiscretions into which women are wont to fall heedlessly when they think that there is no occasion for reserve. But tell me, O traitor, when did I respond to your solicitations with any word or sign which could awaken in you any shadow of hope of accomplishing your infamous desires? When were not your words of love sternly and scornfully repelled and rebuked by mine? When were your many promises and more frequent presents believed or accepted by me? But forasmuch as it seems to me that no one can persevere long in an amorous suit if he is not sustained by some hope, I would attribute to myself the blame of your presumption; since, doubtless, some inadvertency of mine has supported so long your presumption; and therefore I would punish myself and take on me the blame which your offence deserves. And that you might see that being so cruel to myself it was not possible to be other than cruel to you, I wished to bring you to be a witness of the sacrifice which I intend to make to the wounded honour of my noble husband, injured by you with all possible deliberation, and by me also with the little reserve that I have maintained in not shunning the occasion, if I gave you any, of favouring and authorising your base intentions. Again, I say, that the suspicion I have that some carelessness of mine has bred in you these lawless thoughts, is what troubles me most and what I most desire to punish with my own hands, for, should there be any other executioner, my fault perhaps would be more public. But before I do this, in my death I mean to kill and carry with me him who shall fully satisfy the desire of vengeance which I hope for and have, seeing there, wherever it may be, the punish-

ment which disinterested and unbending justice shall bestow on him who has reduced me to so desperate a strait.

Uttering these words, she flew at Lothario with incredible force and swiftness with the naked dagger, with such an appearance of wishing to pierce him to the heart, that he was almost in doubt whether these demonstrations were feigned or real, for he was forced to avail himself of all his skill and strength to prevent Camilla stabbing him. She acted that strange imposture and mystification so much to the life, that to give it a colour of truth she would stain it with her own blood. For, seeing that she was unable to wound Lothario, or feigning that she could not, she cried :

—Since Fate will not permit that the whole of my just desires shall be satisfied, at least it shall not avail to deprive me of a satisfaction in part.

And putting forth her strength she freed her dagger-hand, which Lothario had held fast, and directing the point to where it might wound her but slightly, she pierced herself and concealed the weapon on her left side between the breast and the shoulder, and then let herself fall on the floor as in a swoon. Leonela and Lothario stood amazed and confounded at this catastrophe, still doubtful as to whether the deed was real or not, seeing Camilla stretched on the ground and bathed in her blood. Lothario ran up hastily, frightened and breathless, to pluck out the dagger, but seeing how slight the wound was, he lost the fear which till then possessed him, and once more admired the sagacity, coolness, and great address of the fair Camilla. Proceeding to act the part which belonged to him, he commenced to make long and doleful lament over Camilla's body, as if she were dead, pouring forth many imprecations, not only on himself, but on him who had been the cause of that catastrophe ; and knowing that his friend Anselmo was listening, he said such things as that whoever heard them would have felt much more pity for him than for Camilla, although he might suppose her dead. Leonela took her mistress up in her arms and placed her on the bed, beseeching Lothario to go out in search of some one to attend to her in secret. She asked him

also for his opinion and advice as to what they should say to Anselmo of her mistress's wound, if he should chance to come back before she was healed. He answered that they might say what they pleased, for he was not fit to give any advice which would be of use. He bade her only to try to staunch the blood, for he himself would go where men should see him no more. And with a great show of emotion and sorrow he left the house, and when he found himself alone where no one could see him, he ceased not to cross himself in wonder at the artfulness of Camilla and the happy acting of Leonela. He thought how assured Anselmo must be that he had for a wife a second Portia, and longed to meet him, that they might both celebrate together the lie and the best-dissembled truth that could ever be imagined.

Leonela, as she had been told, staunched her mistress's blood, which was no more than enough to accredit her stratagem, and, washing the wound with a little wine, she bound it up as best she could, uttering such exclamations while dressing it as, had there been nothing before, would have sufficed to make Anselmo believe that he possessed in Camilla an image of chastity. To the words of Leonela were added others of Camilla, calling herself coward and poor of spirit, since she had lacked courage, at the time of her greatest need, to deprive herself of a life so abhorred. She asked her maid's advice, whether she should tell all that had happened to her beloved husband, or not. Leonela persuaded her not to do so, because it would put him to the obligation of avenging himself on Lothario, which he could not do without great risk to himself, and that the good wife was bound not to give her husband occasion of quarrel, but rather to prevent as many as she could. Camilla replied that her advice seemed good, and that she would follow it; but that, at all events, it was necessary to find something to say to Anselmo about the cause of her wound, for he would not fail to see it; to which Leonela answered that for her part she did not know how to lie even in jest.

—Well, then, child, how should I know, said Camilla, who dare not forge or maintain a lie were my life on it? And if we cannot think of any escape out of this affair, it were better

to tell him the naked truth than for him to catch us in a lying tale.

—Have no care, my lady; between this and to-morrow, answered Leonela, I will consider what we will say, and, perhaps, the wound being where it is may be hidden, so that he shall not see it, and heaven may be pleased to favour our just and honourable intentions. Calm yourself, dear lady; and compose your spirits, so that my master may not find you in this agitation; and for the rest, leave it to my charge and God's, who always aids an honest purpose.

Anselmo had stood, hearing and beholding represented with the greatest attention the tragedy of the death of his honour; which the actors in it had performed with such strange and lively passion that it seemed that they had been transformed into the reality of what they feigned. He longed greatly for the night, to have an opportunity of leaving his house and going to meet his good friend Lothario, to rejoice together over the precious pearl he had found, in the unveiling of his wife's virtue. They both took care to afford him the opportunity and means of going out, and taking advantage of them he departed, and went at once in search of Lothario. Having found him, it is not possible to recount the number of embraces he gave him, the things which in his delight he told him, the praises which he lavished on Camilla; to all of which Lothario listened without being able to show any signs of gladness, for he reflected in his mind how greatly his friend was deceived, and how cruelly he had wronged him. Although Anselmo perceived that Lothario did not express any joy, he thought it was because Camilla had been wounded, and he had been the occasion of it; and therefore, among other things, he told him not to be troubled about Camilla's accident, for doubtless the wound was slight, since they had agreed to hide it from him; and that accordingly he had nothing to fear, and thenceforth should rejoice and be glad with him, since it was through his means and contriving that he was lifted to the highest happiness which he could wish to attain; and he would that they had no other pastime than to make verses in praise of Camilla, which should make her memory

eternal to all coming ages. Lothario commended his good resolution, and said that he for his part would help to raise so noble an edifice.

After this Anselmo remained the man most deliciously hoodwinked which there could be in the world. He himself led home by the hand him whom he believed to be the instrument of his glory, who was wholly the destroyer of his good name,—Camilla receiving him with a countenance seemingly averted, although with a smiling heart. This deception lasted some time, until at the end of a few months Fortune turned her wheel, and the wickedness, till then so artfully concealed, was published to the world, and his impertinent curiosity cost Anselmo his life.

CHAPTER XXXV

Which treats of the fierce and extraordinary battle which Don Quixote waged with certain skins of red wine; and wherein is concluded the story of the Impertinent Curiosity

THERE remained but a little more of the novel to read when, from the garret where Don Quixote was lying, Sancho Panza rushed out all wildly, shouting at the top of his voice:

—Run, sirs, quickly and help my master, who is in the thick of the fiercest and toughest battle my eyes have ever seen! Egad, he has dealt the giant, the enemy of the lady Princess Micomicona, such a cut that he has sliced his head clean off like a turnip.

—What say you, brother, cried the Priest, leaving off reading what remained of the novel; are you in your senses, Sancho? How the devil can that be which you say, the giant being two thousand leagues from here?

Here they heard a great noise in the room and Don Quixote shouting out:

—Hold, thief, scoundrel, rogue! now I have thee; and thy scimitar shall not avail thee!

And it seemed as if he were slashing vigorously at the walls.

—You have not to stand there listening, said Sancho, but go in and part the fray or aid my master, although now there will be no need, for doubtless the giant is already

dead, and giving an account to God of his past wicked life, for I saw his blood run all about the floor, and the head cut off and fallen to one side, which is as big as a great wine-skin.

—May I die, exclaimed the innkeeper, on this, if Don Quixote or Don Devil has not been slashing at one of the skins of red wine which are standing full at his bed's head, and the wine that is spilt must be what this fellow takes for blood.[1]

Whereupon he ran into the room, and they all after him, and found Don Quixote in the strangest guise in the world. He was in his shirt, which was not so ample in front as fully to cover his thighs, and behind was six inches shorter.[2] His legs were very long and thin, covered with hair, and not over clean. On his head he wore a little greasy red cap which belonged to the innkeeper. Round his left arm he had folded the bed-blanket, to which Sancho bore a grudge, and he very well knew why,[3] and in his right hand he had a drawn sword, with which he was dealing cuts and slashes about on all sides, uttering words as if he were verily fighting with some giant. The best of it was that his eyes were not open, for he was asleep, and dreaming that he was in battle with a giant; for his imagination was so intent upon

[1] It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to remark that in Spain wine,—at least the liquor intended for home consumption,—is kept in large skins, generally of pigs, the hairy side, which is within, being pitched,—a custom as old as the Romans (Martial, xiii. 107). From the pitch was derived the peculiar flavour (*borracho*) which a Spaniard has got to regard as an essential quality of old wine. There is a parallel to this adventure of the wine-skins in the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, to which it may be that Cervantes was indebted for this scene.

[2] These six inches of shirt behind having been used, as a keen-eyed modern commentator remarks, for the making of the rosary, as described in the first edition of 1605. The passage was altered in all other editions, perhaps at the suggestion of some friend of more delicate mind, but, as usual, Cervantes forgot to reconcile his correction with other parts of the text (see ch. xxvi. p. 29).

[3] This being the same blanket in which Sancho had been tossed, as related in ch. xvii.

the adventure which he was going to achieve, that it made him dream that he was arrived at the kingdom of Micomicon, and was already in conflict with his foe; and he had given so many cuts on the skins, believing that he was dealing them on the giant, that the room was all full of wine. On seeing this the innkeeper flew into such a rage that he fell upon Don Quixote, and, with his clenched fists, began to pummel him so that if Cardenio and the Priest had not taken him off he would have finished the war with the giant. Nevertheless, the poor Knight woke not until the Barber brought a large pot of cold water from the well and dashed it over his whole body, which awoke Don Quixote, but not so completely as to make him sensible of the plight he was in. Dorothea, seeing how lightly and scantily he was clad, cared not to go in to witness the battle between her champion and her adversary. As for Sancho, he went searching all about the floor for the giant's head, and not finding it cried:

—Now do I know that everything about this house is enchanted, for the time before in this very place where I am now, they gave me many blows and buffets without my knowing who gave them me, and I could never see a soul, and now this head is not to be seen here, where I saw it cut off with my very eyes and the blood running from the body as from a fountain.

—What blood or what fountain art thou talking of, thou enemy of God and of His saints? exclaimed the innkeeper. Seest thou not, thief, that the blood and the fountain are nothing else than these skins which are ripped open here and the red wine which floats about this room? And may I see his soul floating in hell who ripped them open!

—I know nothing, replied Sancho, but only this, that I shall come to be so unlucky, through want of finding this head, that my countship will melt away from me like salt in the water.—And Sancho awake was worse than his

master sleeping, so much was he possessed by the promises which his master had made him.

The innkeeper was at his wits' end at seeing the stolidity of the squire and the mischief done by the master, and swore that it should not be as on the former occasion when they went off without paying, and that now the privilege of chivalry should not avail to excuse him from paying his reckoning both for this time and the other, even to the cost of the plugs which had been torn off from the demolished wine-skins. The Priest was holding Don Quixote by the hands, who, believing that he had now ended the adventure and was in the presence of the Princess Micomicona, fell on his knees before the Priest, and said:

—Your Highness, exalted and beauteous lady, may live more secure from this day forth without this misbegotten creature being able to do you harm, and I, too, am from this day released from the pledge I gave you, since by the help of the most high God and through her favour by whom I live and breathe, I have so well redeemed it.

—Did I not say so? cried Sancho, on hearing this; yea, for I was not drunk; see if my master has not salted down the giant now; the bulls are all right;[1] my countship is safe enough.

Who could keep from laughing at the follies of the two,—master and servant? All laughed, indeed, except the innkeeper, who wished himself at the devil; but at length the Barber, Cardenio, and the Priest so managed as with no little trouble to get Don Quixote to bed, who was left sleeping with every sign of great weariness. They let him sleep, and went out to the inn door to console Sancho Panza for not having found the giant's head, although they had more to do in appeasing the innkeeper, who was in

[1] *Ciertos son los toros*—a phrase taken from the bull-ring, expressive of the feeling of relief which the spectators give vent to, when seeing the preparations for the *corrida* advanced to a point which ensures sport.

despair at the sudden death of his wine-skins—the hostess scolding and crying:

—In an evil moment and in an unlucky hour came this Knight Errant into my house! Would that mine eyes had never seen him, for it is dear he has cost me. The time before he went away with a night's meal for supper, bed, straw and barley for himself and for his squire, his horse, and his ass, saying that he was a Knight Adventurer (God send him bad adventure, and to as many adventurers as there are in the world!), and that, therefore, he was not bound to pay for anything, for so it was written in the Knight Errantry regulations; and now, on his account, there comes this other gentleman, and carries off my tail, and returns it to me with more than a pennyworth[1] of damage, all the hair off, which can no more serve for my husband's purpose; and to finish and cap it all, to burst my skins and spill my wine; which spilt may I see his blood! But let him not think it, for by the bones of my father and the soul of my mother,[2] if they have not to pay me every farthing down upon the nail,[3] my name should not be what it is, nor I whose daughter I am.

These and other such words spake the innkeeper's wife with great anger, and her good maid Maritornes backed her up; while the daughter held her peace, smiling from time to time. The Priest quelled the storm, promising to satisfy them for their loss to the best of his power, both of the skins and of the wine, and especially for the damage to the tail, of which they made so much account. Dorothea consoled Sancho Panza, telling him that as soon as ever it should

[1] *Con mas de dos cuartillos de daño*; a *cuartillo* is the diminutive of a *cuarto*, the fourth part of a *real*, or of twopence halfpenny.

[2] *Por el siglo de mi madre*—a common oath; *siglo* meaning the eternal bliss in which the swearer's mother is supposed to be.

[3] *Un cuarto sobre otro*—lit. "one *cuarto* upon another." Shelton has it "one quart upon another."

appear to be certain that his master had cut off the giant's head, she promised that upon finding herself peacefully settled in her kingdom she would give him the best countship there might be there. Sancho was comforted with this, and averred to the Princess that she might rely upon it he had seen the giant's head, and more by token that it had a beard which reached to his girdle, and that if it did not turn up it was because everything that passed in that house went by enchantment, as he had found the last time he had lodged there. Dorothea said she believed so and bade him be of good cheer, for all would go well and happen to his heart's content.

All being now quieted, the Priest wished to finish reading the novel, for he saw there was but little left. Cardenio, Dorothea, and all the others besought him to do so ; and he, willing to please them all, and for the delight he took in the reading, proceeded with the story as follows :—

Now it happened that through the satisfaction which Anselmo took in the virtue of Camilla, he led a contented and tranquil life ; and Camilla purposely looked coldly on Lothario, that Anselmo might think her feeling for him to be the opposite of what it was, and give more colour to her scheme. Lothario prayed for leave to absent himself from Anselmo's house, for the displeasure which Camilla took at sight of him was plainly to be seen. But the infatuated Anselmo told him that he would not by any means consent thereto ; and in this manner was Anselmo, by a thousand ways, the artificer of his own dishonour, while believing he was so of his happiness. At this time the pleasure which Leonela had in finding herself licensed in her amours reached to such a point that, without regarding anything else, she pursued it with a loose rein, being confident that her mistress would screen her, and even show her how to satisfy it with the least suspicion. At last, one night, Anselmo heard footsteps in Leonela's chamber, and desiring to go in, he found the door fastened against him, which made him more determined to

enter, and he used such force that he opened it, and entered just in time to see a man leap from the window into the street, and running hastily to lay hold on him or to see who he was, he was unable to do either, for Leonela clung round him, saying :

—Calm yourself, my lord, and make no disturbance, nor pursue him who has leapt out from here ; it is my affair—indeed, he is my husband.

Anselmo would not believe her, but blind with rage drew his dagger, and would have struck Leonela, commanding her to tell him the truth or he would slay her. She, in a fright, not knowing what she said, cried :

—Do not kill me, Sir, and I will tell you things of more importance than you can imagine.

—Tell me them at once, exclaimed Anselmo, if you would not be a dead woman.

—It will be impossible just now, said Leonela, I am so confused ; spare me till to-morrow, for then you shall know from me what will surprise you ; and be assured that he who leapt from this window is a young man of this city, who has plighted his word to be my husband.

Anselmo was appeased by this, and was content to wait the time she asked for, not thinking to hear anything against Camilla, being so satisfied and assured of her virtue ; and so he went out of the room and left Leonela locked up in it, telling her that she should not go out from it until she had told him all she had to confess. He went at once to see Camilla, and told her all that had passed between him and her maid, and the promise she had given him of speaking of great and important matters. There is no need to say whether Camilla was disturbed or not. So great was the fear which seized her that, verily believing, as well she might believe, that Leonela would tell Anselmo all she knew of her infidelity, she had not courage to wait to see whether her suspicion was true or false ; and the same night, as soon as she thought Anselmo was asleep, she collected all her best jewels and some money, and, without being observed by any one, left the house, and betook herself to Lothario's, to whom she related all that had passed, beseeching him either to

take her to some place of safety or to fly together to where they might be secure from Anselmo. The perplexity into which Camilla threw Lothario was such that he could not answer her a word, much less could he make up his mind what to do. At last he determined to take Camilla to a nunnery, of which a sister of his was prioress. Camilla consented to this, and, with all the haste which the circumstances required, Lothario conveyed her thither, and left her in the convent; and he himself quitted the city, telling no one of his departure.

When the day broke, Anselmo, without missing Camilla from his side, full of the desire he had to learn what Leonela would tell him, rose and went to where he had left her locked up. He opened the chamber door and entered, but found no Leonela there, but only some sheets fastened to the window, a proof that she had descended thence and fled. He returned at once, full of sadness, to tell Camilla of it, and, not finding her in bed nor in all the house, he was lost in amazement. He enquired for her of the servants of the house, but no one could answer his questions. It happened by chance that, as he was searching for Camilla, he saw her boxes open, and that most of her jewels were missing from them; and thereupon he began to apprehend his disgrace, and that Leonela was not the cause of his misfortune. And so, even as he was, only half-dressed, he went sadly and dejectedly to give his friend Lothario an account of his misery; but when he failed to find him, and the servants told him that their master had been missing from the house that night, and had taken with him all the money he possessed, he thought to have lost his senses. To crown all, when he returned to his home he found none of his servants, either man or maid, therein, but the house empty and desolate. He knew not what to think, to say, or to do, and little by little his wits seemed to be forsaking him. He reflected, and saw himself in an instant without wife, without friend, without servants, abandoned, as he thought, by the Heaven which was over him, and, above all, bereft of honour, for in the flight of Camilla he saw his perdition. He resolved at last, after a great while, to go away to that friend's country-house where he had been staying when he gave the

opportunity for that disaster to be contrived. He locked the doors of his house, mounted his horse, and, with a fainting heart, set forth on his road. Scarce had he gone half-way when, overpowered by his thoughts, he was compelled to dismount and tie up his horse to a tree, at the foot of which he lay down, giving vent to piteous, doleful sighs; and there he remained almost till nightfall, when he saw a man coming on horseback from the city, and, having saluted him, he enquired what news there was in Florence. The traveller replied :—The strangest which has been heard in it for many a day, for it is publicly reported that Lothario, the great friend of the rich Anselmo, who lived near San Giovanni, has this night carried off Camilla, Anselmo's wife, who cannot be found. All this has been confessed by a maid-servant of Camilla's, whom the Governor found at night getting down by a sheet from the window of Anselmo's house. Indeed, I know not exactly how the affair has gone. I only know that the whole city is wondering over this incident, for one could not expect such a thing from the great and intimate friendship of the two, which they say was such they were called *The Two Friends*.

—Do you happen to know, said Anselmo, the road which Lothario and Camilla are taking?

—Not in the least, said the townsman, although the Governor has been very active in looking for them.

—God be with you, Sir, cried Anselmo.

—And with you, too, responded the townsman, and so went his way.

At this dismal news Anselmo was almost brought to the point, not only of losing his wits but of ending his life. He got up as well as he was able, and reached his friend's house, who had not yet heard of his misfortune; but seeing him come in pale, wan, and exhausted, the other conjectured that he was oppressed by some great calamity. Anselmo begged at once to be taken to his bed, and that they should give him writing materials. They did so, and left him in bed alone, for so he wished, and also locked the door. Finding himself then alone, the thought of his misfortunes so weighed him down that he perceived clearly

by the symptoms of death which he felt that his life was coming to an end; and so he resolved to leave an account of the cause of his strange death. He began to write, but, before he had set down all he wished, his breath failed him, and he yielded his life a victim to the sorrow which his impertinent curiosity had brought upon him. The master of the house, seeing it was now late, and that Anselmo did not call, determined to go in and learn if his indisposition had increased, and found him extended, face downward, half of his body in bed and the other half on the table, whereon he lay with the written paper open, and still holding the pen in his hand. Going up to him and taking hold of his hand, the master of the house called him by his name; but, finding that he answered not and was cold, he perceived he was dead. Amazed and greatly troubled, he called the people of the house to witness the sad fate which had overtaken Anselmo, coming at last to read the paper which he knew to be in his handwriting, which contained these words :—

A foolish and impertinent craving has deprived me of life. Should the news of my death reach the ears of Camilla, let her know that I pardon her, for she was not bound to perform miracles, nor ought I to have required that she should; and, since I was the contriver of my own dishonour, there is no reason why——

Thus far Anselmo wrote, whence it might be surmised that at this point, without being able to finish his sentence, he ended his life. The next day his friend acquainted Anselmo's relations with his death, who already knew of his misfortune, and of Camilla's retreat to the convent, where she was almost in a state to keep her husband company in that inevitable journey, not for the news of her dead husband, but for what she had heard of her absent lover. They said that, although she was now a widow, she would not quit the convent, nor still less make profession of a nun; until, not many days afterwards, news reached her that Lothario was killed in a battle which in those days Monsieur de Lautrec fought with the Great Captain, Gónzalo Hernández de Córdova, in the kingdom of Naples,[1]

[1] Here Cervantes makes a slip in his history. The Maréchal de Lautrec did not command the French army in Naples until 1527, twenty years after the

whither the tardy repentant friend had retired; which becoming known to Camilla, she made profession, and in a short time yielded her life unto the cruel hands of sorrow and melancholy. Such was the end of them all, sprung from a senseless beginning.

—I like this novel well, said the Priest, but I cannot persuade myself that it can be true; and, if it be fiction, the author has feigned ill, for it cannot be conceived that there should be a husband so silly as to desire to make so perilous an experiment as did Anselmo. Had this case been put as between a gallant and his mistress, it might pass; but between husband and wife it has something in it of the impossible; but, as to the style of the narration, it does not displease me.[1]

Great Captain had left the theatre of his exploits. Cervantes may have been misled by the epitaph on Lautrec's monument, in the church of Santa Maria la Nuova, at Naples, which was erected by the Duke of Sessa (grandson of the great Gonsalvo), in memory of "an Illustrious Enemy of his House."

[1] The story of *The Impertinent Curiosity*, which many have censured, as I think justly, as an excrescence on *Don Quixote*, is not without admirers for its style, which, from its marked difference from that of *Don Quixote*, has led to a theory, which is almost as old as the book itself, that it was not by Cervantes but by some other hand. This theory has no other foundation than that in a certain translation made by César Oudin into French of the *Silva Curiosa* written by one Julian Medrano, *Il Curioso Impertinente* appears in precisely the same form as in *Don Quixote*. The *Silva Curiosa* is a collection of short tales and anecdotes, written for the use of students of Spanish. But in its original edition of 1583, *El Curioso Impertinente* is not to be found. Oudin's translation did not appear till 1608, three years after the publication of the First Part of *Don Quixote*, from which, no doubt, he took Cervantes' story.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Which treats of other rare adventures which happened at the Inn

Just then the host, who was standing at the inn door, exclaimed:—Here is a fine troop of guests coming! If they stop here we may sing *O be joyful!*

—Who are they? asked Cardenio.

—Four men, answered the innkeeper, come riding jennet-wise,[1] with lances and targets, and all with black visors,[2] and along with them comes a woman dressed in white on a side-

[1] *A la gineta* or *ginete*,—that is, as explained by Covarrubias, with short stirrups, in the fashion of the Arabs, by whom the word and the mode were doubtless introduced into Spain. *Ginete*, originally the rider, has come to mean the animal ridden, from which is derived our English *jennet*. According to Dozy (*Glossaire des Mots Espagnols derivés de l'Arabe*), it comes from the name of a Berber tribe (*Zeneta*) celebrated for their horsemanship. According to the *Crónica General* of Alfonso X., the *Ginetes* first came over to Spain in the year 1263. They were reckoned among the best horsemen in the kingdom of Granada, so that a *ginete* came to mean a dexterous horseman. The name was applied also to various portions of their equipment, as an *espada gineta*, which occurs in the *Cancionero de Baena*—a short sword such as they wore,—and *gineta* simply, for the short lance with which they were armed. Dozy laughs at Diez for deriving the word in his Etymology from γυμνήτης, for which etymology Diez was indebted to Covarrubias.

[2] *Antifaces negros*. The *antifaz* was a mask of thin cloth, generally of silk, worn by travellers of both sexes in that age to protect the face against the sun, the dust, and the wind, on a journey. The *anteojos*, described as being worn by the friars in ch. viii., were used for the same purpose. Black masks were worn in England also, by ladies when taking the air, or at the theatres, during this period. They are frequently mentioned by the dramatists.

saddle, also with her face covered, and two others,—lacqueys, —on foot.

—Are they very near? asked the Priest.

—So near, answered the host, that they are already arrived.

Hearing this, Dorothea veiled her face, and Cardenio went into Don Quixote's room, and they had hardly time to do this when the whole party of whom the landlord had spoken entered the inn; and the four who were on horseback, who were of genteel appearance and bearing, having dismounted, went to help the lady in the side-saddle to alight, and one of them taking her in his arms, placed her upon a chair which stood at the entrance of the room where Cardenio had taken refuge. All this time neither she nor they had taken off their veils nor spoken a word; only the lady, on seating herself in the chair, gave a deep sigh and let her arm fall like one who was sick and in a faint. The lacqueys led the horse away to the stable. Observing this the Priest, desirous of learning what people they were in such guise who kept such silence, went after the lacqueys, and asked one of them what he wanted to know, who answered him:

—Faith, sir, I cannot tell you who these people may be; all I know is that they seem to be persons of good quality, especially he who went to take in his arms the lady you saw; and I say so because all the rest hold him in respect, and do nothing but what he orders and directs.

—And the lady—who is she? asked the Priest.

—I can tell you that neither, answered the man, for I have not seen her face all the journey. I have heard her many times sigh, indeed, and utter moans, with each one of which it seemed as if she would give up the ghost, nor is it to be wondered at that we know no more than what we have told you, for it is no more than two days that my comrade and I have been in their company, for they met us on the

road and begged and persuaded us to come with them as far as Andalucia, offering to pay us well.

—And have you heard the name of any of them? enquired the Priest.

—No, indeed, answered the lacquey, for they all travel in such silence that it is a marvel, for nothing is heard among them but the sighs and sobs of the poor lady, which move us to pity, and it is our firm belief that, wherever she is going, she goes against her will, and by what can be gathered from her dress she is a nun, or is about to become one, which is more likely; and perhaps it is because her taking the veil is not of her own free choice that she is so sad as she seems.

—So it may be, said the Priest.—And leaving them, he came back to Dorothea, who, on hearing the veiled lady sigh, moved by natural compassion, went up to her and said:

—What ails you, dear lady? If it is anything that women are practised and experienced in relieving, I offer my good-will to serve you.

To all this the afflicted lady was dumb, and, though Dorothea renewed her offers more pressingly, still she kept silence, until the masked cavalier,—he whom the lacqueys had said the rest obeyed,—came up and said to Dorothea:

—Trouble not yourself, madam, to offer anything to that woman, for it is her habit not to be grateful for aught that is done for her; and do not try to make her answer you, if you would not hear some falsehood out of her mouth.

—I have never told one, here exclaimed she who till then had been silent; rather it is because I am so truthful and so innocent of falsehood that I find myself now in this unhappy state; and of this I would call yourself as a witness, since my pure truth it is which makes you to be false and lying.

Cardenio heard these words very clearly and distinctly, being so close to her who uttered them, for there was only the door of Don Quixote's room between them, and, directly he heard them, he cried aloud:

—Good God! What is this I hear? What voice is this which has come to my ears?

Startled by his exclamation, the lady turned her head, and, not seeing who it was that spoke, rose to her feet and made for the entrance of the room,—observing which the gentleman detained her, and would not let her move a step. With her agitation and sudden movement the veil fell off which covered her face, and disclosed a countenance of marvellous and incomparable beauty, though blanched and terror-stricken, for, with her eyes rolling everywhere, she searched wherever her sight could reach, so eagerly as to seem like one distracted, with such looks of woe as filled Dorothea and all who beheld her, though they could not tell why she behaved so, with a vast pity. The cavalier held her firmly grasped by the shoulders, and, being thus employed, he could not hold up his veil which was falling off, as at last it did entirely; and Dorothea, who had clasped the lady in her arms, raising her eyes, saw that he who held her in his embrace was her own husband, Don Fernando. Scarce did she recognise him when, fetching from the bottom of her heart a long and dismal *Oh*, she fell backwards swooning, and, had not the Barber been close by, who caught her in his arms, she would have fallen to the ground. The Priest at once hastened to take off her veil and throw water in her face, and, as soon as he uncovered it, Don Fernando, —for he it was who was holding the other in his arms,— knew her, and stood like one dead at the sight of her, yet, nevertheless, he did not relax his hold of Lucinda, for she it was who was struggling to free herself from his embrace, having recognised Cardenio by his cry as he had recognised her. Cardenio, who heard the moan which Dorothea uttered as she fell fainting, and believing it was his Lucinda, ran out of the room in a fright, and the first thing he saw was Don Fernando holding Lucinda clasped in his arms. Don Fernando also at once recognised Cardenio, and all three,—

Lucinda, Cardenio, and Dorothea,—stood in mute amazement, scarcely knowing what had happened to them. They all gazed on one another without speaking, Dorothea on Don Fernando, Cardenio on Lucinda, and Lucinda on Cardenio. The first who broke the silence was Lucinda, who thus spoke to Don Fernando:

—Leave me, Don Fernando, for the sake of what is due to yourself, if on no other account,—leave me to cling to the wall of which I am the ivy, to the prop, whence neither your importunities, your threats, your promises, nor your bribes have been able to part me. Mark how Heaven, by unwonted and to us mysterious ways, hath placed me before my own true husband, and well you know by a thousand dear-bought proofs that death alone can efface him from my memory. Then let this plain declaration avail, since nothing else can, to turn your love into fury, your affection into despite, and so end my life; for I shall count it well bestowed if I yield it before the eyes of my good husband. It may be by my death he will be convinced that I kept my faith to him to the last act of my life.

Meanwhile Dorothea had come to herself and had been listening to all Lucinda's words, by which she came to the knowledge of who she was; and finding that Don Fernando did not yet release her from his arms nor respond to her prayers, summoning up all the strength she could,[1] she arose and cast herself on her knees at his feet, and shedding a flood of beautiful and piteous tears thus began to speak:

—If, dear lord, the beams of that sun which thou holdest in eclipse within thine arms have not dimmed and darkened those of thine eyes,[2] thou wouldst have seen by this time

[1] *Esforzandose lo mas que pudo*,—which one might suppose to be easy enough to construe; but Motteux, out of sheer profligacy, as it would seem, turns this into "she made a virtue of necessity."

[2] Dorothea, unhappily, is made to speak after the affected fashion of the period, as Lucinda did before her when she asked Don Fernando to "leave me to cling to the wall of which I am the ivy." Cervantes knew well the absurdity

that she who is kneeling at thy feet is, so long as thou shalt please to have it so, the hapless and miserable Dorothea. I am that lowly and country girl whom thou out of thy bounty or for thy pleasure wouldst raise to the height of being able to call herself thine. I am she who, some time immured within the bounds of innocence, lived a happy life, until, at the voice of thy importunity and seemingly true and loving affection, she opened the gates of her modesty and surrendered to thee the keys of her freedom ; a gift by thee received so thanklessly, as is clearly shown by my being compelled to betake myself here where thou findest me, and by thine own appearance in the state in which I see thee. Yet, not for all this would I have thee imagine that I have been brought hither through ways of dishonour, having been led only through those of grief and affliction at finding myself forgotten by thee. Thy will it was to make me thine, and willed it in such a sort that, though now thou mightest wish it were not so, it is not possible that thou canst cease to be mine. Think, dear lord, that the matchless love I have for thee may be a compensation for the beauty and nobility of her for whom thou art leaving me. Thou canst not be the fair Lucinda's, for thou art mine ; nor can she be thine, for she is Cardenio's ; and it will be easier, bethink thee, to reduce thy will to love her who adores thee, than to bring her who abhors thee to love thee well. Thou didst importune my innocence ; thou didst sue to my simplicity ; thou wast not blind to my condition ; thou knowest well how I yielded to all thy will ; there is no ground or reason to plead any deception ; and, since it is so, and thou art a Christian and a gentleman, wherefore dost thou by these subterfuges put off making me as happy at last as thou didst at first ? And if thou dost not want

of this mode of speech and even ridiculed it himself, but out of sheer carelessness or indolence, or it may be, sometimes, out of a desire to show up the pestilent fashion, falls into it himself.

me for what I am, thy true and lawful wife, desire me at least and receive me for thy slave, for so I be in thy power I will account myself happy, and right fortunate. Do not, by leaving and abandoning me, expose me to be talked of by street gossips [1] to my shame ; bequeath not so miserable an old age to my parents, for they have not deserved it by the loyal service which, as faithful vassals, they have ever done to thine. And should it seem to thee that thy blood will be debased by mixture with mine, consider that there is little or no nobility in the world that has run the same course, and that what comes from the woman's side is of no account in illustrious lineages. Moreover, it is in virtue true nobility consists ; [2] and if in this thou failedst, by denying me what is justly my due, I shall remain with claims to nobility higher than thine. In fine, Sir, what I have in conclusion to say is, that whether thou wilt or wilt not, I am thy wife ; witness thy words, which must not and should not be false, if thou prizest thyself for that for which thou dost undervalue me ; witness thy handwriting,[3] and witness Heaven, which thou didst invoke to bear testimony to what thou didst promise me. And should all this fail, thine own conscience will not fail to whisper thee in the midst of thy joys, repeating this truth which I have spoken and troubling thy greatest pleasures and enjoyments.

These and other arguments did the distressful Dorothea

[1] *Que se hagan y junten corrillos en mi deshonra. Corrillo* is the diminutive of *corro* (*chorus*), always used in an invidious sense, of a knot or small circle of persons who meet to speak ill of some one ; hence *hacerse*, or *juntar*, *corrillos*, to be the mark of public scandal. Shelton translates it with grotesque abruptness, "doe not permit that, by leaving and abandoning me, meetings may be made to discourse of my dishonour."

[2] *Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus.*—Juvenal.

[3] Clemencin remarks that there is no mention of any writing having been given by Don Fernando to Dorothea. On which ground Hartzenbusch reads *prenda* instead of *firma*. But, as neither commentator can be sure that nothing passed between Dorothea and her lover except what is recorded, there is no necessity for any change in the text.

urge with so much feeling and so many tears, that all who were present, even they who had come with Don Fernando, could not refrain from sympathising with her. Don Fernando listened to her without answering a word, until she had made an end to her speech, and began to sigh and to sob so as that must have been a heart of bronze which the marks of such a sorrow could not melt. Lucinda stood gazing at her, pitying her grief no less than she admired her good sense and her beauty ; and she would have gone up to her to speak some words of comfort had she not been prevented by Don Fernando still holding her fast in his arms. After regarding Dorothea fixedly a good while, he, overwhelmed with remorse and admiration, opened his arms, and setting Lucinda free, cried :

—Thou hast conquered, lovely Dorothea—thou hast conquered ; for it is impossible to have the heart to deny so many truths together.

Lucinda, with the faintness which possessed her, was like to have fallen to the ground when Don Fernando released her. But Cardenio, who was near her, and had placed himself behind Don Fernando so as not to be known,[1] casting fear aside and daring all risks, ran up to support Lucinda, and clasping her in his arms he said to her :

—If it is the will and pleasure of Heaven, in its mercy, that now at last thou should have some rest, my faithful, constant, and lovely mistress, nowhere I believe canst thou find it more secure than in these arms that now receive thee, as whilome they received thee when Fortune was pleased to let me call thee mine.

At these words Lucinda raised her eyes to Cardenio, having begun to know him first by his voice, and then, assuring herself by sight that it was he, almost beside herself, and reckless of all forms of decorum, she cast her arms

[1] Here is a clear slip on the part of the author, who a little before had said that Don Fernando had recognised Cardenio.

about his neck, and joining her face to Cardenio's said to him :

—Yes ; you, my dear lord, are the true master of this your slave, however much unkind Fortune may oppose, and whatever threats may assail this life, which only depends on yours.

A strange spectacle was this for Don Fernando, and for all the bystanders, who were struck with wonder at this unforeseen incident. To Dorothea it seemed as if Don Fernando changed colour, and made a gesture as though he had a mind to take vengeance on Cardenio, for she saw him move his hand as though to place it on his sword, and no sooner did the thought strike her than with extraordinary quickness she clasped him round the knees, and kissing them and holding them fast so that she did not let him stir, she said to him, without ceasing from her tears :

—What is it thou meanest to do, my only refuge in this unlooked-for crisis ? Thou hast thy wife at thy feet, and she whom thou wouldst have for thine is in the arms of her husband. Reflect whether it will be right or possible for thee to undo what Heaven hath done, or whether it will be becoming in thee to wish to raise her to thy level, who, in spite of every obstacle, confirmed in her faith and constancy, is before thine eyes bathing her true husband's bosom and face with the tears of love. For God's sake and thine own I implore thee that this public manifestation may, so far from increasing your anger, allay it in such sort as that thou mayst calmly and peacefully suffer these two lovers to live in calm and peace all the years that Heaven may please to grant them ; and in this thou shalt manifest the generosity of thy noble and magnanimous soul, and the world will see that reason has more power over thee than passion.

While Dorothea was saying this, Cardenio, though he held Lucinda in his arms, did not take his eyes off Don Fernando, determined, if he saw him make any hostile movement, to defend himself, and resist to the utmost of his

force any who should take part against him, even if it should cost him his life. But at this juncture Don Fernando's friends, with the Priest and the Barber, who had been all the time present, not omitting honest Sancho Panza, ran forward, and all gathered round Don Fernando, entreating him to have regard to Dorothea's tears, and, what she said being the truth, as without doubt they believed it to be, not to suffer her to be defrauded of her hopes so just; that he should reflect that it was not by chance, as it seemed, but by the particular providence of Heaven, that they had all met together in a place the least any one would have expected; and that he should bear in mind,—the Priest said,—that death alone could part Lucinda from Cardenio; and though the edge of the sword should divide them, they would account their death most happy, and that in cases without remedy the best wisdom was by restraining and conquering himself to show a generous soul by permitting, of his own free will, those two to enjoy the good which Heaven had now bestowed on them; that, moreover, he should turn his eyes to the beauty of Dorothea and he would see that few or none could equal, much less excel her, while to her loveliness should be added her modesty and the surpassing love she bore him; and above all, that he should remember that, if he prized himself for a gentleman and a Christian, he could not do otherwise than fulfil his plighted word, and that in fulfilling it he would be doing his duty to God and be approved of all sensible men, who know and recognise it to be the prerogative of beauty, though it be in a mean subject, so long as it is accompanied by virtue, to be able to raise itself to the level of any dignity, without any mark of disparagement in him who raises it on a level with himself; and where the potent laws of passions bear sway, where there is no sin, he ought not to be blamed who obeys them.

In short, they added to these reasonings others such, and so forcible, that Don Fernando's manly heart, which

after all was one nourished by generous blood, was softened, and allowed itself to be vanquished by the truth, which he could not gainsay if he would. The sign he gave of his surrender, and of his acceptance of the good advice which had been offered him, was to stoop down and embrace Dorothea, saying to her :

—Rise, dear lady ; for it is not right that she whom I hold in my heart should be kneeling at my feet. And if until now I have given no proof of what I say, perhaps it has been by the command of Heaven, in order that, by seeing in you the fidelity with which you love me, I may learn to esteem you as you deserve. What I entreat of you is, that you should not upbraid me with my misconduct and my neglect of you, for the same cause and force which impelled me to win you for mine forced me to struggle against being yours. And that you may be convinced that this is true, turn and look at the eyes of the now happy Lucinda, and in them you will find an excuse for all my errors. And since she has found and achieved what she desired, and I have found in you what fulfils all my wishes, let her live peaceful and contented many long and happy years with her Cardenio, as on my knees I beseech Heaven to let me live with my Dorothea.

So saying, he embraced her again, pressing his face to hers with so much tender emotion that he had need to take care lest his tears should give unmistakable signs of his love and repentance. Those of Lucinda and Cardenio could not be so restrained nor even of the rest who were present, for almost all began to shed tears so plentifully, some for their own happiness, and some for that of others, that one would have thought some grievous and heavy disaster had fallen on them all. Even Sancho Panza wept, though he said afterwards that for his part he cried only to find that Dorothea was not, as he supposed, the Queen Micomicona from whom he expected so many favours.

Their joint wonder and their weeping lasted among them for some time, and then Cardenio and Lucinda went and knelt before Don Fernando, thanking him for the kindness he had shown them, in terms of such courtesy that Don Fernando knew not what to answer, and so he raised them up and embraced them with every mark of politeness and affection. Then he asked Dorothea to tell him how she had come to that place, so far from her home. She, in a few well-chosen words, related what she had before related to Cardenio, with which Don Fernando and the company were so well pleased that they wished the tale had lasted much longer, such was the grace with which Dorothea recounted her misfortunes. And when she had ended Don Fernando told of what had befallen him in the city, after he had found in Lucinda's bosom the paper in which she declared that she was Cardenio's wife, and could not be his. He said that he wanted to kill her, and would have done so if he had not been prevented by her parents. He then quitted the house, full of anger and shame, determined to avenge himself on a more convenient occasion; and that the following day he learnt that Lucinda was missing from her father's house, without anybody's knowing whither she was gone, and that at length, after some months, he came to know that she was in a convent, preferring to remain there all her life if she were unable to pass it with Cardenio; and that, as soon as he learnt this, choosing these three gentlemen for his companions, he went to the place where she was but would not speak to her, fearing that if they knew he was there the convent would be better guarded; and so, waiting for a day when the porter's lodge was open, he left two to secure the door and with the other one entered the convent in search of Lucinda, whom they found in the cloisters talking with a nun, and snatching her away without giving her time for resistance they came with her to a place where they provided themselves with what they needed for carrying her

off; all which he had been able to do in perfect safety, as the convent was in the country, a good way from the town. He said that when Lucinda saw herself in his power, she lost all consciousness, and that, when she came to herself, she did nothing but weep and sigh without speaking a word; and in this manner, accompanied by silence and tears, they had reached the inn, which to him was reaching Heaven, where all the mishaps of earth are closed and have an end.[1]

[1] The story of Cardenio is supposed to have some foundation in an incident which actually took place about this locality, in the reign of Enrique IV.,—Don Pedro Giron, the master of Calatrava, and founder of the ducal family of Osuna, playing the part of the wicked Don Fernando. But in that case Don Pedro succeeded in carrying off the lady, who became the mother of three sons by him, the eldest of whom, Don Alonso Téllez Giron, was the first Conde de Ureña. The family of Cervantes had some connexion with that of the Condes de Ureña, and it may be that their history suggested the series of love adventures which form the leading episode in *Don Quixote*. The story of Cardenio has been several times dramatised. A play was acted under that name at the Globe in Blackfriars as early as 1613. It was entered at the Stationers' Hall as the joint production of Fletcher and Shakspeare, but was never printed (Ward's *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. i. p. 468, and Dyer's *Introduction to Beaumont and Fletcher*, p. 43). The story was used by Shirley in his play of *The Double Falsehood, or the Distrest Lovers*, produced at Drury Lane, December 13, 1727. It is also the basis of the younger Colman's play of *The Mountaineers*.

CHAPTER XXXVII

Wherein is continued the history of the famous Princess Micomicona, with other pleasant adventures

To all this Sancho listened with no small grief or mind, perceiving that his hopes of a title were disappearing and passing into smoke, and that the lovely Princess Micomicona was changed into Dorothea, and the giant into Don Fernando, while his master was soundly sleeping, all careless of what happened. Dorothea could not assure herself that the happiness she enjoyed was not a dream. Cardenio was in a similar mind, and Lucinda's ran in the same course. Don Fernando gave thanks to Heaven for the favour received, and for having drawn him out of that intricate labyrinth where he found himself on the point of losing his honour and his soul. In fine, all who were in the inn were contented, and rejoiced at the happy turn which affairs so difficult and desperate had taken. The Priest, like a man of sense, placed everything in its true light, and congratulated everybody on the good he had achieved ; but she who was most jubilant and most delighted was the landlady, because of the promise which Cardenio and the Priest had made to her of payment of all the cost and damages she had sustained on Don Quixote's account. Sancho, as has been said, was the only one afflicted, unhappy, and miserable ; and so, with a melancholy countenance, he went to his master, who was then just awaking, and cried :

—Your worship, Sir Rueful Feature, may well sleep on as much as you please, without troubling yourself to kill any giant or to restore to the Princess her kingdom, for all that is done and finished with already.

—That I well believe, responded Don Quixote, for I have had with the giant the most monstrous and outrageous battle that I look ever to have in all the days of my life; and with one back-stroke, swish,[1] I tumbled his head to the ground, and so profuse was the blood that gushed from it that the rivulets ran along the earth as if they had been of water.

—As if they had been of red wine,[2] your worship might better say, replied Sancho; for I would have you know, if so be you do not know it, that the dead giant is a cut wine-skin, and the blood a dozen gallons of red wine which were contained in its belly, and the slashed head is the whore that bore me,[3] and let the devil take it all.

—What sayest thou, madman? retorted Don Quixote; art in thy senses?

—Let your worship rise, said Sancho, and you shall see what a fine piece of work you have done, and what we have to pay; and you shall see the Queen turned into a private lady named Dorothea, with other events, which, if you dip into them, will astonish you.

—I would marvel at nothing of that kind, replied Don Quixote, for if thou rememberest rightly, the last time when

[1] *De un revés, zas.* A specimen of onomatopœia—*zas*, which needs no explanation, the word expressing the sound of the blow.

[2] Clemencin observes that the phrase would have been more graceful and elegant had the qualitative adjective been omitted, the opposition being between water and wine. It is clearly not so, but between blood and wine; therefore it was necessary to say *vino tinto*.

[3] *La puta que me parió y llévelo todo Satanás.* Sancho vents his annoyance in what may appear to be an awkward, as it is an undutiful, expression, but it is a very common form. Here, as elsewhere throughout this book, I have not thought that the interests of decency are served by my turning our good old English equivalent for *puta* into any more refined word.

we were here I told thee that all that happened in this place were things of enchantment, and it would be no wonder if it were the same now.

—I should believe it all, answered Sancho, if my blanketing likewise had been a thing of that sort ; only it was not so, but real and true, and I saw the innkeeper, who is here this day, holding one end of the blanket, and tossing me up to the sky very neatly and briskly, with as much mirth as muscle ; and where it comes to the knowing of the persons, I hold, for my part, though a simpleton and sinner I am, that there is no enchantment but much bruisement and much bad luck.

—Good, cried Don Quixote ; God will remedy it ; give me my apparel, that I may go there without delay, for I would see these passages and transformations thou speakest of.

Sancho handed him his clothes ; and in the interval of his dressing the Priest gave an account to Don Fernando and the rest who were there of Don Quixote's madness, and the artifice they had used to get him out of the Peña Pobre, where he imagined himself to have been brought through his lady's disdain. He told them also of all the adventures which Sancho had narrated, at which they marvelled and laughed not a little, they all thinking that it was the strangest sort of madness which could enter into a mind distraught. The Priest said moreover that since the lady Dorothea's good fortune prevented them from going on with their scheme, it was necessary to invent and discover another to take him home to his village. Cardenio offered to carry on what had been begun, and suggested that Lucinda should take up and represent the part of Dorothea.

—No, cried Don Fernando, it must not be so, for I wish Dorothea herself should carry on her scheme ; and since the good Knight's abode cannot be very far from here, I shall be very glad to attempt his cure.

—It is no more than two days' journey hence, said the Priest.

—Even though it were more I should be happy to travel them, so that so good a work might be accomplished.

Here Don Quixote came out, armed in all his furniture, with Mambrino's helmet, all dinted as it was, on his head, his buckler on his arm, and leaning on his sapling or lance. His grotesque presence greatly amazed Don Fernando and the rest, when they saw his face, half a league long, shrivelled and yellow, the strangeness of his arms, and his measured deportment, and they stood in silence to hear what he would say. He, with much gravity and calmness, fixing his eyes on the fair Dorothea, spoke thus:

—I am informed, beauteous lady, by this my squire, that your grandeur is annihilated and your condition undone, for from a Queen and mighty Princess, as you were wont to be, you have been changed into a private damsel. If this has been by command of the Necromancer King, your father, fearful lest I should not render you the due and necessary aid, I say that he both not known, and does not know, the half of his art,[1] and that he was little versed in the histories of chivalry; for if he had read them as attentively and as much to his leisure as I have studied and read them, he would have found at every step how that other Knights, of lesser fame than mine, had achieved things much more difficult, as being no great matter to slay a pettifogging giant,[2] be he ever so arrogant, for it is not many hours since I engaged with him, and—I will be silent, lest they tell me I lie; but time, the revealer of all things, will speak of it when we least expect.

—You engaged with two wine-skins, not with a giant,

[1] "The half of the mass." A phrase taken from the sacrificial office.

[2] *De Lupanario*. The translation of Lupanario is sufficiently humorous as applied to a giant.

here cried the innkeeper.—But Don Fernando ordered him to hold his tongue and on no account to interrupt Don Quixote's discourse, who proceeded, saying:

—In fine, I say, exalted and disinherited lady, that if for the cause aforesaid your father hath performed this metamorphosis in your person, give him no credit at all, for there is no peril upon earth through which my sword shall not open a way, with which in a few days, by setting the head of your enemy on the ground, I will set upon your head your country's crown.

Don Quixote said no more, but waited for the Princess to reply. She, being now aware of Don Fernando's purpose to carry on the deception until Don Quixote had been taken home to his village, answered with much ease and gravity:

—Whosoever hath told you, valorous Knight of the Rueful Feature, that I have altered and transformed my being hath not told you the truth, for the same I am to-day that I was yesterday. True it is that certain strokes of fortune have made a change in me, for they have given me the best of all I could desire; yet for all that I have not ceased to be what I was before, or to hold the same purpose I have always held of availing myself of the might of your valiant and invincible arm. And therefore, dear Sir, let your grace restore to the father who begot me his honour and account him for a man sagacious and wise, since by his craft he found a way so easy and so sure for the remedy of my misfortune. For I believe that had it not been for you, Sir, I should not have succeeded in obtaining the happiness which I enjoy; and in this I speak the truth, of which most of these gentlemen who are here present are good witnesses. All that remains is, that to-morrow morning we set out on our journey, for to-day we shall not be able to travel far,[1] and for the rest of the happy issue

[1] There was very short time indeed left that day for a journey, seeing how much had happened since the arrival of Don Quixote and his company at supper

I look for I will trust to God and the valour of your heart.

Thus spoke the witty Dorothea, and Don Quixote having heard her, turned to Sancho, and, with an air of great indignation, said:

—Now I tell thee, Sanchokin, thou art the greatest little rascal[1] in Spain. Say, vagabond thief, didst thou not tell me but just now that this Princess was turned into a damsel who called herself Dorothea, and that the head which, as I understand, I cut off a giant, was the whore which bore thee, with other absurdities which threw me into the greatest perplexity I ever was in all the days of my life? I vow (and he looked up to Heaven and clenched his teeth) I have a mind to do such havoc on thee as shall salt the brain-pans[2] of all the lying squires of Knights Errant there shall be from henceforth in the world.

—Pray your worship be calm, good master, answered Sancho, for it may well be that I was deceived as touching the change of the lady Princess Micomicona; but in what touches the giant's head, or at least the piercing of the skins, and of the blood being red wine, I swear to God I am not deceived, for there the skins lie slashed, at the head of your worship's bed, and the red wine has made a pond of the room; and, if not, you will see it in the frying of the eggs;[3] I mean, you will see it when his honour the landlord

time, as related in ch. xxxii.; the reading of the novel of *The Impertinent Curiosity*, the arrival of Don Fernando and his company, the *dénouement* of Cardenio's and Dorothea's stories, etc. But probably Dorothea was making fun of her champion.

[1] *Sanchuelo, bellacuelo.* Don Quixote uses the forcible diminutives of contempt, which are so great a resource in the Spanish vocabulary of vituperation, and the despair of the English translator. In English we have little else than the diminutive of endearment.

[2] *Poner sal en la mollera*, is a common proverbial phrase,—literally, to "put salt in the brain-pan." *Mollera* is the top part of the skull, in which the wit is supposed to be lodged. The phrase has been used once before in ch. vii.

[3] *Al freir de los huevos*—another proverbial phrase, of which the origin is told by Covarrubias. A thief broke into a house and was carrying away a

here asks you for the damage of it all. For the rest, that the lady Queen is as she was I rejoice in my soul, for my share goes to me as to every neighbour's child.

—I tell thee now, Sancho, said Don Quixote, thou art a blockhead ; pardon me ; enough.

—It is enough, cried Don Fernando, and let no more be said of this ; and since the lady Princess says that we must travel to-morrow, it being late to-day, let us do so, and this night we shall be able to spend in pleasant conversation until the coming day, when we will all bear Sir Don Quixote company, for we desire to be witnesses of the valiant and unheard-of exploits which he has to perform in the cause of this great enterprise which he hath taken upon himself.

—It is I who shall serve you and bear you company, replied Don Quixote, and I thank you much for the favour you have done me, and for the good opinion you have of me, the which I shall endeavour to verify, or it shall cost me my life and even more, if more it can cost me.

Many words of courtesy and proffers of service passed between Don Quixote and Don Fernando, but all was put a stop to by a traveller who at that moment entered the inn, who, by his garb, appeared to be a Christian newly arrived from the land of the Moors, for he was clad in a cassock of blue stuff, short in the skirts, with half-sleeves and no collar ;[1] his breeches of linen were also blue, with a bonnet of the same colour. He wore buskins of date-colour, and a Moorish hanger[2] slung in a baldrick across his chest. Behind him there came, mounted on an ass, a woman in a Moorish dress, her face hidden, with a veil upon her head, wearing a little cap of gold brocade and

frying-pan, when he was met by the owner, who asked him what he had got. "You will see when the eggs are to be fried," was the answer.

[1] This, according to Hædo (*Topografia de Argel*, ch. xxvi.), was the ordinary dress of the captives of Barbary.

[2] *Alfange*, from the Arabic *al-khandjar*, a short sword or cutlass, from which comes the English *hanger*.

wrapt in a mantle,[1] which covered her from the shoulders to the feet. The man was of a robust and comely figure, of age a little above forty years, somewhat brown of complexion, with long moustaches, and a very well-furnished beard; in short, he seemed by his presence to be one who, if he had been well dressed, would have been judged to be a person of quality and good birth.

On entering, he demanded a room, and seemed to be vexed when they told him there was none in the inn; then, going up to her who by her attire looked like a Mooress, he lifted her off in his arms. Lucinda, Dorothea, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes, attracted by the novelty of the dress, which they had never seen before, gathered round the Moorish lady; and Dorothea, who was always gracious, courteous, and ready-witted, perceiving that both she and her conductor were annoyed for want of a room, said to her:

—Be not troubled, madam, for the want of accommodation here, for it is the way of inns not to furnish it; but, notwithstanding, if it should please you to lodge with us (pointing to Lucinda), perhaps it may prove that in the course of your journey you have met with entertainment not so good.

The lady in the veil made no answer, nor did else than rise from her seat, and laying both her hands crossed on her bosom and bowing her head, bend her body in token of her gratitude. By her silence they conjectured that she must certainly be a Moor, and did not know the Christian tongue. Presently the Captive[2] came up, who up to then

[1] *Almalafa*—another Arabic word, signifying the loose cloak going down to the heels and covering all, worn by the women of the East out of doors. By an edict of Charles V., in 1526, the Moriscoes of Granada were prohibited from wearing the *almalafa*, the *maslota*, and other distinctive Moorish clothing, and compelled to dress themselves like Christians.

[2] Cervantes is censured for speaking of the new-comer as "el cautivo," seeing that he had said nothing as yet of his captivity. But, as we have seen, there

had been looking after other things, and seeing that all the women had surrounded his companion, who remained dumb to all their speeches, he said :

—Ladies, this damsel scarcely understands any language, nor can speak any other than after the fashion of her country ; and, therefore, she has not made, nor can make, any answer to what you have asked her.

—Nothing has been asked her, answered Lucinda, but whether she will accept for this night our company and a share of the place where we are lodged, where she will have as much comfort as the accommodation will allow, with that good-will which binds us to serve all strangers who may have need of it, especially when it is a woman to whom the service is rendered.

—For her and for myself, dear lady, answered the Captive, I kiss your hands, and greatly esteem, as it deserves, the favour you offer, which on such an occasion and from such persons as your appearance proclaims you to be, is plainly seen to be a very great one.

—Tell me, Sir, said Dorothea, is this lady a Christian or a Moor ? For her habit and her silence make us believe that she is what we would wish she is not.

—A Moor she is in her apparel and in her body, but in her soul a very good Christian, for she has the strongest desire to become one.

—Then she is not baptized ? asked Lucinda.

—There has been no time for that, answered the stranger, since she left Algiers, her native country and abode, and hitherto she has not been in any risk of death so near as to be obliged to receive baptism without her being instructed first in all the ceremonies which our Mother the Holy Church enjoins ; but please God she shall be speedily

was quite enough in his garb and equipment to denote his character ; and captives from Barbary, lately freed, must have been a common enough sight in those days on the high roads leading from the South.

baptized with the decency worthy of the quality of her person, which is greater than her habit or mine denotes.

These words inspired all who heard him with a desire to know who the Mooress and the Captive were; but nobody would ask them just then, perceiving that it was a time rather to get them some rest than to question them of their lives. Dorothea took the lady by the hand, and leading her to a seat by her side, prayed her to take off her veil. She looked at the stranger as if to ask him what they said, and what she should do. He told her in the Arabic language that they desired her to uncover her face, and bade her do so; accordingly she did, and disclosed a face so lovely that Dorothea took her to be more beautiful than Lucinda, and Lucinda more beautiful than Dorothea, and all the bystanders acknowledged that if any beauty could equal that of those two, it was the Moor's, while some even placed her above them in some particular. And as beauty has ever the prerogative and grace to win over hearts and to attract the affections, they all gave themselves up at once to the desire of serving and caressing the charming Mooress. Don Fernando asked of the Captive how she was called, who answered, Lela Zorayda.[1] When she heard this, she understood what had been asked of the Christian, and cried eagerly, with sweet petulance:—*No, no Zorayda—Maria, Maria*—giving them to understand that her name was Maria, and not Zorayda. These words, and the great earnestness with which the Mooress spoke them, caused more than one tear to be shed by those who heard her, especially by the women, who by nature are tender-hearted and compassionate. Lucinda embraced her lovingly, saying —*Yes, Yes, Maria, Maria*; to whom the Mooress replied,

[1] A note in the Spanish Academy's edition (1819) informs us that *Lela*, or *Lel-la*,—in Arabic, the divine, the adorable, the blessed,—is a name given only to the Virgin Mary. *Zorayda* is a common name among Moorish women.

Yes, Yes, Maria—Zorayda macange,[1]—that is to say, not Zorayda.

Meanwhile the night had set in, and under the direction of Don Fernando's attendants, the innkeeper had used all care and pains in providing a supper as best he could; and, the time having arrived, they all seated themselves at a long table as in a refectory,[2] for there was neither a round nor a square one in the inn. They gave the head and principal seat, though he would have declined it, to Don Quixote, who desired the lady Micomicona to sit by his side, since he was her protector. Then Lucinda and Zorayda seated themselves opposite to them, Don Fernando, and Cardenio, and then the Captive and the other gentlemen, and on the side of the ladies the Priest and the Barber; and thus they supped with much satisfaction, which was increased when they perceived Don Quixote leave off eating, and, moved by such another spirit as that which moved him to speak at such length when supping with the goatherds, he commenced to address them as follows:

—Verily, gentlemen, if it be well considered, great and unparalleled things do they see who possess the order of Knight Errantry. Nay, who, of men living upon earth, is there who shall enter by the gate of this castle, and behold us seated in this manner, shall judge and believe us to be what we are? Who would say that this lady, who is by my side, is the great Queen we all know her to be, and that I am that Knight of the Rueful Feature who is blazoned abroad by the mouth of fame? And it is not to be doubted but that this art and exercise exceed all those that men have discovered; and is the more to be held in esteem by the more dangers to which it is subject. Away with those who

[1] *Macange*, pronounced as *mac-an-shay*, or *an-shay-mac* in the corrupt colloquial dialect of Barbary, means "not at all," "by no means."

[2] *Tinelo*,—explained to be the long table set in the hall of one of the great houses, where the dependants and servants of the family dined in common.

say that letters have the advantage over arms! for I will tell them, let them be who they may, that they know not what they say. For the reason which they are accustomed to give, and on which they most rely, is that the labours of the mind exceed those of the body, and that it is by the body alone that arms are exercised, as if their exercise were porter's work, for which nothing is needed but sheer strength; or as if, in what we who possess them call arms, were not included acts of fortitude which demand for their execution a high intelligence, or as if the mind of the warrior, who has an army in his charge, or the defence of a beleaguered city, does not labour through the spirit as well as the body. Nay, let us see if by bodily strength he can reach at the guessing and learning of the enemy's intent, his projects and stratagems, and how to circumvent and ward off the difficulties and dangers which are impending; all these being operations of the understanding in which the body has no part. It being so, then, that arms as well as letters require mind, let us see which of the two minds labours more, that of the man of letters or that of the man of war; and this will come to be determined by the aim and end to which each addresses himself, for that intention is to be most esteemed which hath for object the noblest end. The aim and end of letters,—I speak not now of letters divine, which have for their object the raising and conducting of souls to Heaven, for to an end so infinite as this no other can be compared,—I speak of letters human,[1] whose end is to regulate distributive justice and give to every one his own, to apply good laws and to cause them to be observed—an end, for certain, generous and lofty, and worthy of high commendation, but not of so much as that which belongs to arms, which have for their object and end peace, the greatest good which men can desire in this life. And therefore the first good news which the world received

[1] That is, of the humanities; of all learning which is not theology.

and men received, was what the Angels brought on the night that was our day when they sang in the skies :—*Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth to men of good will;* and the salutation which the best Master of earth and heaven taught to His disciples and favourites was : that when they entered into any house they should say :—*Peace be to this house;* and many other times He said to them :—*My peace I give unto you; my peace I leave with you—peace be with you*—a jewel and a legacy, indeed, given and bequeathed by such a hand !—a jewel without which, neither on earth nor in heaven, can there be any happiness. This peace is the true end of war, and war and arms are the same thing. This truth being admitted, that the end of war is peace, and that herein it does excel the end of letters, let us come now to the bodily toils of the scholar, and to those of the professor of arms, and see which are the greater.

Don Quixote delivered his discourse in such a manner and in such proper terms as at that moment to make none who heard him take him for a madman ; rather, as most of them were gentlemen, who were connected with the profession of arms, they listened to him with great pleasure as he continued, saying :

—I say, then, that the hardships of the student are these : first of all, poverty,—not that all are poor, but to put the case as strongly as possible,—and when I have said he suffers poverty, methinks there is nothing more to say of his misery, for he who is poor has no good thing. This poverty he suffers in sundry ways ; now in hunger, now in cold, now in nakedness, now in all these together ; but withal it is not so great that he does not eat, even if it be a little later than his custom, even if it be of the leavings of the rich, or, which is the worst misery of the student, that which they call among themselves *going on the soup;*[1] and he does not

[1] *Andar á la sopa*,—meaning the practice of poor students, common enough in the days of Cervantes, of begging for soup at the doors of monasteries. They

lack some neighbours' fire-pan or chimney-corner, which, if it does not warm him, at least takes off the edge of the cold; and lastly, he sleeps very well at night under cover. I will not descend to other details, such as want of shirts, and no plenty of shoes, the scantiness and thread-bareness of clothing, nor that over-eager gorging when Fortune sends him a feast. By this path which I have described,—rugged and difficult, here stumbling, there falling, now rising, now falling again,—they attain to the degree which they covet. This reached, we have seen many who, having passed by these Syrtes, these Scyllas and Charybdises, as if borne on the wings of a favourable Fortune,—I say, we have seen them direct and govern the world from an arm-chair, their hunger changed into satiety, their cold into pleasant coolness, their nakedness into gay apparel, and their sleep on a mat into soft repose in linen and damask—the justly merited recompense of their virtue. But their hardships, paralleled and compared with those of the warrior militant, fall very short of them, as I shall now declare.

were called *sopistas*. There is a great deal of poverty still among students in Spain, but there are no longer monasteries to give them soup. Cervantes must have been familiar enough with the hardships endured by poor scholars, by sight and probably by personal experience, at Alcalá de Henares.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

Which treats of the curious discourse delivered by Don Quixote concerning arms and letters [1]

Don Quixote, pursuing his discourse, said:

—Since we began with the student, his poverty and its circumstances, let us see whether the soldier be richer. And we shall find that in poverty itself there is no one poorer, for he is restricted to his wretched pay, which comes late or never, or to what he can plunder [2] with his own hands, at the notable peril of his life and his conscience; and sometimes his nakedness is wont to be such that his slashed doublet serves him at once for full-dress and shirt; and in the depth of winter he has nothing to warm him against the inclemencies of heaven, being in the open field, but the breath of his mouth, which, as it comes out of an empty place, must certainly come out cold, against the laws of

[1] This discourse on arms and letters, involving the question of which is the more honourable profession, and which the more useful to the commonwealth, is very old. Bowle cites an Italian work by Francesco Bocchi, entitled *Discorso sopra la lite delle Armi et delle Lettere* (Florence, 1580), in which the controversy is decided, as here, in favour of arms, and in the teeth of Cicero's maxim,—*cedant arma togæ*. Previous to this date there had been published in Spain, by Juan Angel González, a treatise with the title *Pro equite contra literas declamatio* (Valencia, 1549). But it is needless to enquire, in regard to a question so ancient, how far Cervantes was indebted to any one before him for the opinions which harmonise so well with the character of Don Quixote.

[2] *Garbeare*; a word belonging to the cant vocabulary, such as soldiers might be expected to use, of uncertain origin,—probably the parent of our English "grab."

nature. But stay till the night comes, which is to make amends for all these discomforts in the bed which awaits him, the which, except by his own fault, will never offend in point of narrowness, for he may measure out on the earth as many feet as he will, and roll about in it at pleasure without fear of rumpling the sheets. Then, after all, come the day and hour for receiving the degree in his art: there arrives the day of battle, when they will put upon his head the doctor's cap,[1] made of lint, to heal some wound of a bullet which perhaps has passed through his temples, or left him maimed of an arm or leg.[2] And should this not happen, but merciful Heaven guard and preserve him, whole and alive, he shall abide, perhaps, in the same poverty wherein he was, and there must needs occur another and another engagement, and another and another battle, and he must come off victor in them all before he betters himself at all; but such miracles are rarely seen. And tell me, gentlemen, if you have ever considered it, how much fewer are those who have benefited by war than those who have perished by it? Without doubt, you must answer that there is no comparison between them,—that the dead cannot be reduced to any reckoning, whereas the rewarded who are alive may be counted in three numbers of algorism.[3]

All this is the reverse with scholars, for by their stipends,

[1] *La borla*—lit. "the tassel," which, affixed to the university cap, was the mark of a doctor's degree. Don Quixote is pursuing his parallel between the scholar and the soldier through their steps of advancement.

[2] Cervantes speaks here, doubtless, with a bitter allusion to his own experiences. No one was better qualified to talk of the hardships of a soldier's life. Poverty, wounds, neglect,—all that is here described as the lot of the man-at-arms,—he had gone through all the degrees, and was a past-master in the craft The comedies of the period abound in characters and scenes which vividly paint the wretched condition of the Spanish soldier in the reigns of Philip II. and of his son,—the period when the fame of the Spanish arms was at the highest.

[3] *Con tres letras de guarismo; i.e.* in numbers less than a thousand. The Sp. *guarismo*, Eng. *algorism*, is the Arabic *al-Khowārasmi*, surname of the Arab mathematician, through whom the Arabic numerals became generally known in Europe.

—I will not say their perquisites,[1]—they all have wherewith to maintain themselves; therefore, although the toil of the soldier is greater, his recompense is much less. To this, it may be replied that it is easier to reward two thousand scholars than thirty thousand soldiers, for the former are rewarded by giving them places which must perforce be bestowed on men of their profession, and the latter cannot be recompensed except out of the very substance of the master whom they serve; but this impossibility strengthens the more the argument I maintain.

Leaving this, however, aside, for it is a maze out of which the issue is very difficult, let us return to the pre-eminence of arms over letters,—a question which remains till now undecided, so many are the arguments which each party alleges in its behalf; and, besides those which I have mentioned, letters say that without them arms could not subsist, for war also hath its laws and is subject to them, and that laws fall within the province of letters and their professors. To this arms make answer that without them the laws could not subsist, for by arms commonwealths are defended, kingdoms are preserved, cities are protected, highways made safe, seas cleared of pirates; and that, in short, were it not for them, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, the highways of the land and sea, would be subject to the tyranny and confusion which war brings in its train during the time it lasts and has licence to exercise its privileges and its powers. Moreover, it is a recognised maxim that what costs most is, and ought to be, the most esteemed. Now,

[1] The original is *de faldas, que no quiero decir de mangas*—literally, "by the skirts, I will not say by the sleeves." *Faldas* are here opposed to *mangas*,—the former signifying the fixed and current receipts from any office; the latter, gifts, emoluments, or benevolences accruing irregularly to the holders, such as the Americans bluntly term "stealings." In the days when corruption was universal among the holders of public offices, as in the time of Cervantes, the custom was to deposit the bribe within the sleeves of the official robe, which were believed to be made ample the better to receive such offerings.

to arrive at eminence in letters, costs a man time, vigils, hunger, nakedness, swimmings in the head, indigestion of the stomach, and other things pertaining to these which in part I have already mentioned. But for a man to arrive, by all the grades, to be a good soldier, costs him all it costs the student, only in so much greater a degree that there is no comparison between them, for at every step he is in peril of losing life. And what dread of want or poverty can reach or affect the student such as that which possesses a soldier who, finding himself leaguered in some fortress, and standing on post or on guard in some ravelin or cavalier,[1] feels that the enemy is mining towards the spot where he stands, and is not able in any case to stir from thence nor fly the danger which so nearly menaces him? All he can do is to give notice to his captain of what is passing, that he may remedy it by some counter-mine, and he must stand quietly in fear and expectation of suddenly mounting to the clouds without wings and descending again to the abysses against his will. And, if this appear but a small danger, let us see whether it is equalled or exceeded in the encounter of two galleys by the prows, in the middle of the wide ocean, which, locked and lashed together, leave to the soldier no more of space than two feet of plank on the beak-head;[2] and withal, though he sees that he has in front of him as many ministers of death threatening him as there are cannon of artillery planted on the opposite side not farther than a spear's length from his body, and though he sees that at the first slip of his foot he will go down to visit the deep bosom of Neptune, nevertheless, with intrepid heart, borne up by the honour which spurs him on, exposes himself for a mark

[1] *Rebellin ó caballero*,—terms in the old system of fortification. The *rebellin*, or ravelin, was a detached triangular work, with redoubt and ditch, covering and defending the curtain. The *caballero*, or cavalier, was a work within the bastion, rising higher than the ramparts, and dominating the *terre-plein* and the surrounding country.

[2] *Espolon*—lit. "spur"—the sharp point in which the bow of a galley ended.

to all this musketry, and endeavours to pass by that narrow road into the enemy's vessel.[1] And what is most to be admired is, that scarce has one fallen whence he cannot arise until the end of the world, when another occupies the same place; and if he also drop into the sea, which, like an enemy, lies in wait for him, another and another him succeed, without any pause between their deaths,—valour and daring the greatest which can be met with in all the perils of war. Right blessed were those ages which lacked the dreadful fury of those diabolical engines of artillery, to whose inventor I hold that in hell they are rendering the guerdon of his devilish invention, through which are given the means by which a base and cowardly hand may take the life of a valorous Knight, and that without his knowing how or whence, in the midst of the courage and ardour which fire and animate gallant bosoms, there comes a random ball, shot off by one who perhaps fled and was frightened at the flash which the fire made in the discharging of the accursed machine, and cuts short and ends in an instant the schemes and the life of him who deserved to live for long ages.[2] And therefore, when I consider this, I have a mind to say that in my soul it grieves me to have undertaken this profession of

[1] All this is described from personal experience, and is probably a transcript from Cervantes' own recollection of his behaviour on that memorable day of Lepanto, when he bore himself so gallantly in the most exposed part of the deck of *La Marquesa*.

[2] Compare Hotspur's speech in 1 *Henry IV.*, Act i. sc. 3. Montluc, one of the knights of King Henry II. of France, thus expresses himself on the arquebuse, then newly invented, in words very similar to Don Quixote's:—*Que pleust à Dieu que ce malheureux instrument n'eust jamais été inventé; je n'en porterois les marques lesquelles encore aujourd'hui me rendent languissant; et tant de braves et vaillants hommes ne fussent morts de la main le plus souvent des plus poltrons et plus lâches qui n'oseroient regarder au visage celui que de loin ils renversent de leur malheureuses balles; mais ces sont artifices du diable pour nous faire entretuer.* Ariosto, in the *Orlando Furioso*, inveighs in the same strain against the *scelerata e brutta invenzione* (c. xi.). In some of the later romances of chivalry, the knights, however, are not above making use of the "devilish enginry" of guns, which even in *Amadis of Gaul* are mentioned.

Knight Errantry in an age so detestable as this in which we now live, for, although no peril can make me to fear, still it gives me uneasiness to think how that powder and lead might deprive me of the opportunity of making myself famous and renowned in the strength of mine arm and edge of my sword over all the known earth. But let Heaven do as it pleaseth, for so much the more shall I be esteemed if I compass that to which I pretend, by how much the dangers were greater to which I expose myself than those in which the Knights Errant of past ages were exposed.

All this long harangue Don Quixote delivered whilst the rest were taking their supper, forgetting to carry a bit to his mouth, although Sancho Panza did ever and anon tell him to eat, for afterwards there would be time to say as much as he pleased. Those who had listened to him were moved afresh with compassion at seeing a man who appeared to be of so good an understanding and discourse in all matters of which he treated, lose them so entirely when concerned with his baleful and accursed[1] chivalry. The Priest told him that he was very right in all that he had said in favour of arms, and that he himself, although a scholar and a graduate, was precisely of his opinion. They ended their supper, and, the cloth being removed,—whilst the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes were putting to rights Don Quixote's chamber, where they had decided that the women by themselves should be accommodated,—Don Fernando besought the stranger to relate to them the story of his life, for it could not fail to be strange and entertaining, by the sign he had already given them, coming in Zorayda's company. To which the Captive replied that he would very willingly do what was desired of him, and that he only feared the tale would not be such as to afford them so much pleasure as he wished; but, nevertheless, rather

[1] *Su negra y pizmienta caballeria.* *Pizmiento* is, literally, "pitchblack," from *pez*, "pitch."

than fail in obedience he would tell it. The Priest and all the others thanked him, and entreated him anew ; and he, finding himself solicited by so many, said that there was no need of entreaties when their commands were so potent.— And, therefore, said he, let your worships give me your attention, and you will hear a true story, not to be equalled by any fables which are wont to be composed by curious and studied art.

What he said caused them all to be seated, and to lend him perfect silence ; and he, seeing them mute, waiting for him to speak, in a pleasant and composed tone of voice began as follows :—

CHAPTER XXXIX

Wherein the Captive narrates his life and adventures [1]

In a village among the mountains of Leon my family took its rise, to which nature had been kinder and more bountiful than fortune ; although amidst the poverty of those communities my father enjoyed the repute of being a rich man, and, indeed, would have been such had he exercised as much art in preserving his estate as he did in spending it. This disposition of his to be lavish and wasteful proceeded from his having been a soldier in the years of his youth, for the soldier's trade is a school in which the niggard is made generous and the generous man prodigal ; and, if there are some soldiers to be found who are misers, they are monsters which are rarely seen. My father passed the bounds of liberality and touched those of prodigality, a thing which is no advantage to a married man who has children to succeed him in his name and rank. Of these my father had three, all sons, and all of an age to choose their way of life. Seeing, then, that, as he himself would say, he was unable to restrain his propensity, he resolved to deprive himself of the cause and means which made him a prodigal and a spendthrift ; that is to say, to rid himself of his estate, bereft of which Alexander himself must have been accounted parsimonious.

[1] It has sometimes been carelessly assumed that this is the story of Cervantes' own captivity. But it is clearly not so, as will be seen in the course of it, though it is extremely probable that the narrative is founded upon facts which occurred within Cervantes' own experience, and that the hero of the story was a companion and friend of his, concerned with himself in some of his adventures in Algiers.

One day, therefore, calling us all three into a room by ourselves, he addressed us in words like these :

—My sons, to tell you that I love you, it is enough to say that you are my sons, and to convince you that I love you not, it is enough that I am unable to restrain myself in what concerns the husbanding of your fortune ; but that you may hereafter be persuaded that I love you as a father and wish not to ruin you as a stepfather, I purpose to do a thing by you which I have pondered these many days, and after mature deliberation decided upon. You are now of an age to take up a calling, or, at least, to choose some profession which, when you are older, may tend to your honour and profit. What I have resolved is to divide my fortune into four parts ; three I will bestow upon you, to each one the portion which pertains to him, without making any difference, and the fourth I will reserve to myself, to live upon and to maintain me during the days of life which Heaven may be pleased to allot me. But I would have each, after he is possessed of the share which belongs to him of his estate, follow one of the paths which I shall indicate. There is a proverb in this Spain of ours—in my judgment a very true one (as they all are, being brief maxims gathered from long and sage experience)[1]—and it is that which says :—*The Church, the Sea, or the King's House*,[2]—as who should say more plainly, he who would thrive and be rich let him follow the Church, or go to sea and exercise the craft of merchantry, or enter into the service of kings in their palaces, for it is said : *Better is the King's crumb than the lord's favour*.[3] This I say because I desire,

[1] Don Quixote made the same remark in ch. xxi.

[2] *Iglesia, ó mar, ó casa real*—a proverb, to which is generally added, *quien quiere medrar*,—"for him who would better himself." The proverb is so given in Nuñez, and is so universally quoted. Lope de Vega, however, gives it in his *Dorotea* another form,—*Ciencia, ó mar, ó casa real*,—a form which Clemencin approves as being clearer, more exact, and more comprehensive. The point is, not which reading is the better but which is the accepted one. Lope de Vega, as a priest, would naturally not quote the saying in its original form, implying, as it did, a sarcasm on the religious profession. The proverb, as Cervantes quotes it, here and elsewhere in his works, undoubtedly expresses what was the truth in the reign of Philip II.

[3] *Mas vale migaja de Rei que merced de Señor*—a proverb.

and it is my will, that one of you should pursue learning and another commerce, and another serve the King in his wars—seeing that it is difficult to obtain a footing in the service of his household, and war, though it yields not much wealth, is wont to confer much repute and fame. Within eight days I will give you all your portions in money, without defrauding you of a doit, as you will see by the proof. Tell me now whether you are willing to follow my opinion and advice in what I have proposed to you.

Calling upon me as the eldest to answer, I, after entreating him not to part with his fortune but to spend as much of it as he pleased, for we were young enough to learn to acquire one, concluded by saying I would obey his wishes, and that mine was to follow the profession of arms, serving therein God and my King. My second brother, after making the same offers, elected to go to the Indies, investing his portion in merchandise. The youngest, and as I think the wisest, said that he would follow the Church, or at least learning, and would go to finish his studies at Salamanca.

Having concluded this agreement and chosen our several professions, my father embraced us all, and carried into effect, in as short time as he had mentioned, all he had promised, giving to each his portion, which, as I remember, was to each three thousand ducats in coin ; for an uncle of ours bought the estate, that it might not go out of the family, paying for it ready money. All three of us took leave of our good father on the same day, when, it seeming to me inhuman to leave him, so old a man, with so little means, I made him take two thousand ducats out of my three thousand, as the remainder was sufficient to provide me with all that a soldier needed. My two brothers, moved by my example, also gave him each a thousand ducats, so that my father remained with four thousand ducats in money, and three thousand more, the value of the estate which, as we have seen, fell to his share, which he would not sell but retained in land. Finally, we bade farewell to him and to our uncle, of whom I have spoken, not without much emotion and many tears on all sides, they charging us to let them know,

as often as opportunity would allow, of our fortunes, prosperous or adverse. We promised to do so, and, having embraced one another and received their blessing, one took the road to Salamanca, another to Seville, and I to Alicante, where I had intelligence of a Genoese ship loading there with wool for Genoa.

It is now two-and-twenty years[1] since I left my father's house, and in all that time, although I have written several letters, I have not heard any news of him or of my brothers. What I have gone through during this space of time I will briefly relate. I embarked at Alicante and arrived at Genoa after a prosperous voyage. Thence I went to Milan, where I provided myself with arms[2] and some military apparel, and thence I made up my mind to go to Piedmont, to enlist myself as a soldier. Being on the road to Alessandria de la Paglia,[3] I got news that the great Duke of Alva[4] was marching into Flanders. Changing my purpose, I went with him, and served with him in all his campaigns. I was present at the deaths of

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[1] These words seem to fix the date of the present story. The Duke of Alva passed into Flanders in September, 1567, and therefore the Captive should be relating his adventures in 1589. This date agrees with some other parts of the history of *Don Quixote*. On the other hand, this date cannot be reconciled with other passages in the book, which would show that it was written in the reign of Philip III. Neither does it appear, from the Captive's story, that so long a period as eighteen years had passed since the battle of Lepanto (fought in 1571), where he was taken prisoner. But absolute accuracy in the matter of chronology was not attended to by our author, and is not to be looked for in a romance. See the Chronology of *Don Quixote*, in Appendix A, vol. iv.

[2] Milan was then, and had been for two or three centuries, famous for the skill of its armourers, specimens of whose art are now among the chief ornaments of the *Armeria Real* in Madrid.

[3] Alessandria, then and until the present time a strong fortress on the Tanaro, built by the Guelfs in the twelfth century, and nicknamed "de la Paglia" by the Ghibellines.

[4] This was the celebrated general of Philip II., the pacificator of the Low Countries and the conqueror of Portugal, whose name, it is needless to say, stands far higher in the annals of his country as a patriot and a soldier than it does in the annals of Europe, as written by Protestant historians. Alva, with all his faults, was an honest statesman and a man of rare force of character, who contributed vastly to raise the credit of Spain in arms.

the Counts Egmont and Horn.[1] I rose to be an ensign under a famous captain of Guadalajara, called Diego de Urbina.[2] After I had been some time in Flanders news came of the League which his Holiness the Pope, Pius the Fifth, of happy memory, had formed with Venice and with Spain against the common enemy, the Turk, who about that time had taken with his fleet the famous island of Cyprus, which had been subject to the Venetians—an unfortunate and lamentable loss. It was known for certain that the commander of this League was to be the Most Serene Don Juan of Austria, the natural brother of our good King, Don Philip;[3] and reports were abroad of the very great preparations for the war which were being made.

All this stirred and moved in me the mind and desire to be present in the campaign which was expected; and, although I had hopes, and, indeed, almost a certain prospect, of being promoted to be captain on the first occasion which offered, I chose to forsake everything and go, as I did, to Italy. And my good star willed that just then Don Juan of Austria arrived at Genoa, for he was on his way to Naples to join the Venetian fleet, as afterwards he did at Messina.[4] Let me say, in short, that I was present in that glorious battle, being already made a captain of infantry, to which honourable post my good fortune rather than my merits had advanced me. And on that day which for all Christendom was so fortunate, for then were the

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[1] Counts Egmont and Horn were executed on the 5th June, 1568.

[2] Diego de Urbina was a captain in the regiment of Moncada, in whose company Cervantes served at the battle of Lepanto. The Captive, therefore, was his fellow-soldier, and the incidents of his career here described are doubtless true history, within our author's personal knowledge.

[3] The famous bastard, son of Charles V., of whom Cervantes always speaks with singular affection and respect, though he does not hesitate, as we shall see in the course of this narrative, to criticise his shortcomings as a naval strategist.

[4] Don Juan left Barcelona to take the chief command of the Allied Fleet on the 20th of June, 1571. He arrived at Genoa on the 26th of that month, sailed thence on the 1st of August, and met the Papal and Venetian galleys at the appointed rendezvous at Messina on the 23rd of August.

world and all the nations disabused of the error in which they dwelt, believing that the Turks were invincible by sea—on that day, I say, when the Ottoman pride and insolence were broken, among all the lucky ones who were there (and better luck had the Christians who there died than those who remained alive and victorious), I alone was unlucky. For in place of some naval crown which, had it been in the days of Rome, I might have expected, I found myself the night following that famous day with chains on my feet and gyves on my hands.

And it happened in this wise :—Aluch Ali,[1] King of Algiers, a daring and fortunate corsair, having attacked and mastered the Captain-galley of Malta, there being only three knights left alive in her, and these badly wounded, the Captain-galley of Juan Andrea,[2] on board of which was I with my company, came up to her relief. Doing what was my duty in such a case, I leapt on board the enemy's galley, which disengaged herself from the one which had grappled with her, so that my soldiers were prevented from following me; and thus I found myself alone among my enemies, whom, being so many, I was unable to resist. In fine, they took me prisoner, covered with wounds. And, as you have heard, gentleman, Aluch Ali escaped safely with all his squadron, and I remained a captive in his power, being the only sad one among so many joyful, and a prisoner among so many free, for there were fifteen thousand Christians all at the oar in the Turkish fleet who on that day gained their long-coveted

[1] *Uchali*, or *Ochali*, is the vulgar Spanish name,—corrupted from *Aluch* or *Uluch Ali*,—of the famous Turkish admiral, who styled himself *Ali Pasha*. Aluch Ali, as explained by Hædo (*Topografia de Argel*, p. 77), meant, in the Turkish of Barbary, Ali the Convert or the Renegade; comp. *infra*, p. 248, note 3.

[2] Giovanni Andrea Doria, nephew of the great Andrea Doria, who at Lepanto commanded the right wing of the Allied Fleet. Having extended his line too much, with the design of enveloping the Turkish left, Aluch Ali, to whom he was opposed, took advantage of the blunder, and concentrating his force bore down upon Doria's squadron, breaking the line, taking and destroying several of the Christian vessels, and sailing away safely with the remnant of the Ottoman fleet. The incident here related of the capture and subsequent rescue of the Captain-galley of Malta actually took place, according to the testimony of various participators in the battle, among whom were the poets Cristóval de Virues and Gerónimo Corterreal.

liberty. They carried me to Constantinople, where the Grand Turk, Selim, made my master General of the sea[1] for having done his duty in the battle, and, as a trophy of his valour, brought off the standard of the Order of Malta. The next year, which was '72, I found myself at Navarino,[2] rowing in the Captain-galley of the three lanterns,[3] and I saw and noted the opportunity which was there lost in not taking the whole Turkish fleet in the port. For all the sailors and janisaries[4] on board made certain that they would be attacked in the very harbour, and had ready their clothes and their *passamaques*, which are their shoes, to flee at once by land without waiting for the fight, so great was the terror with which they were possessed by our fleet. But Heaven ordained it otherwise, not through the fault or neglect of the General who commanded our people, but for the sins of Christendom,[5] and because God wills and permits us ever to have whips

[1] *i.e.* Capitan-Pasha, in succession to Ali, who was killed in the battle of Lepanto.

[2] Cervantes also took part in this campaign, though his wounds received at Lepanto were still unhealed.

[3] *La capitana de tres fanales.* The three lanterns,—by more than one translator, English and foreign, mistaken for the name of the galley,—was the distinguishing mark of the vessel which carried the admiral-in-chief,—in fact, the flag-ship. Flags and pendants were not used to designate the ranks of naval commanders until a subsequent period. The *fanal* (from Greek φανός) was set on the poop ("Thou art an admiral, thou bearest the lantern in the poop," 1 *Henry IV.*, Act v. sc. 3), the highest part of the galley, on a prominent lofty stand, and was sometimes an elaborate structure, designed and decorated by famous artists, as may be seen in a specimen now in the South Kensington Museum. Three lanterns, the symbol of the highest command at sea, were borne by Don Juan's ship at Lepanto, as well as by the galley of Ali Pasha, the Turkish Admiral-in-chief, to whom succeeded Aluch Ali.

[4] *Levantes y genizaros.* The *levante* (so called from the region whence he came) was the armed sailor who navigated the vessel, and who fought on shore upon occasion. The *genizaro* was the soldier proper.

[5] Most of the contemporary annalists, in their zeal for the Christian cause, take a less pious view of the reason of the failure at Navarino, which they attribute to the fault of the pilots who steered the fleet for an island named Prodano, instead of making direct for the entrance of the port of Navarino (see Arroyo, *Relacion de la Santa Liga*, p. 90). There is no doubt, however, that Don Juan's failure was due to the jealousies and the bickerings among the Christian commanders,—the Venetians, especially, having no great desire for another encounter with

to chastise us. In the end, Aluch Ali took refuge at Modon, which is an island close by Navarino,[1] where, throwing his men on shore, he fortified the mouth of the harbour, and lay quiet until Don Juan had retired. In this expedition was taken the galley called *The Prize*,[2] whose captain was a son of that famous corsair Barbarossa. The captain-galley of Naples, called *The She-Wolf*, took her, commanded by that thunderbolt of war, by that father of soldiers, that fortunate and ever-victorious captain, Don Alvaro de Bazan, Marquess of Santa Cruz;[3] nor can I forbear telling what happened at the capture of *The Prize*.[4] This son of Barbarossa was so cruel[5] and treated his slaves so ill, that as soon as those at the oars saw *The She-Wolf* galley nearing them and about to board, they all at once dropped their oars and seized hold of their captain, who was by the stantrel[6] crying

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the Turks, with whom they had already commenced secretly to negotiate for a separate peace. Cervantes, who was there, is as good a witness as any, and his account is confirmed by Hædo.

[1] Clemencin here, with more than his usual rashness, undertakes to correct Cervantes, remarking that Modon is not an island, but a neck of land joined to the Morea, and proposing to read *plaza* in place of *isla*. Here it is the corrector himself who blunders. Cervantes could hardly have made any such mistake; and, indeed, as a geographer, is very correct, as Don Fermin Caballero has shown in his treatise, *Pericia Geográfica de Miguel de Cervantes*. Modon is actually surrounded by the sea on all sides though at one point joined by a wooden bridge to the mainland.

[2] Doubtless so called because originally taken from the Christians. A modern translator christens the vessel *The Seizure*.

[3] Cervantes himself served under the orders of this hero, whom here and elsewhere he praised so extravagantly, in the expeditions to the Azores in 1582 and 1583. The sudden death of Alvaro de Bazan at Lisbon, in 1588, just after he had been appointed commander-in-chief of the Invincible Armada, is reckoned as one of the special mercies which a Protestant Providence vouchsafed to England in that time of peril.

[4] *La presa de la Presa*, says the Captive, punning on the name.

[5] This was Mehemet Bey, not the son but the grandson of the famous Kheireddin Barbarossa. His cruelties to his slaves, and his fate as here told, are matters of history (Hædo, p. 125).

[6] *Estanterol*. I have coined a word from the original to signify that for which we have no English term, so far as I know, though etymologically it is closely allied to *stanchion*. The *estanterol* in a galley stood at the after-end of the *crujia*, or gangway, which ran amidships, between the two rows of oars, from

out to them to row hard, and tossing him from bench to bench, from poop to prow, they gave him so many bites, that he had gone but little past the mast before his soul had passed into hell; such was the cruelty with which, as I have said, he treated them and so great the hatred they bore him.

We returned to Constantinople, and the following year, which was '73, we learnt there how that Don Juan had won Tunis and wrested that kingdom from the Turks, and put Muley Hamet in possession thereof, thus cutting off all the hopes of recovering the throne from Muley Hamida, a Moor the most cruel and valiant there was in all the world.[1] This loss the Grand Turk felt very severely, and, exercising the cunning with which all those of his house are gifted, he made peace with the Venetians, who desired it much more than he; and the following year, which was '74, he attacked the Goletta and the fort which Don Juan had left half-built near Tunis.[2] During all these occurrences I was at my station at the oar, without any hope of freedom—at least, I did not hope to obtain it by ransom, for I was determined not to write of the news of my mishap to my father. In the end the Goletta was lost, the fort was lost, before which places there were of regular Turkish soldiers

stem to stern. This was the captain's station, whence he overlooked the crew and gave his orders.

[1] Muley Hamet, or Mahomet, and Muley Hamida were brothers, sons of Muley Hassan, whom Charles V. restored to the throne of Tunis, of which he had been deprived by Kheireddin Barbarossa. Tunis had been captured from Muley Hamida by Aluch Ali in 1570, the year before Lepanto. When Don Juan conquered Tunis from the Turks in 1573,—an expedition in which Cervantes served,—he set Muley Hamet, the elder of the brothers, on the throne, displacing Hamida because of his unpopularity.

[2] *Goleta*,—in Italian *Goletta*, "the gullet"; in Arabic *Halk-al-Wad*, "the throat of the river," so called from commanding the narrow channel which connects the Gulf of Tunis with the shallow lake on whose shore the city is built,—had been occupied by the Spaniards since 1535, when it was taken by Charles V. The fort near Tunis Don Juan planned and began to build, contrary to the orders of King Philip, it is supposed in furtherance of his design to found for himself a kingdom in Africa. It was this act of his which probably first aroused into activity the jealousy of his half-brother; and it seems to have been connected with the murder of Don Juan's secretary, Escovedo, if we are to believe that consummate liar, and worthy servant of Philip II., Antonio Perez.

75,000, and of Moors and Arabs from all Africa more than 400,000. This vast host of people was attended with such a quantity of ammunition and material of war, and so many sappers and pioneers, that with their hands they could have covered the Goletta and the fort with handfuls of earth. The Goletta, till then believed to be impregnable, was the first to fall, and it was not lost through any fault of its garrison, who did all in its defence which was in their power and duty, but because of the ease with which, as experience proved, trenches could be thrown up in that sandy desert: for, though water used to be found at the depth of two spans, the Turks did not find it now within ten yards. And so, with many sacks of sand, they raised their works high enough to command the walls of the fortress, firing from a height so that no one could abide nor work at the defence. It was a common opinion that our men ought not to have shut themselves up in the Goletta, but should have opposed the disembarkation in the open field. They who say this, speak at random and with little experience of these matters; for, if in the Goletta and in the fort together there were barely 7000 soldiers, how should so small a number, however resolute they were, be able to take the field and hold the forts against such a host of the enemy? And how is it possible to help losing a fort which is not relieved—above all, when surrounded by enemies so numerous, so determined, and in their own country? But many were of opinion, as I was myself, that it was a special grace and mercy that Heaven bestowed on Spain in permitting the Turks to demolish that nursery and cloak of iniquities, that glutton, sponge, and sink of infinite moneys spent there without advantage, to serve no other object than to preserve the memory of its conquest—the auspicious memory of the most invincible Charles the Fifth, as if to the making that eternal, as it is and shall be, these stones were needed.[1]

The fort also fell, but the Turks had to win it inch by inch,

[1] This passage is one witness, amongst many in his writings, against the absurd theory which attributes to Cervantes the idea of ridiculing Charles V. in *Don Quixote*. It is no less clear, however, that he strongly disapproved, like many other experienced soldiers of the time, of the expedition against Tunis.

for the soldiers who defended it fought so bravely and stoutly that in two-and-twenty general assaults they killed more than 25,000 of the enemy. Out of the 300 who survived not one was taken prisoner unwounded, a clear and manifest proof of their mettle and valour and of how excellently they had defended and maintained their positions. A small fort or tower which stood in the midst of the lagoon, under command of Don Juan Zanoguera, a gentleman of Valencia and famous soldier, surrendered upon terms. They captured Don Pedro Puerto-carrero, commandant of the Goletta, who did all that was possible for the defence of his post, and felt so much the loss of it that he died of chagrin on the way to Constantinople, whither they were taking him a prisoner. They took also the commander of the fort, who was called Gabriel Cervellon, a Milanese gentleman,—a great engineer and most valiant soldier.[1] There perished in these two fortresses many persons of note, one of whom was Pagan Doria, a Knight of the Order of St. John, a man of generous nature, as was shown by his exceeding generosity to his brother, the famous Juan Andrea Doria;[2] and what made his death more pitiable was that he was slain by some Arabs in whom, when he saw the post was lost, he had trusted,—they offering to convey him in the guise of a Moor to Tabarca, which is a small sea-port or station on that coast, held by the Genoese, who are employed in the coral-fishery. These Arabs cut off his head and took it to the General of the Turkish Fleet, who made good upon them our Spanish proverb, that, *Though the treason pleases we abhor the traitor;*[3] and so, they say, the

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In this matter Philip II. was right, and Don Juan wrong, whatever may be the motives which impelled them (see the correspondence in Stirling Maxwell's *Life of Don John*, vol. ii. p. 66).

[1] In Italian Serbellone. He was exchanged for some Turks who had been captured at Lepanto, and lived to distinguish himself as an engineer in the campaign in Flanders, dying in 1580.

[2] Pagan Doria, on assuming the Order of St. John of Calatrava, gave up to his younger brother, Giovanni Andrea, the large family estates.

[3] A very ancient saying, quoted by more than one commander of old in a similar case, as by Julius Cæsar and by Antigonus, King of Macedon, as quoted by Plutarch.

General ordered them to be hanged who brought the present because they had not brought him alive.

Among the Christians who were taken in the fort was one named Pedro de Aguilar, a native of some place in Andalucia, who had been an ensign in the garrison, a soldier of great repute and of a rare capacity; above all, he had a particular gift in what they call poetry.[1] I say so because it was his lot to come to my galley and to my bench, and to be slave to my own master; and before we left that port, this gentleman composed two sonnets, by way of epitaphs, one upon the Goletta and the other upon the fort; and, indeed, I would repeat them, for I know them by heart; and believe they will give you rather pleasure than pain.

The moment the Captive named Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Fernando looked at his comrades, and all three smiled, and when the sonnets came to be mentioned one of them said:

—Before you proceed any further I beseech you, Sir, to tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar whom you have named?

—All I know is, answered the Captive, that after he had been two years in Constantinople he escaped in the guise of an Arnaut with a Greek spy, and I know not whether he gained his liberty, though I suppose he did, for I was not able to question the Greek, whom I met a year after in Constantinople, as to the issue of that adventure.

—That was so, replied the gentleman, for this Don Pedro is my brother, and he is now in our place at home, well and rich, married, and with three children.

—God be thanked, said the Captive, for all the blessings he enjoys, for there is not on earth, according to my

[1] It is conjectured by Gayangos that the Pedro de Aguilar here named is the same who wrote *Memorias del cautivo en la Goleta de Tuñez*, published under Gayangos' editorship for the *Bibliofilos Españoles* (1875). That captive also was much given to poetry, his book being full of sonnets.

belief, a happiness equal to that of recovering one's lost liberty.[1]

—And, moreover, rejoined the gentleman, I know the sonnets which my brother made.

—I pray you then, Sir, repeat them, said the Captive, for you will be able to do it better than I.

—With pleasure, answered the gentleman. That upon the Goletta ran thus :—

[1] A happiness of which no one had cause to speak so feelingly as Cervantes.

CHAPTER XL

Wherein is continued the Story of the Captive

SONNET

O HAPPY souls, who from this mortal gear,
Freed and exempt through deeds of worth ye wrought,
By your deserts to highest Heaven were brought,
Up-raised from this dull orb to higher sphere,
Inflamed by wrath and honest zeal, you here
In life with all corporeal valour fought,
And freely your and foemen's blood poured out,
Ensanguining these sandy shores and mere ;
The valour failed not,—'twas the life gave out,—
Those weary arms unvanquished but by death,
To whom, though conquered, still the victory's given,
And this your pitiable mortal rout,
'Twixt wall and sword,[1]—hard lot,—on earth beneath,
The world will crown with fame, and glory, Heaven.

—I have it even the same, said the Captive.

—Well then, that on the fort, said the other, if I forget not, ran thus :—

[1] *Entre el muro y el hierro*, says Clemencin, is an unmeaning phrase. But something must be allowed to the exigencies of sonneteering. The meaning is clear enough. The deaths were met in fighting amidst the ramparts of the fort (*muro*) and the swords (*hierro*) of the foe.

SONNET

From out this wasted land by battle torn,
  From 'midst these heaps of ruin, thousands three
  Of valiant warriors found liberty,
Their blessed souls to bliss in Heaven up-borne ;
The valour of their arms displayed in scorn
  Of th' o'erwhelming foe all uselessly ;
  Though few and faint, to the last extremity
They fought, and to the sword by fighting worn,
They gave their lives : here, where the soul has been
  Filled with a thousand tragic memories,
As in this age so in the days of yore ;[1]
But purer souls sure ne'er has just Heaven seen,
  Than those which now have mounted to the skies,
    Nor nobler bodies e'er this hard earth bore.

The sonnets were not misliked,[2] and the Captive, rejoicing at the news they gave him of his comrade, proceeded with his story, saying :—

After the surrender of the Goletta and the fort, the Turks gave orders for the dismantling of the first, for as for the fort it was left in such a state that there was nothing to demolish. And, in order that the work might be done with greater despatch and less trouble, they undermined it in three places, but they could never blow up what appeared the least strong portion, which was the old walls, though all that was standing of the new fortifications, the work of El Fratin,[3] came very easily down. Finally, the fleet returned to Constantinople, victorious

[1] An allusion, of course, to the fighting in ancient days about this spot, which was near the site of Carthage.

[2] By one, indeed, they were,—by Clemencin,—who can see no good thing in any of Cervantes' poetry, and is very ill-natured about these two sonnets. But may it not be that these are, as they are described, the veritable compositions of Pedro de Aguilar himself? There is nothing more likely.

[3] *El Fratin*, "the little Friar," was the nickname given to Giacomo Palearo, or Paleazzo, an Italian engineer in the service of Charles V.

and triumphant, and within a few months died[1] my master, Aluch Ali, who went by the name of *Uchali Fartax*, that is to say "*the Scabby Renegade*,"[2] for such he was; and it is a custom of the Turks to give people names from some personal defect or some good quality which they may have, and it is because there are but few surnames of families which come of the Ottoman stock—the rest, as I have said, taking their names and surnames sometimes from the blemishes of the body, sometimes from the virtues of the mind. This scald-head was at the oar as a slave of the Grand Signior fourteen years, and when he was turned four-and-thirty years of age, he turned renegade, from despite at a Turk who gave him a blow while rowing, renouncing his faith that he might be able to have his revenge.[3] And so great was his worth that without those base means and ways by which the favourites of the Grand Turk are wont to ascend, he rose to be King of Algiers and afterwards to be General of the Sea, which is the third post in the empire.[4] He was a Calabrian by birth, and a good moral man, and treated

[1] Cervantes is in error here, as Aluch Ali survived the reconquest of Tunis six years, dying in 1580, in his seventy-second year (Hædo, p. 80).

[2] *Fartax*,—which in the language of Barbary, taking the *x* to represent the sound of *sh*, as it did in those days, would be *fartash*.

[3] The story is told by Hædo, who devotes several pages to the extraordinary career of this man, the most famous of all the renegades. The son of a poor fisherman of Licasteli, on the coast of Calabria, he was captured in youth by an Algerine corsair, and set to work at the oar. Being bald, from the disease called "scald-head," he suffered many affronts from his fellow-Christians, who would not eat with him nor row on his bench. At last, to resent an affront offered him by a Turkish sailor who gave him a buffet, he turned Turk in order to be able to have his revenge (as said in the text). Being a skilful seaman and a brave and hardy man, he quickly rose to high rank in the service of his patrons. He took a conspicuous share, under the celebrated corsair Dragut, in the defeat of the Spanish fleet at Gelves in 1560, and rose to be afterwards viceroy of Algiers, then capitan-pasha, as here mentioned,—attaining a larger authority, says Hædo, than any Turk ever had over all the Barbary courts and the maritime possessions of the Porte. It is characteristic of Cervantes' chivalrous nature that, in an age when no word was held bad enough to throw at a Turk or a Moor, he invariably speaks humanely and with just consideration even of those who did him the cruellest wrong in his life.

[4] The two others being Grand Vizier and Sheikh-ul-Islam.

his slaves with much humanity,[1] having of them three thousand, whom after his death he left by will to be divided between his renegades and the Grand Signior, who is also the heir of all who die, and has a share with the children of the deceased. I fell to the lot of a Venetian renegade, made prisoner when a cabin-boy by Aluch Ali, for whom his master had such a liking that he made him one of his most petted minions. He turned out the cruellest renegade that ever was seen. He was called Hassan Aga,[2] and became very rich and rose to be King of Algiers. With him I came from Constantinople, rather glad to be so near Spain, not that I thought of writing to any one of my unhappy fate but to see whether Fortune would be kinder to me in Algiers than she had been in Constantinople, where I had attempted a thousand ways of escape, but none found favour or fortune. In Algiers I intended to look for some other means of compassing what I so ardently desired, for I had never abandoned the hope of obtaining my liberty, and when, in the planning, contrivance, or execution of my schemes, the event did not march with the design, I would at once, without giving way to despair, look for and contrive some new hope to sustain me, however weak and slender.[3]

Thus I passed my life, shut up in a prison-house, called by the Turks a *bagnio*,[4] where they keep their Christian slaves, as

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[1] This is confirmed by Hædo, who quotes an answer given by Aluch Ali to the widow and sons of a corsair captain slain in a rising of his Christian slaves, when they besought him to have them all put to death in revenge. Showing them his right arm, which was mutilated, Aluch Ali told them this had been done by some Christian slaves, who once rose upon him and would have killed him; and refused to comply with the widow's demand, saying that it was natural for captives to do what they did, "for every captive and slave is bound to seek for means of escape, and this is the usage of war."

[2] This is an obvious slip of the pen for Hassan Pasha. There was a Hassan Aga, Viceroy of Algiers, but he flourished fifty years before.

[3] Cervantes is here clearly speaking his own mind, for this is precisely what he did himself in Algiers.

[4] *Baño*. There is some confusion between *baño* (our bagnio), a bath, and *baño*, a barrack, or building used for the lodging of slaves in Barbary, which latter is the word here used. *Baño*, in this latter sense, comes from the Arabic *bunâ*, to build, whence the Spanish *albañil*, a mason. The *baño*, in Algiers, of the

well those of the King as of private individuals, and those they call of the *magazine*,[1] that is to say, slaves of the commonalty, who are employed in the public works of the city and in other duties; and this kind of slaves find great difficulty in obtaining their freedom, for, as they are held in common and have no particular master, there is no one with whom to treat for their redemption although they may be prepared with the money. To these bagnios, as I have said, private persons are accustomed to carry their slaves, especially those which are upon ransom, for they are kept here secure and at their ease until their ransom comes. Neither do the King's slaves, who are to be ransomed, go out to work with the rest of the gang except when their ransom is delayed, for then, to make them write for it more pressingly, they are made to work like the others and fetch wood, which is no light labour. As it was known I was a captain I was one upon ransom; although I pleaded my small means and lack of fortune, it availed nothing to hinder me from being placed among the gentlemen and the people to be ransomed. They put a chain upon me, more as a sign of ransom than for my safe keeping; and so I passed my life in that bagnio with many other gentlemen and persons of quality, selected and held for ransom. And though hunger and nakedness might trouble us at times, and indeed almost always, nothing afflicted us so much as to hear and see at every turn the till then unheard-of and unseen cruelties which my master inflicted upon the Christians. Every day he hanged some one, impaled

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time of Cervantes is described in a manuscript quoted by Pellicer, as a large quadrangle round which were sleeping rooms, where the ordinary slaves were confined by night. Within the precincts of the *baño* the inmates seem to have been allowed a considerable share of liberty. They could worship and celebrate all the rites of the Church, and had oratories, chapels, with altars, candles, and all decent furniture. The Christians were permitted even to entertain themselves with various amusements. Comedies were performed and ballads recited, some of which, perhaps, Cervantes himself might have composed, as we learn from his own play of *Los Baños de Argel*, and from Lope de Vega's *Los Cautivos de Argel*.

[1] *Almacen*, *almagacen*, from the root *khazana*, according to Dozy, — whence our English "magazine."

another, and cut off the ears of a third; and this upon so small pretext or on none at all, that even the Turks acknowledged that he did so for nothing else than because it was his pleasure to do it, and because by nature he was the assassin of the human race.[1] The only one who held his own with him was a Spanish soldier, a certain Saavedra,[2] to whom, though he did things which will dwell in the memory of those people for many years,[3] and all for the recovery of his liberty, his master never gave a blow nor bade any one do so, nor even spoke to him an ill word; and for the least thing of many which he did we all feared he would be impaled, as he feared himself more than once; and but that the time will not allow me, I could tell you something now of what this soldier did which would serve for your entertainment and wonder, much more than the telling of this my own story.[4]

But to resume. There looked out on the top of the court-

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[1] *Homicida de todo el género humano*,—a pardonable hyperbole to express the character of a monster like Hassan Pasha. Of all who held sway in Algiers, and beyond any tyrant of his age or creed, Hassan Pasha, the Venetian renegade, was noted for his lust of blood and his taste for cruelty. He is described as the first among the Turks who mutilated the faces of his captives, the Mahomedans holding it to be a sin to disfigure the likeness of God. He would invent new forms of torture for his victims, which he took a pleasure in trying upon them with his own hands. He would cut off the ears or the nose of a slave himself, and hang them in his very presence. His ingenuity was chiefly exercised on the persons of those who tried to escape from Algiers, some of whom he burnt alive, others he buried with their heads above ground to die of hunger, some were broken on the wheel, and some tied to horses or galleys and torn asunder. It was to such a creature as this that Cervantes himself was subject during his five years' captivity in Algiers.

[2] *i.e.* Cervantes himself. He does not seem to have formally assumed this additional name until his return to Spain.

[3] That this is no boast is clear from the testimony of Hædo (p. 154) and of his fellow-captives.

[4] The complacency with which Cervantes refers to his own immunity from punishment is to be noted. That his life and person should have been so often spared, in spite of his repeated attempts at escape, reckoned the worst crime of which a captive could be guilty, is not to be explained on any other theory than one which is highly flattering to Cervantes' personal demeanour, even on the supposition that he had a powerful friend at court in one of the corsair captains.

yard of our prison the windows of the house of a rich Moor of distinction, which, as was common in Moorish houses, were rather loopholes than windows, and even these were covered with lattices very thick and close. It fell out one day that, being on the terrace of our prison [1] with three others, my companions, trying for pastime which of us could leap farthest in his chains, being by ourselves (for the rest of the Christians had gone out to work), I raised my eyes by chance, and saw appear through one of those little windows aforesaid, a cane, and tied to the end of it a handkerchief, and the cane was being waved and moved up and down as though it was making signs to us to go up and take it. We fixed our eyes upon it, and one of those that were with me went and placed himself just under the cane to see if they would drop it, or what they would do; but, as he approached, the cane was raised and moved from side to side as if they said *No* by a shake of the head. The Christian returned to us, and again the cane was let down, making the same movements as at first. Another of my companions went, and he fared like the first. After him the third went, and there happened to him the same as to the other two. Seeing this, I would try my fortune also, and as soon as I placed myself under the cane, it was let drop, and fell within the bagnio at my feet. I ran up to untie the handkerchief, in which I perceived a knot, within which were ten *zianies*—which are coins of base gold used by the Moors, each worth ten of our *reals*.[2] That I rejoiced at this windfall, I need not say; but my joy was as great as my wonder to think whence this boon might come specially to me, for the cane not dropping but to me was a clear proof that it was for me the favour was done. I took my precious money; I broke the cane; I returned to the terrace; I looked at the window, and saw come out of it a very white hand, which opened and shut it hastily. Thereby we learnt or guessed that it was some woman who lived in that house had done this kind deed; and in token that we thanked her, we made *salaams* in the

[1] That is, on the flat roof of the buildings along the four sides of the open quadrangle.

[2] A *ziani* would thus be equal to twenty-five pence.

Moorish fashion, inclining our heads, bending our bodies, and laying our hands on our bosoms. Shortly afterwards was put out of the same window a small cross made of cane and immediately drawn in again. This signal convinced us that some Christian woman was a slave in that house, and was she who had done us the kindness; but the whiteness of her hand and the bracelets we saw on it, dispelled this idea. Then we imagined that it must be some Christian renegade, one of those whom their masters so frequently take for their lawful wives, reckoning themselves fortunate to get them, for they esteem them more than those of their own nation.[1]

In all these our conjectures we were very wide of the truth. From that day forward, however, all our occupation was in watching, taking for our pole-star that window where had come forth the cane, the star of our hopes. But full fifteen days passed, and we saw neither the hand nor any other signal. And though during that time we tried with all our pains to learn who dwelt in that house, and whether any renegade women were in it, no one could tell us anything but that a rich and influential Moor lived there, whose name was Hadji Murad,[2] who had been Governor of Bata, which was a post of great importance. But when we were least thinking of its raining any more *zianies* thence, we saw the cane on a sudden appear, and another handkerchief tied to it, with another knot, larger than before, and this at the time when the bagnio, as on the former occasion, was deserted. We made the customary trial, each of the three going before me, but to none but me was the cane delivered, and on my approach it was let fall. I untied the knot and found forty Spanish crowns in gold, with a paper written in

[1] There were many such, in more or less voluntary slavery, in the lands of the Turks, some of whom were Christians at heart, and used to befriend the captives of their religion (see Cervantes' play of *Los Baños de Argel*). One, a German slave, married to the Dey of Algiers, escaped from her husband in 1595 and lived many years afterwards at Valencia.

[2] *Agi Morato* in the original. The name occurs, as that of a slave renegade, in Hædo's list of the principal inhabitants of Algiers in 1581. This Agi Morato, or Hadji Murad, had been governor of La Pata, or Bata, a fort two leagues from Oran, and is probably the one mentioned in the text.

Arabic, and at the end of the writing a large cross drawn. I kissed the cross, took the crowns, returned to the terrace, and we all made our *salaams*. The hand appearing again, I made signs that I would read the paper, and the window was shut. We all remained amazed and overjoyed at what had occurred; and since none of us understood Arabic, great was our curiosity to know what the paper contained, and greater the difficulty of finding one to read it. At last I determined to confide in a renegade, a native of Murcia,[1] who professed to be a good friend to me, and pledges had passed between us such as bound him to keep secret whatever was entrusted to him; for it is the custom of some renegades, when they have a mind to return to the land of Christians, to carry certificates from the principal captives, attesting, in such form as they can, that such and such a renegade is an honest man and has always behaved well to Christians, who intends to escape on the first chance which may offer. Some there are who procure these testimonials with a good intention; others use them upon the chance and with the design that when they go to plunder the land of the Christians, should they happen to be shipwrecked or taken captive, they may produce their papers and say that by their certificates is shown the purpose for which they came, which was to remain in a Christian land, and that it was on that account they came raiding in Turkish company. In this way they escape the first outburst of anger and are reunited to the Church without getting any harm; and when they see their opportunity they go back to Barbary to become what they were before. Others, as I have said, who use these papers are sincere in their intention to return to a Christian country, and one of these was this friend of mine, who held testimonials from all our comrades, wherein we vouched for him as strongly as possible, and if the Moors had found these

[1] Navarrete supposes that this was the same Murcian renegade, Morato, called *Maltrapillo*, who interceded for Cervantes when threatened with death by Hassan Pasha. But there were many renegades from Murcia in Algiers; nor is it likely that a Christian captive would confide his love affair with the daughter of a leading Moorish official to a man so highly placed as Murad, the Viceroy's favourite.

papers on him they would have burnt him alive. I was aware that he knew Arabic very well, not only to speak, but to write it; but before I would wholly break my mind to him I asked him to read me that paper which by chance I had found in a hole of my cell. He opened it, and stood a good while regarding it and spelling it over, muttering between his teeth. I asked him if he understood it. He said he did very well, and that if I wished him to declare it word for word, I should give him pen and ink that he might do so the better. We gave him presently what he asked for, and he translated, by little and little, saying, when he had finished:

—All that is here in Spanish is what this Moorish paper contains, without missing a letter; and you must bear in mind that where it says *Lela Marien* it means Our Lady the Virgin Mary.—We read the paper, which ran thus:—

When I was a child my father had a slave woman who taught me the Christian prayers in my own language, and told me many things of Lela Marien. The Christian died and I knew that she went not to the fire but to Allah, for I saw her twice afterwards, and she said to me, Go to the country of the Christians and see Lela Marien for she loves you much. I knew not how to go. I have seen many Christians from this window, and none has seemed to me a gentleman but thyself. I am very beautiful and young, and have much money to take with me. See if thou canst contrive how we may go;[1] *and thou shalt be my husband if thou pleasest, and if thou pleasest not it will not matter, for Lela Marien will find me some one to marry me. I have written this: look to whom thou givest it to read. Trust not in any Moor, for they are all deceivers.*[2] *Therefore am I greatly distressed, for I would not have thee disclose the matter to any one,*

[1] So Lorenzo says of Jessica:—

> —She hath directed
> How I shall take her from her father's house;
> What gold and jewels she is furnished with.
> —*Merchant of Venice*, Act ii. sc. 4.

[2] *Todos son marfuces. Marfuz*, a word rarely in use but as old as the time of the Archpriest de Hita and the *Cancionero de Baena*, is from the Arabic *marfoudh*, the participle of the verb *rafadha*,—to reject, to reprobate,—used of infidels (see Dozy, p. 391).

for if my father knew of it he would throw me instantly into a well and cover me with stones. I will fasten a thread to the cane. Tie the answer to it; and if there is no one to write Arabic for thee, tell me so by signs, for Lela Marien will help me to understand thee. May she and Allah protect thee, and this cross, which I do often kiss, for so the slave-woman bade me.

Consider, gentlemen, whether we had not reason to be surprised and rejoiced at the words of this letter. And, indeed, our surprise and joy were so great that the Renegade perceived that the paper was not found by accident, but was really addressed to one of us; and therefore he besought us that, if what he suspected was true, we should confide in him and tell him so, for he would adventure his life for our freedom; and saying this, he took out of his bosom a crucifix of metal, and with many tears swore by the God which that image represented, in whom he, though a sinner and a wicked man, truly and faithfully believed, to keep loyally and secretly whatever we would reveal to him; for he thought and almost foresaw that by means of her who had written that paper, he and all of us should obtain our liberty, and he himself should find that which he so much desired, which was to be readmitted to the Holy Mother Church from whom, as a rotten member, he had been severed and cut off by his ignorance and sin. The Renegade said this with so many tears and such manifest tokens of penitence that we all with one mind agreed and determined to disclose to him the truth of the matter, and so we gave him an account of all, without concealing anything. We showed him the little window out of which the cane had appeared, and hereafter he took note of the house, and charged himself to take great and special care to inform himself who lived there. At the same time, we agreed that it would be well to answer the Moorish lady's letter, having now some one who could do it, and the Renegade at once, on the instant, wrote down the words I dictated, which were precisely such as I shall repeat to you, for of all the material circumstances of that adventure not one has passed from my memory, nor shall ever pass as long as I live. In short, the answer I made to the Moorish lady was this :—

The true Allah keep thee, dear lady, and trust blessed Marien, who is the true Mother of God; and it is she who has put into thy heart to go into the land of the Christians, for she loves thee well. Pray to her that she may be pleased to teach thee how thou mayst be able to execute that which she commands thee, for she is so good that she will surely do so. On my part, and on that of all these Christians who are with me, I promise to do for thee all we are able, even unto death. Fail not to write to me, and advise me of what thou intendest to do, and I will answer thee every time; for the great Allah hath given us a Christian captive who can speak and write thy language well, as thou seest by this letter. Therefore thou canst acquaint us, without fear, of all thy desires. As to what thou sayest, that thou wilt become my wife if thou wert in a Christian country, I promise thee the same, as I am a good Christian; and know that the Christians fulfil what they promise better than the Moors. May Allah and Marien His mother be thy guard, dear lady.[1]

This letter being written and sealed, I waited two days till the bagnio was empty, as usual, and then went to the accustomed place in the little terrace to see if the cane would appear, and it was not long before it was visible. As soon as I spied it, though I could not see who held it, I showed the paper as giving them to understand that they should attach the thread, but I found it was already on the cane, to which I fastened the letter, and after a little while our star appeared again with the white ensign of peace, the knotted kerchief. They let it drop and I took it up, and found therein in all kinds of coin, silver and gold, more than fifty crowns, which multiplied our going fifty times, and strengthened the hopes we had conceived of regaining our liberty. That same night our Renegade returned, and told us that he had learnt that the Moor we were before informed of dwelt in that house; that he was called Hadji Murad, was exceedingly rich, and had

[1] In Cervantes' play of *Los Baños de Argel*, where the whole story of Zorayda and her Christian lover is repeated, this letter is reproduced almost in these words.

an only daughter, heiress to all his fortune, who in the common opinion of the city was the most beautiful woman in all Barbary; and that many of the Viceroys who came there had sought her to wife, but that she would never consent to marry; and that he also learnt that she had a Christian woman for slave, who now was deceased—all which agreed with what was in the letter. We then took counsel with the Renegade as to what plan we should adopt for carrying off the Mooress and returning all of us into a Christian country; and finally it was decided that we should wait for a second notice from Zorayda (for so was she called who would now take the name of Maria), since we plainly could see that she and none other was the one to find a way out of those difficulties.

After we were come to this resolution, the Renegade bade us not be uneasy, for he would lose his life or set us at liberty. Four days was the bagnio full of people, which was the cause of the cane's failing to appear for four days; but at the end of these, when the bagnio was once more as usual deserted, it made its appearance with the handkerchief so big as to promise a happy delivery. The cane and the kerchief being inclined to me, I found there another paper and a hundred crowns in gold, without other coin. The Renegade being by, we gave him the paper to read when we had returned into our cell, and he said it ran thus :—

I know not, dear Sir, what means to take for our going to Spain, nor has Lela Marien told me, although I have asked her. All that can be done is for me to give you through this window a large quantity of money in gold; ransom yourself with it and your friends, and let one of you go to the land of the Christians, and buy there a bark and return for the others; and he will find me in my father's garden, which is at the Babazoun gate,[1] *near the sea-shore, where I am to be all this summer, with my father*

[1] *Babazoun*,—not "the gate of the sheep," as Clemencin makes it, but "the gate of grief," so called from being the spot where the executions took place, now the site of the *Place Bressan*,—is still extant and known by that name. It is the southern gate of Algiers, on the route to Constantine, within fifty yards of the sea-shore.

and servants. Thence you will be able to carry me off by night without fear, and take me to the bark.[1] *And, mind, thou hast to be my husband; for, if not, I will pray to Marien to punish thee. If thou canst not trust one to go for the bark, ransom thyself and go, for I know thou wilt return rather than another, because thou art a gentleman and a Christian. Try to find out the garden, and when thou art walking by here I shall know that the bagnio is empty and give thee plenty of money. Allah protect thee, dear Sir.*

Such were the words and contents of the second letter, which, being seen by all, each one offered himself as being willing to be the man ransomed, promising to go and return with all punctuality, and I also offered to do the same. But the Renegade was opposed to it wholly, saying that he would by no means consent that any one should achieve his liberty unless we did so all together, for experience had taught him how ill those that were free performed the promises they made in captivity. Oftentimes captives of note had tried this expedient, ransoming some one that he might go to Valencia or Majorca with money to equip a bark, and return for those who had ransomed him, who had never come back, for the recovered liberty and the dread of losing it again blot out of memory all obligations in the world. And to confirm the truth of what he said, he related to us briefly a case which had happened much about that very time to some Christian gentlemen, the most extraordinary, I supposed, which had ever occurred in those parts, where every day there happen things stupendous and marvellous.[2] He ended by saying that what should and might be done was that the money which was to be given for the ransom of one of us should be entrusted to him for

[1] The plan here proposed by the fair Zorayda in her most touching and beautiful epistle, is precisely that which Cervantes himself had arranged with his brother Rodrigo in 1577, in one of his several venturesome schemes of escape.

[2] Doubtless this refers to Cervantes' own plan of escape, when he concealed a number of his fellow-captives in the cave, which was foiled, on the very eve of success, by the treachery of *El Dorador*.

purchasing, there in Algiers, a bark, under the pretence of being a merchant trading with Tetuan, and along that coast. And being master of the bark, he could easily contrive a means of getting us out of the bagnio, and taking us all on board;[1] and the more so, if the Moorish lady, as she promised, gave money enough for the ransoms of us all, for, being free, it was a very easy thing to embark, even in open day. The greatest difficulty was that the Moors do not allow any renegade to buy or to own any craft, unless it is a large ship to go a-pirating; for they fear that he who buys a small one, especially if he is a Spaniard, wants it only for the purpose of escaping into Christian territory; but this impediment he said he would overcome by taking a Tagarine Moor[2] for partner with him in the purchase of the bark and the profits of the merchandise; and under cover of this he would become master of the vessel, after which he looked upon all the rest as done. Now, though to me and to my comrades it had seemed better to send to Majorca for the bark, as the Mooress had said, we dared not contradict him, fearing that if we did not do what he advised he would betray us and put us in peril of losing our lives, especially if he reported the affair of Zorayda, for whose life we would all have laid down our own; so we determined to commit ourselves into the hands of God and of the Renegade. At the same time Zorayda received an answer, telling her that we would do all that she advised, for she had counselled as well as though Lela Marien had instructed her, and that upon her alone rested the delaying or the executing of that business. I pledged myself anew to be her husband; and thereupon,

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[1] This refers to another of Cervantes' attempts at escape, which was defeated through the treachery of the false Dominican monk Blanco de Paz and the timidity of the renegade Giron.

[2] The Moors called *Tagarinos* were those who came from the frontier, *i.e.* from Aragon, which was reckoned as the outside limit of Moordom. The word, according to Dozy, is from the Arabic *thagr*, "the frontier," and is etymologically the same as *Zegri*, the name of one of the great families in Granada, originally refugees from Aragon and Valencia. It still survives in the designation of one of the quarters of the modern city of Algiers.

the next day that the bagnio chanced to be empty, she gave us at divers times, by means of the cane and the handkerchief, two thousand crowns in gold, with a letter wherein she said that on the first *Jumá*—that is, Friday—she was going to her father's garden, and that before she went she would give us more money, and if that was not enough we should let her know, and she would give us as much as we wanted, for her father had so much he would not miss it, especially as she had the keys of everything.

We gave the Renegade at once five hundred crowns to buy the vessel. With eight hundred I redeemed myself, giving the money to a Valencian merchant then at Algiers, who ransomed me from the King, on giving his word promising to pay the ransom upon the arrival of the first ship from Valencia; for if he had paid the money down, it would have raised suspicions in the King that my ransom had been for some time in Algiers, and that the merchant for his own profit had kept it secret. In short, my master was so suspicious that I durst in no wise disburse the money at once. The Thursday before the Friday on which the fair Zorayda had to go to the garden she gave us a thousand crowns more, and apprised us of her departure, entreating me, if I were ransomed at once, to find out her father's garden, and in any event find some opportunity of going there to see her. I answered her briefly that I would do so, and bade her take care to commend us to Lela Marien by all those prayers the Christian slave had taught her. This done, we took measures that our three companions should be ransomed, in order to make it easier for us to leave the bagnio, and also that, seeing me redeemed and themselves not, although there was money to do it, they might not be disquieted and persuaded by the devil to do anything in prejudice of Zorayda; for, although their being such as they were might have assured me against this apprehension, yet for all that I did not wish to expose the affair to any such risk, and so I got them ransomed by the same process I had ransomed myself, delivering the whole sum into the hands of the merchant, that he might the more confidently and safely become bail for us; though we never

discovered to him our plot and secret by reason of the danger there was in so doing.[1]

[1] The story of the Captive may be taken to be a faithful picture, so far as it goes, of the life among the captives at Algiers, coloured, doubtless, by the author's own experience. He has used the same material, with a few alterations and additions, in his play of *Los Baños de Argel*, which is a *rifacimento* of an older play, *El Trato de Argel*, written twenty years before for representation.

CHAPTER XLI

Wherein the Captive still continues the story of his Adventures

Before a fortnight had passed the Renegade had purchased a very good vessel, capable of holding more than thirty persons, and, to give a better colour and security to his design, he proposed to make, and in effect did make, a voyage to a place called Cherchel,[1] about thirty leagues from Algiers toward Oran, where there is a great traffic in dried figs. Two or three times he made this voyage, in company with the Tagarine aforesaid. They call Tagarines in Barbary those who are Moors of Aragon,[2] and *Mudejares* those of Granada—Mudejares in the kingdom of Fez being called Elches, who are a people of whom that King makes most use in his wars.[3] To proceed: every time the

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[1] Cherchel, by the Spaniards called Sargel, is a sea-port, 72 miles west of Algiers, once a place of considerable importance. It is the site of the ancient *Julia Cesarea*, which under Juba II. was the capital of Mauritania. Once a city of great magnificence, it is supposed to have been destroyed by an earthquake, which ruined the port. The whole sea-port is now a mass of cement and brick-work, and so lately as in the time of Dr. Shaw (1738), many architectural remains—capitals, mosaic pavements, etc.—were to be seen. These have wholly disappeared.

[2] See note in last chapter.

[3] *Mudejar*,—originally applied to a Moor who lived under Christian dominion, is derived by Dozy from the Arabic *moudeddjan* (*Glossaire*, p. 321). The word was used in later ages, as here said, in Barbary and Morocco to designate an emigrant Moor from Granada. *Elche*, Arabic *'ildj*, according to Freytag, was applied to any one outside the Mahomedan religion. Later it was used to signify any one who had changed his faith. Aluch, in the name Aluch Ali, seems to be

Renegade passed in his bark he cast anchor in a little bay which was not two bow-shots from the garden where Zorayda was waiting, and there he purposely used to station himself with the young Moors who plied the oars, now in saying his prayers,[1] now in rehearsing in jest what he intended to perform in earnest ; and thus he would go to Zorayda's garden and beg for fruit, which her father would give him, not knowing him. And though he sought to speak to Zorayda, as he told me afterwards, and tell her to be at ease and of good cheer, for that it was he who by my direction had to carry her away to the land of the Christians, it was never possible for him to do so, for the Moorish women do not let themselves be seen by any Moor or Turk, unless by their husbands' or parents' command—Christian slaves being permitted to keep company and converse with them, even more than is becoming.[2] Indeed, it would have grieved me had he talked with her, for mayhap it may have disturbed her to hear of her business through the mouth of a renegade. But God, ordaining it otherwise, gave our Renegade no opportunity of carrying out his honest purpose. Perceiving how securely he went and came to and from Cherchel, and that he could

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the same word (see note in ch. xxxix.). Hædo says that the Moors called all the renegades *Elches*. The name probably came to be applied even to the Mahomedan refugees from Spain, as coming from an outside land possessed by infidels.

[1] *Hacer la zalá*. *Zalá* is the formal act of prayer which the good Mahomedan goes through, wherever he may be, five times a day. The word is *çalat* in Arabic.

[2] This freedom, allowed to the captives for greater contempt, they being regarded as scarcely human, was frequently made use of in their amorous adventures. In Cervantes' play of *Los Baños de Argel*, Lara says to Costanza, a Christian slave :—

Amar á cristianos moras
Eso vese á todas horas :
Mas que ame cristiana á moro,
Eso no.

(For Mooresses to love Christians,
That is seen every hour :
But for Christian woman to love Moor,
That never.)

anchor when and how and where he pleased, and that the Tagarine, his partner, had no other will than such as his own could direct, that I was already ransomed, and that there wanted nothing but some Christian men to pull an oar, he bade me look out for those I could bring with me, besides those who had been ransomed, and bespeak them for the first Friday, which he had appointed for our start. Upon this I spoke to a dozen Spaniards, all able men at the oar and such as might easily leave the city. It was no small matter to find so many at that period, for there were twenty vessels abroad on the cruise, which had taken away all the rowers; and these would not have been found, were it not that their master kept at home that summer to finish a galliot which was upon the stocks. I said nothing more to them than that on the next Friday, in the evening, they should depart one by one privily out of the city, and take their way towards Hadji Murad's garden, and there wait till I came. To each one separately I gave this direction, cautioning him that though he saw other Christians there, he should say nothing but that I had ordered him to wait in that spot.

This part of the business having been settled, one thing more yet remained to be done, to me of the most importance, which was to let Zorayda know of the stage at which the matter stood, so that she might be prepared and on the watch, so as not to be alarmed if we came upon her suddenly before the time she might have fixed in her mind that the Christian's vessel could return. And so I resolved to go to the garden and see if I could speak to her; and under pretence of gathering some herbs, I went thither one day before our departure. The first person whom I met was her father, who addressed me in the tongue which throughout Barbary, and even at Constantinople, is spoken between the captives and the Moors, which is neither Moorish nor Castilian nor of any other nation, but a medley of all languages, in which we may all understand one another.[1] He, I say, in that mode of speech, asked me what I was looking for in his garden, and to whom I belonged. I answered, I was a

[1] The so-called *lingua franca*, chiefly made up of Spanish and Italian words, which is still in use along the Barbary coast.

slave of Arnaut Mami[1] (this because I knew for certain that he was a very great friend of his), and that I was looking for herbs to make a salad. He then asked me if I was a man under ransom or not, and how much my master wanted for me. While we were thus conversing, the fair Zorayda, who had not seen me for some time,[2] came out of the garden-house, and the Moorish women, as I have said, being not at all scrupulous about exposing themselves to the Christians nor bashful before them, she made nothing of coming to where her father stood with me —her father, indeed, when he saw her loitering, called to her and bade her approach.

It would be too much now for me to tell of the exceeding beauty and gracefulness, the rich and gallant adornment wherein my beloved Zorayda then presented herself before my eyes. I will say only that more pearls hung about her lovely neck, her ears, and tresses, than she had hairs on her head. Upon her ankles, which, according to their custom, were bare, she wore *carcajes*[3] (for so in Moorish they call the rings and bracelets for the feet) of purest gold, encrusted with so many diamonds that she has told me since her father valued them at ten thousand *doblas*,[4] and those she wore on her wrists were of equal worth. The pearls were in great abundance and very fine, for to be bedecked with these, both great and small, is the chief pride and display of the Moorish women.[5] Thus there are more pearls and pearl-seed[6] among the Moors than among all the

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[1] *Arnaut Mami* (Mahomed the Albanian) was a famous corsair captain of that age, the same who captured the galley *El Sol*, in which Cervantes was a passenger.

[2] *Ya habia mucho que me habia visto.* All the English translators follow Shelton in his blunder of taking this to mean that Zorayda had seen the Captive from a long way off.

[3] *Carcajes*,—anklets worn by Eastern women of rank, according to Dozy from the Arabic *khalkhâl*.

[4] The Moorish *dobla*, called *zahen*, an ancient gold coin, was worth about a Spanish dollar.

[5] Hædo speaks of the profusion of jewellery, especially of pearls, with which the women of Algiers were accustomed to adorn themselves.

[6] *Aljofar*, from Arabic *al-djauhar* (Dozy).

rest of the nations, and Zorayda's father was reputed to possess many and the best which were in Algiers, and to have likewise more than two hundred thousand Spanish crowns, of all which she was the mistress who now is mine. Whether with all this ornament she then appeared beautiful or not, may be judged by what remains of her beauty after all her sufferings. What must it have been in her prosperous days? For we know that the beauty of some women hath its days and seasons and depends upon accidents for its diminishing or increase; and it is natural that the emotions of the soul should raise or lower it, though most commonly they destroy it. Briefly, let me say that Zorayda appeared then so exquisitely attired and surpassingly lovely that to me at least she seemed the perfection of all I had ever beheld, and considering moreover the obligations in which she had placed me, methought I had before me some goddess from Heaven, come to earth for my happiness and my relief.

As soon as she came up to us, her father told her in their own tongue that I was a slave of his friend, Arnaut Mami, and had come to gather a salad. She took up the word, and in that mixed language of which I have spoken, asked me whether I was a gentleman, and why I did not ransom myself. I answered that I was already ransomed, and by the price might be seen at what my master valued me, for I had given fifteen hundred *sultanies*[1] for myself. To which she replied:

—In truth, if thou hadst belonged to my father, I would not have let him part with thee for twice as much, for you Christians always lie in what you say and make yourselves out poor to cheat the Moors.

—It may be so, lady, answered I, but in sooth I have dealt truly with my master, and so deal and shall deal with everybody in the world.

—And when dost thou go? demanded Zorayda.

—To-morrow, I think, said I; for there is a vessel here from France which sets sail to-morrow, and I intend to go in her.

[1] *Zoltanis* = *sultanies*, from *sultan*, as *real* from *rey*. The *zoltani* was a gold coin, worth, according to Hædo, a hundred and forty *aspers*, or thirty-six *reals*, —which was a little more than a Spanish *escudo*, or crown.

—Were it not better, replied Zorayda, to wait until some ships should come from Spain, and go with them and not with the French, who are not your friends ?

—No, I said, though if it is true that there is a vessel coming from Spain, as it is reported, I would yet wait for her, though it is more likely I shall start to-morrow, for the desire I have to be in my own country and with those I love is so great that it will not suffer me to wait for any other opportunity, let it be ever so good, if it be delayed.

—Thou shouldst be married, doubtless, in thine own country, said Zorayda, and therefore art desirous to go and see thy wife ?

—No, I answered, I am not married ; but I have given my word to marry upon my arrival there.

—And is she beautiful, the lady to whom thou hast given it ? asked Zorayda.

—So beautiful is she, I answered, that, to appraise her and tell thee the truth, she is much like thyself.

At this her father laughed very heartily, and cried :

—By Allah, Christian, then she must be very beautiful if she is like my daughter, who is the greatest beauty in all this kingdom ; look at her well, and thou shalt see whether or not I speak the truth.

For the most part of this dialogue it was Zorayda's father served us for interpreter, as being a better linguist,[1] for although she could speak it,—the bastard tongue which I have said was in use there,—she expressed her meaning more by signs than by words.

While we were thus conversing, there came running up to us a Moor, and called out loudly that four Turks had leapt over the palings or wall of the garden, and were plucking the fruit, though it was not yet ripe. The old man got into a fright, and so did Zorayda ; for the Moors have commonly, and as it

[1] *Como mas ladino,—ladino*, for *latino*. To know Latin was once the sum of all linguistic accomplishment. So a *latino* or *ladino* came to be one who could speak some other language than his own vulgar tongue. A Moor, or other stranger, who spoke Spanish was dubbed *ladino*.

were by instinct, a fear of the Turks, especially of the soldiers, who are so insolent and use such tyranny to the Moors who are their subjects, that they treat them worse than their slaves.[1] Therefore Zorayda's father said to her :

—Daughter, retire into the house and shut thyself in, while I go and talk to these dogs ; and thou, Christian, gather thine herbs and go thy ways in peace, and may Allah take thee safe to thine own country.

I bowed to him, and he went his way to look for the Turks, leaving me alone with Zorayda, who made as if she were going whither her father had ordered her ; but hardly was he hidden by the trees in the garden, when she turned to me, with her eyes full of tears, and cried :

—*Tameji*, Christian—*tameji ;*—that is to say : Goest thou away, Christian—goest thou away ?[2]

I answered her :—Yes, lady, but never without thee. Next *Jumá*[3] expect me, and be not frightened when thou seest us, for surely we shall go to the land of the Christians.

I said this in such a manner that she now understood quite well all the talk which had passed between us, and, throwing her arm about my neck, we began, with trembling steps, to walk towards the house. As Fortune would have it (and it might have gone very ill for us if Heaven had not ordained it otherwise), while we two were going in this posture and manner as I have related, with her arm round my neck, her father, who had returned after getting rid of the Turks, saw us as we thus went, and we perceived that he had seen us ; but Zorayda, self-possessed and ready-witted, would not take her arm from my neck, but rather drew closer to me, leant her head upon my

[1] The Turks in Algiers were the dominant race, though, as elsewhere through the greater part of their domain, few in number. Hædo speaks of the contemptuous treatment of the natives, Moors and Arabs, by the Turks.

[2] In the original editions the word was *ameji* (*amshí*), but this was corrected, on the authority of Don José Conde, the Orientalist, as above,—first in Pellicer's edition and afterwards in the last edition of the Academy. *Ameji* (*amshi*), as appears a few sentences further on, is the imperative of the same verb of which *tameji* is the second person singular of the present tense.

[3] *Jumá*,—Friday, the Mahomedan Sabbath.

bosom, bending her knees a little, and seeming to give plain signs and tokens of being about to faint, while I too made pretence of holding her up against my will. Her father came running up to where we were, and, seeing his daughter in that state, asked what ailed her; but, as she did not answer, he said:

—Without doubt, she has fainted from the fright which the entrance of those dogs has given her.—And, taking her from my bosom, he rested her on his own. She, fetching a sigh, and with her eyes still wet with tears, turned round and cried:—*Ameji*, Christian—*ameji:* Go away, Christian—go away.

To which her father replied:

—There is no cause, child, for the Christian to go, for he hath done thee no harm, and the Turks are already gone off. Do not be frightened, for there is naught to make thee uneasy, since, as I have told thee, the Turks, at my entreaty, have gone back by the way they came.

—It was they, Sir, quoth I to her father, who terrified her as you have said; but, since she bids me go, I would not vex her. Rest in peace and by your leave I will come again, if there should be need, for herbs to this garden; for my master says in none are there better herbs for a salad than here.

—Come as often as thou wilt, answered Hadji Murad; my daughter speaks not thus because she is displeased with thee or any other Christian, but instead of telling the Turks to be gone she told thee to be gone; or because it was time for thee to gather thy herbs.

On this I took my leave at once of them both, and she, looking as if her heart had been torn from her, went away with her father. I, under pretence of looking for herbs, went round about all the garden at my ease, examining closely all the approaches and outlets, the defences of the house, and everything of which we might take advantage for the despatch of our business.

This done, I returned and gave an account to the Renegade and to my companions of all that had passed, and still I sighed for the hour when I could enjoy, without fear, the happiness

which Fortune offered me in the fair and lovely Zorayda. Time passed, and at length the day and the period arrived by us so longed for; and all of us following the order and scheme which, after careful deliberation and long debate we had several times decided upon, we achieved the success we desired. For the Friday after the day I talked with Zorayda in the garden, the Renegade[1] anchored the bark at night almost opposite to where the fair Zorayda dwelt. The Christians who were to row were ready, and hidden in several places round about, waiting for me anxiously and joyously, eager to seize upon the vessel before their eyes, for they were not aware of the Renegade's plan, but thought that they had to win their freedom by force of arms, by killing the Moors who were on board the bark. As soon, therefore, as I and my companions appeared, all they who were hidden, seeing us, came out and joined us. It was now the hour when the city gates were shut and no one was to be seen all the country about. When we all met together, we debated whether it would be better to go first for Zorayda or secure the Bagarine Moors[2] who rowed the bark. While we were in this doubt the Renegade came up to us, asking why we stayed, for it was now the hour, all the Moors being off their watch and most of them asleep. We told him what delayed us, and he said that what was of most importance was to seize the vessel, which could be done with the greatest ease and without any danger, and then we could go for Zorayda.

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[1] In all the original editions, including that of 1608, there occurs a curious misprint, *morrenago*, which the Brussels editor (1607) explains by adding the words *que así se llamaba el renegado*, taking it to be the Renegade's name, in which he is followed by the London edition of 1738, Shelton so translating it. The Academy corrected it into *el renegado*. Pellicer proposed *mi renegado*, and Hartzenbusch *nuestro renegado*, arguing that the mistake might easily occur through the abbreviated *nuestro* (*nº*). This last seems a plausible conjecture, but I prefer to follow the Academy, as usual.

[2] *Moros bagarinos*. The Moors from the interior, Hædo tells us, who gained their living by rowing in the galleys, were called *bagarinos*,—a word which Conde derives from the Arabic *bahr*, the sea; from which root also is said to come *bogar*, to row; though Covarrubias says *bogar* is onomatopoetic, from the sound made by the oars in rowing.

We all approved of his advice, and so, without lingering any more, under his guidance we came to the bark, and he, leaping in first, drew his hanger, and called out in Moorish :—Let none of you stir from here, unless he would lose his life.—By this time almost all the Christians were on board. The Moors, who were of little spirit, hearing their captain speak thus, were struck with terror, and, before any of them could put hand to his arms, of which indeed they had few or none, they suffered themselves, without a word, to be handcuffed by the Christians, who did it very expeditiously, threatening the Moors that if they raised their voice at all they would be all put to the sword.

This being done, and half of our people remaining on guard, the rest of us, having still the Renegade for our guide, went to Hadji Murad's garden, and, as good luck would have it, on reaching the door it opened as easily as if it had not been locked, and so, very quietly and silently, we went up to the house, without being perceived by any one. The fair Zorayda was watching for us at a window, and when she was aware of our approach, she asked, in a low voice, if we were Nazarenes,—that is to say, whether we were Christians. I answered *Yes*, and bade her come down. When she recognised me, she stayed not a moment, but, without speaking a word in reply, came down instantly, opened the door, and showed herself to all of us more beautiful and richly-attired than I can attempt to describe. As soon as I saw her I took her by the hand and began to kiss it ; the same did the Renegade and my two companions, and the rest, though ignorant of the occasion, did what they saw us do, thinking only that we were giving her thanks and acknowledging her as the mistress of our deliverance. The Renegade then asked her in the Moorish tongue if her father was in the garden-house. She answered *Yes*, and that he was asleep.

—Then we must wake him, said the Renegade, and carry him with us, and all that is valuable in this beautiful garden.

—No, cried she, my father must not by any means be touched, and in this house there is nothing more than what I am taking

with me, which is as much as will suffice to leave you all rich and content; wait a little, and you shall see.—And with this she went in again, saying that she would very soon return, and that we were to remain still without making any noise. I asked of the Renegade what had passed between them, and when he told me, I bade him do nothing but what Zorayda wished. Presently she returned laden with a small trunk full of so many gold crowns that she was scarce able to carry it. In the meantime, as ill-luck would have it, her father awoke. Hearing a noise in the garden, he looked out of the window, and seeing at once that there were Christians there, he began to give voice loudly and wildly, calling out in Arabic :—Christians! Christians! Thieves! Thieves!—This outcry put us all into the utmost fright and confusion; but the Renegade, seeing the danger in which we were, and how important it was that we should achieve this part of the scheme without being detected, mounted up with all speed to Hadji Murad's room, and with him there went some others of our company. I dared not leave Zorayda, who had sunk fainting into my arms. To be brief, they who went up managed so well that in a trice they brought Hadji Murad down with his hands tied and a handkerchief placed in his mouth which hindered him from speaking a word—threatening him that if he uttered a sound it should cost him his life. When his daughter saw him she covered her eyes that she might not look upon him, while her father was stupefied, not knowing how willingly she had put herself into our hands; but our feet then being the more necessary, we betook ourselves with all caution and speed to our vessel, where those we had left behind were already looking impatiently for our return, fearing that we had met with some ill chance. Some two hours had passed of the night when we were all on board the bark, where the bandages were removed from the hands of Zorayda's father, and the kerchief from his mouth, the Renegade once more telling him that he must not speak a word or else they would take his life. He, when he saw his daughter there, began sighing very feelingly, and the more when he observed that I had her clasped tightly in my arms and that she remained

quiet, without resistance or complaint; nevertheless, he held his peace lest the Renegade's threats should be carried out. Finding herself now aboard, and that we would be handling our oars, and seeing her father there, and the rest of the Moors who were bound, Zorayda bade the Renegade ask me to do her the favour to release these Moors and set her father at liberty, for she would sooner throw herself into the sea than see a father who loved her so dearly carried away a captive before her eyes, and for her sake. The Renegade spoke to me, and I answered that I was very well pleased it should be so, but he replied that it was not expedient; for should we leave them there they would presently raise the country and give the alarm to the city, and cause some light frigates to be sent in chase of us, and so take us by sea and by land as that it would be impossible for us to escape: what could be done was to give them their liberty at the first Christian land we reached. Of this opinion were we all; and Zorayda also, when we informed her of the reasons why we could not do at once what she desired, was satisfied; and then, in glad silence and with blithe agility, each of our lusty rowers plied his oar and, commending ourselves to God with all our hearts, we began to steer towards the isles of Majorca, which is the nearest Christian land. By reason, however, of the north wind blowing fresh and the sea being somewhat rough, it was not possible to hold a course for Majorca, and we were forced to keep along the shore towards Oran, not without much uneasiness, lest we should be espied from the town of Cherchel, which lies upon that coast some sixty miles from Algiers. We were afraid also of meeting in those parts with some of those galliots which usually come with merchandise from Tetuan, though each one for himself, and all of us jointly, felt confident that if a merchant-galliot were encountered, provided it was not a cruiser,[1] not only we should not be captured but that we should be able to take a vessel in which we could more safely accomplish our voyage. All the while as we rowed on Zorayda lay with her head between my

[1] *De las que andan en corso*,—meaning one of the armed pirate vessels.

hands, that she might not see her father, and I felt that she was calling upon Lela Marien to help us.

We had made full thirty miles when the day broke upon us when not above three musket-shots distant from the land, which we saw to be all a desert, without a creature to discover us; yet for all that we plied our oars hard to get farther out to sea, which was now a little smoother. Having put off about two leagues, the word was given that only every fourth man should row in order that we might take some food, with which the bark was well provided; but the rowers said it was no time to rest, that those who did not row might give them to eat, but they would by no means let go of their oars. This we did, until a strong breeze beginning to blow obliged us to hoist our sail and leave the oars, steering for Oran, for it was not possible to hold any other course. All this was done with great promptitude, and we sailed thus at the rate of above eight miles an hour, relieved of all fear, save that of falling in with some vessel which might turn out to be a pirate. We gave the Moors something to eat and the Renegade comforted them, telling them they were not slaves but should have their liberty upon the first opportunity. The same was said to Zorayda's father, who answered:

—I could believe and expect anything else of your generosity and good conduct, O Christians; but as to giving me liberty, take me not for one so simple as to imagine it; for you would never have incurred the danger of depriving me of it to return it to me so liberally, more especially since you know who I am and the profit you may reap by the bargain; to which profit if you will put a name, I here offer all you may demand for myself and for this my unhappy daughter, or else for herself alone, who is the greater and better part of my soul.

Saying this he began to weep so bitterly that he moved us all to compassion, and compelled Zorayda to look at him, who seeing him weep was so melted that, arising from my feet, she went to embrace her father, and giving her cheek to his, they two set up so tender a sobbing that many of us bore them company. But when her father observed her so gaily apparelled

and with all her jewels upon her, he said to her in their language :

—What is this, child ? For last night, before this terrible calamity happened to us, I saw thee in thine ordinary and household dress ; and now, without having had any leisure to attire thyself or without any joyful tidings being given thee, to be solemnised by the adorning and beautifying of thyself, I see thee set out in the best apparel I could give thee when Fortune was more propitious ? Answer me this, for it causes me greater surprise and trouble than even the misfortune into which I am fallen.

All that the Moor said to his daughter did the Renegade declare to us, and she answered not a word. But when he saw in a corner of the vessel the little coffer in which she used to keep her jewels, which he was very sure he had left at Algiers and not brought to his garden house, he was still more perplexed, and asked how that coffer had come into our hands and what there was within. To this the Renegade replied, without waiting for Zorayda's answer :

—Trouble not thyself, Sir, in questioning thy daughter Zorayda of so many things, for with one thing I may tell thee I will satisfy thee as to all ; and so, I would have thee know that she is a Christian ; that it is she who has been of our chains the file, of our captivity the deliverance ; she is here, of her own will and as well pleased, I imagine, to find herself in this state as one who came out of darkness into light, out of death into life, and out of pain into glory.

—Is it true, daughter, what this man sayeth ? cried the Moor.

—It is true, responded Zorayda.

—That, in effect, continued the old man, thou art a Christian, and one that hath delivered thy father into the power of his enemies ?

To which Zorayda answered :

—I am she that is a Christian, but not she that has brought thee to this pass, for never did my desire go to the length of letting thee come to harm but only of doing myself good.

—And what good is it thou hast done thyself, child?

—That, replied she, ask thou of Lela Marien, for she can tell thee better than I.

Scarce had the Moor heard this when with incredible activity he threw himself headlong into the sea, where without doubt he would have been drowned had not the long and cumbrous robes he wore kept him up a little above water. Zorayda cried out to rescue him, and we all went immediately to his aid, and seizing him by his mantle drew him out half drowned and insensible; at which Zorayda was so much distressed that she made over him a tender and doleful lament as if he were actually dead. She turned him with his mouth downwards, and he voided a great deal of water, and at the end of two hours he came to himself. Meanwhile, the wind having shifted, it drove us towards the land and obliged us to have recourse to our oars to avoid running aground. By good fortune we got into a bay formed by a small promontory or headland, called by the Moors the Cape of *La Cava Rumia*, that is to say, in our language *The wicked Christian woman*, for it is a tradition among the Moors that in that spot is buried that *Cava* through whom Spain was lost,—*Cava* in their language meaning a wicked woman, and Rumia, Christian.[1] They even hold it for a bad omen to

[1] Cervantes gives what was a very ancient and widely prevalent tradition respecting this somewhat remarkable spot. *La Cava Rumia*, a name derived from the Arabic *Al-koubbah Rumia*, meaning "the tomb of the Christian woman," has nothing at all to do with *La Cava*, or Florinda, the fateful daughter of Count Julian, who was the cause of the conquest of Spain by the Moors. The local legend, which connects the spot and the erection with the Berber princess, Queen Kaina, is equally unhistorical. The researches made by M. Berbrugger in 1865, at the instance of the late Emperor Napoleon III., have solved the mystery which has perplexed the two opposite shores of the Mediterranean for many ages. The *Koubbah Rumia* is now proved to be the mausoleum of Juba II., King of Mauritania, and of his wife Cleopatra, daughter of the famous Egyptian Queen by Mark Antony. It is composed of huge square stones, clamped together with iron, in shape like a truncated cone, circular at the base. It rises to a height of 100 feet, standing on a hill nearly 800 feet high, and is a very conspicuous object at sea, being visible at a distance of 60 miles. Canon Tristram, a recent traveller, declares it to have "a grandeur beyond that of the Pyramids."

arrive and anchor there when necessity forces them to it, and never otherwise do they do so. For us it was no refuge of a wicked woman but the secure haven of relief. We placed our sentries on shore, and never letting go of our oars, we ate of what the Renegade had provided, and prayed to God and to Our Lady with all our hearts to succour and favour us, so that we might make a happy end to so prosperous a beginning. At Zorayda's entreaty I directed her father and the rest of the Moors, who were still bound, to be put on shore, for she had not the courage nor could her tender heart endure to see before her eyes her father bound and her countrymen prisoners. We promised to do so at the moment of our departure, for it would not hurt us to release them in that spot, which was uninhabited. Our prayers were not so vain as to be unheard by Heaven, for the wind presently changed in our favour, and the sea became calm, inviting us to proceed anew with joyful hearts upon the voyage we had undertaken. Seeing this, we unbound the Moors and put them on shore one by one, leaving them greatly astonished; but when we came to land Zorayda's father, who by this time had returned wholly to his senses, he exclaimed:

—Why, Christians, do you think is this bad woman glad that you have given me liberty? Do you think it is because of the pity she feels for me? No, assuredly, for it is because of the hindrance my presence would be whenever she wished to gratify her evil desires; nor imagine that she has been moved to change her religion by the belief that yours is better than ours; it is only because she knows that lewdness is more freely practised in your country than in ours.

And, turning to Zorayda, I and another Christian holding him fast by both arms lest he might do something desperate, he cried:

—O infamous wench! O misguided girl! whither goest thou, blind and distracted, in the power of these dogs, our natural enemies?—Accursed be the hour wherein I begot thee! Accursed be the pleasures and luxuries in which I have nourished thee!

Perceiving that he was not likely soon to make an end, I hurried him on shore, whence he proceeded aloud with his maledictions and his laments, praying to Mahomed that he might beseech Allah to destroy, confound, and annihilate us; and though, having made sail, we could not hear his words, we saw his actions, which were to pluck his beard, to tear his hair, and to roll on the ground. Once he strained his voice so high that we could make out what he said:

—Come back, beloved daughter—come back to land! I pardon thee all! Give up the money to those men, for it is theirs; and come back to console thy wretched father, who in these desert sands will lose his life if thou forsakest him!

All this Zorayda heard; all this she felt and bewailed, nor could speak nor answer a word but:—Allah grant, dear father, that Lela Marien, who has been the cause of my being a Christian, may comfort thee in thy sorrow. Allah knows well that I could do nothing else than what I have done, and that these Christians owe me nothing for my good-will; for even had I no mind to come with them and wished to remain at home, it was impossible, so greatly was my soul pressed to do this work, which to me seems so good as to thee, beloved father, it appears wicked.

This she said at a time when neither could her father hear her nor we any longer see him; and so, while I comforted Zorayda, we all attended to our voyage, which was made easy for us by a favourable wind, so that we looked for certain, on the morning of the next day, to reach the shores of Spain.

But as good seldom or never comes pure and unmixed without being attended or followed by some evil to spoil or disturb it, our stars so willed it, or perhaps the curses which the Moor had discharged upon his daughter (for such from a father are ever to be dreaded, whatever they may be) so willed it, I say, that, being now well out to sea, and three hours of the night being nearly spent, going before the wind under full sail, with the oars shipped,—for the prosperous breeze relieved us of the necessity of using them,—by the light of the moon, which was shining brightly, we descried close upon us a square-rigged ship,

with all her sails spread, steering a little off the wind,[1] which was standing across our bows; and so near was she that we were obliged to lower our sail so as not to run foul of her, and they also put their helm a-weather[2] to give us room to pass. They were gathered on the ship's deck to ask us who we were, whither we were bound, and whence we came; but as these questions were put in the French tongue, our Renegade bade none of us answer, for they were doubtless French corsairs, to whom everything is prize. Upon this caution no one spake a word and, having forged a little ahead, which left the ship on our lee, they suddenly discharged two pieces of cannon, both loaded, as it appeared, with chain-shot; for with one they cut our mast asunder and carried it with the sail into the sea, and the moment after, firing off another, sent a ball amidships, which laid the side of the bark entirely open, without doing any other damage. When we fancied ourselves going to the bottom we all began to cry aloud for help, and beg of those in the ship to take us in, for we were drowning. They then brought to, and, putting out their skiff or boat, there got into it about a dozen Frenchmen, well armed, with their arquebuses and matches lighted, and came up close to us; and, seeing how few we were and that the bark was sinking, they took us on board, saying that this had befallen us because of our discourtesy in not answering them. Our Renegade took the coffer, in which was Zorayda's treasure, and, unperceived by any one, cast it into the sea.

We got on board among the Frenchmen, who, after having informed themselves of everything they wished to learn from us, despoiled us of all we had, as if they had been our mortal enemies, stripping Zorayda even of the anklets she wore on her feet; but I was not so much concerned with the distress they caused her as with the fear I had that from robbing her of her rich and precious jewels they would pass to the depriving her of the jewel of most worth, which she valued above all. But

[1] *Llevando un poco á orza timon*—a nautical phrase, meaning steering so as to have the wind on the quarter. The bark going before the wind, the larger ship would thus, if to windward, be steering across the other's course.

[2] *Hiciéron fuerza de timon*—a nautical phrase: "put their helm hard up."

the desires of those people go no farther than money, and of this their lust is never sated, as appeared then to be so great that they would have stripped us even to our slave-clothes, if they could have turned them to any profit. And some among them were of opinion that we should be all thrown into the sea, wrapt in a sail, for it was their intention to trade with some of the Spanish ports, under the pretence that they were from Brittany, and if they took us there alive their robbery would come to light and they would be punished. But the captain, who it was that had plundered my beloved Zorayda, declared he was content with the prize he had got, and wished not to touch at any port of Spain, but would work his way at once,—passing the Strait of Gibraltar by night or how he could,—to Rochelle, whence he had sailed ; and so they agreed to give us their ship's pinnace and whatever we needed for the short voyage which we had still to make. This they did next day when now in sight of the coast of Spain, upon which sight, and the delight therefrom, all our troubles and privations were forgotten as completely as if they had not been actually suffered by us, so great is the happiness of recovering one's lost liberty.

It might be about mid-day when they put us in the boat, giving us two barrels of water and some biscuit ; and the captain, moved I know not by what compassion, as the beautiful Zorayda was about to embark, gave her some forty gold crowns, and would not let his men take from her those same clothes which now she has on. We got into the boat, giving them thanks for the favour they had done us and showing rather gratitude than resentment. They stood out to sea, taking a course to the Strait, while we, without looking to any other guiding-star than the land which appeared ahead, plied our oars so vigorously, and at sunset were so near, that we thought we could well reach the shore before the night was far spent ; but as the moon was not shining that night, and the sky looked black, and being ignorant of the spot where we were, we thought it not safe to touch the land, as some of us wished, saying that we should do so, even though it were among the rocks and far from any habitation ; thus we should be relieved of the fear which we naturally felt

lest there might be roving thereabouts some pirates of Tetuan, who are overnight in Barbary and in the morning on the coast of Spain, usually picking up their prizes and returning to sleep at home.[1] Among these conflicting opinions, that which was followed was that we should draw near the land slowly, and if the calmness of the sea permitted, disembark where we could. This was done, and a little before midnight we arrived at the foot of a large and lofty mountain, not so near the shore but that there was a little space left convenient for landing. We ran our boat upon the beach ; we leapt on shore ; we kissed the earth, and with tears of gladdest joy we all gave thanks to God our Lord for the unparalleled goodness He had vouchsafed to us in this our voyage. We took out of the boat such provisions as it contained ; we drew it up on the shore, and went a good way up the hill-side, for although we stood upon it, we could not yet assure our minds nor be satisfied that it was on Christian land we were. The dawn seemed to us to come more slowly than we could have wished ; at last we ascended to the top of the mountain to see if we could descry some village or shepherds' huts, but as far as we could carry our eyes, no village, nor person, nor path, nor highway could we discover. Thereupon we resolved to go farther inland, for we could not miss finding some one soon who could tell us where we were. But what distressed me most was to see Zorayda going on foot among those sharp rocks, for although sometimes I took her on my shoulders, yet did my weariness more fatigue than did her own rest refresh her, and therefore she wished me no more to take that trouble but went afoot with much patience and pretence of cheerfulness, I still leading her by the hand.

We must have gone a little less than a quarter of a league when the sound of a little sheep-bell reached our ears,—a clear sign there was a flock thereabouts,—and looking about us care-

[1] So daring were the Barbary pirates and so greatly infested was the Spanish coast by them, that it was not uncommon, says Luis del Marmol, a contemporary writer, for Christians to be going to bed in Spain and to find themselves in the morning in Barbary, with their townsmen and gossips (*Descripcion de Africa*, lib. ii. ch. i.).

fully to see if one appeared, we espied, at the foot of a cork-tree, a shepherd lad who was composedly and idly shaping a stick with his knife. We called out and he, raising his head, started nimbly to his feet, and, as we learnt afterwards, the first who appeared in sight being the Renegade and Zorayda, who were in the Moorish habit, thinking that all the Moors of Barbary were upon him, he made towards the wood before us with extraordinary agility, crying out as loudly as he could bawl :—Moors ! There are Moors in the land ! Moors ! Moors ! To arms ! to arms ! —At these outcries we were all confounded and knew not what to do, but reflecting that the shepherd's alarm would arouse the country, and that the mounted coastguard would soon be there to see what was the matter, we agreed that the Renegade should doff his Turkish robes and put on a jacket or slave's cassock,[1] which one of us gave him at once, himself remaining in his shirt. And thus, commending ourselves to God, we travelled along the same road which we saw the shepherd take, expecting every moment the coastguard to fall upon us. Nor were we deceived in our expectation, for two hours had not passed when, as we came out from the thicket into the plain, we discovered about fifty horsemen,[2] who rode towards us swiftly at a hand-gallop. As soon as we saw them, we stood still to wait for them ; but when they came up and saw that in place of the Moors they were after we were only a set of poor Christians, they were perplexed ; and one of them asked us whether we were the reason of a shepherd's having raised the cry to arms. I answered *Yes*, and being about to tell him of our adventure, and whence we came, one of the Christians who were with us recognised the trooper who had put the question and, without letting me speak a word more, cried :

—Thanks be to God, gentlemen, for bringing us into so good a place ; for, if I am not deceived, the soil we tread is that of

[1] *Gileco*, which appears to be the same as *chaleco*, or *jaleco* ; a close-fitting jacket with short sleeves, partly open at the sides.

[2] The cavalry of the coastguard, anciently called *atajadores*, "scouts," or *ginetes de la costa*, frequently figures in the histories and plays of the time. They were armed with lance and target and lightly mounted after the Arab fashion.

Velez Malaga,[1] and so, if my years of captivity have not effaced the recollection of you from my memory, you, Sir, who are asking us these questions, are Pedro de Bustamante, my uncle.

Hardly had the Christian captive said these words, when the trooper threw himself off his horse, and ran to embrace the young man, saying:

—Nephew of my soul and life, I know thee, and have bewailed thee for dead, I and my sister, thy mother, and all of thine, who are still alive, for God has pleased to spare their lives that they may enjoy the bliss of seeing thee. We knew thou wert in Algiers, and by the signs and tokens of your dress and that of the rest of this company I perceive that you have had some miraculous deliverance.

—It is so, answered the youth, and we shall have time enough, please God, to tell you all.

As soon as the horsemen understood that we were Christian captives they dismounted, and each of them offered us his horse to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was a league and a half off. Some of them went back to where we told them we had left the boat, to bring it to the city; others took us up behind them, Zorayda sitting behind our captive's uncle. All the town came out to receive us, for they had learnt the news of our coming from some one who had gone on before. They did not wonder at seeing captives free nor Moors captive, for all the people of that coast are used to see both the one and the other; but they wondered at the beauty of Zorayda, which at that period and moment was at its height, as well through the exertion of the journey as the joy of finding herself in the land of the Christians, without fear of any disaster, and this had brought out on her cheek such colours that unless my love did then deceive me, I could dare to say that there was no more beautiful creature in the world, at least that I had ever seen.

We went straight to the church to give thanks to God for the mercies we had received; and, as soon as Zorayda entered

[1] A town some eighteen miles east of Malaga, at the foot of the Sierra de Alhama.

therein, she said that there were faces there which looked like Lela Marien's. We told her these were her images, and the Renegade made her understand as well as he could what they signified, that she might worship them as if they were each of them in very truth the same Lela Marien who had spoken with her. She, who has a very good understanding, and a quick and clear instinct, comprehended at once what was told her respecting the images. Thence they carried us and dispersed us all in different houses of the town; but the Christian who came with us took us, the Renegade, Zorayda, and myself, to the house of his parents, who were tolerably well provided with the gifts of fortune, and who treated us with as much affection as they did their own son. Six days we stayed at Velez Malaga, at the end of which the Renegade, having laid his process in due form, went away to the city of Granada, to be restored by means of the Holy Inquisition into the sacred bosom of the Church. The rest of the freed captives went every one where he pleased. Zorayda and I alone remained, with only the crowns which the courtesy of the Frenchman had bestowed on her, out of which I bought this beast she rides on; and I, serving her hitherto as father and squire, not as husband, we are travelling with intent to see whether my father be alive, or any of my brothers has had better fortune than I, though, as Heaven has made Zorayda my companion, I reckon no other lot can fall to me, however good it be, which I should value more. The patience with which Zorayda bears the inconveniences attendant on poverty and the eagerness she shows to become a Christian are such and so great as to fill me with admiration, and bind me to serve her all the days of my life; although the happiness I feel in seeing that I am hers and that she is mine is troubled and marred by my not knowing whether I shall find a corner in my own country wherein to shelter her, and whether time and death have made such changes in the affairs and the lives of my father and brothers, that, failing them, I shall scarce find one to know me.

I have no more to tell you, gentleman, of my story, which let your good judgments decide whether it be entertaining and curious. For myself, I can say that I would have wished to tell

it to you more briefly, though the fear of tiring you has kept my tongue from a great number of details.[1]

[1] The Captive's story is the longest of the episodes in *Don Quixote*, and, like the rest, has been subject to much criticism. In my opinion, it is by far the best of the occasional stories here introduced, and though without any connexion with the main fable, so full of truth and spirit, and so interesting as a chapter out of Cervantes' own adventures, as to be worthy of its place in the text. The pictures of the Captive himself, of Zorayda and of her father, bear the manifest impress of having been drawn from real life, and the story is told with a simple grace and pathos which are worthy of the author at his best. The main incidents he has himself reproduced twice in the comedies of *El Trato de Argel* and *Los Baños de Argel*. Lope de Vega also used them as freely and unceremoniously, as he did many other of Cervantes' works, in his play of *Los Cautivos de Argel*.

CHAPTER XLII

Which treats of what further happened at the Inn, and of many other things worth knowing

HAVING thus spoken the Captive was silent, and Don Fernando said to him:

—In truth, Sir Captain, the manner in which you have related this strange adventure has been such as to equal the novelty and strangeness of the affair itself. The whole is curious, rare, and full of passages which astonish and amaze the hearers, and so great is the pleasure we have received in listening to it that, though we were occupied till to-morrow by the story, we should be glad to have it begin again.

And upon his saying this Cardenio[1] and all the others offered the stranger their utmost service, with words and arguments so affectionate and sincere that the Captive was heartily convinced of their good-will. Don Fernando, in particular, promised that if he would return with him, he would make the marquess, his brother, godfather at Zorayda's baptism, and that himself, for his part, would furnish him in such a manner as that he might be able to appear in his own country with the decency and dignity becoming to his person. For all this the Captive expressed

[1] In all the early editions, in place of Cardenio, we have here printed "Don Antonio," there being no mention of any one of that name among the guests at the inn. It is clearly a printer's error, arising from Cervantes' bad handwriting, which the Academy corrected as above.

his gratitude in most courteous terms, but would not accept any of their generous offers.

By this the night had closed in,[1] and when it was now dark there arrived at the inn a coach with some men on horseback, who demanded accommodation. The hostess made answer there was not an inch of space unoccupied in all the inn.

—However that may be, said one of those on horseback, who had come in, there must be room found for my lord Judge[2] who comes here.

At this name the hostess was troubled, and cried:

—Sir, the case is this,—that I have no beds. If his worship the lord Judge brings one with him,[3] as I suppose he does, let him enter and welcome, for I and my husband will give up our own room to accommodate his worship.

—So let it be, said the squire.

By this time there had alighted from the coach a man who, by his attire, showed at once the office and dignity he held, for the long robe with the ruffled sleeves he wore denoted him a Judge, as his servant had said. He led by the hand a young maiden, who seemed about sixteen years of age, in a travelling dress, so gay, sprightly, and beautiful, that the sight of her struck them all with admiration, insomuch that had they not seen those already in the inn, Dorothea, Lucinda, and Zorayda, they would have believed that such another beauty as this could hardly be found.

[1] The night had closed in long before (see ch. xxxvii.), when the Captive and Zorayda entered the inn. Since then there had been a supper, and Don Quixote had harangued on arms and letters, and the Captive had told his long story. But Cervantes is habitually careless of his chronology; putting the good Vicente de los Rios, his fervent admirer, to endless trouble in squaring events with days, and sadly dislocating any scheme of time.

[2] *Oidor* ("hearer") is the name of a judge of the higher courts in Spain, as *audiencia* is of his tribunal.

[3] To carry a bed on a journey was then a very common precaution, as it is still in many countries of the South, imperfectly provided with inn accommodation.

Don Quixote was present at the entrance of the Judge and the young lady, and, as soon as he saw them, he exclaimed:

—Your grace may enter and take your ease within this castle in all security, for though it be narrow and incommodious there is no narrowness nor incommodiousness in the world which does not make room for arms and learning, the more when arms and learning bring beauty for their pilot and guide, as your grace's learning has in this beauteous damsel, before whom not only should castles open and display themselves, but rocks should part and mountains divide and stoop to give her entertainment. Enter, Sir, I say, into this paradise, for here you shall find stars and suns which may attend the heaven your grace brings with you; here you shall find arms in their height and beauty in her prime.

The Judge was astounded at Don Quixote's speech, and gazed at him very intently, wondering no less at his figure than at his talk. Before he could find words to reply, he had new matter for wonder on seeing Lucinda, Dorothea, and Zorayda, who at the report of these new guests, and of what the hostess told them of the young lady's beauty, had come out to look upon her and receive her. Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest, however, gave the Judge a simpler and politer greeting. The Judge was, indeed, perplexed both at what he saw and what he heard, and the beauties of the inn bade the beautiful maiden welcome. By-and-by the Judge perceived that all who were there were persons of good condition, though the figure, visage, and guise of Don Quixote staggered him. When they had all exchanged polite compliments, and the accommodations of the inn had been duly investigated, it was arranged as it had been before, that all the women should be in the attic already mentioned, and the men remain without on guard. The Judge was equally well pleased with his daughter (for such the young

damsel was) that she should go with these ladies, which she did with a very good will; and with part of the landlord's narrow bed, and the half of that which the Judge had brought, they made shift that night better than they expected.

The Captive, who, from the moment he saw the Judge, felt his heart leap with the thought that this was his brother, asked one of the servants in his train what his master's name was and from what country he came. The servant answered his name was the Licentiate Juan Perez de Viedma, and that he had heard say he came from a town in the mountains of Leon. This information, together with what he had seen, confirmed him in the belief that this was his brother, who by their father's advice had followed the profession of learning. Greatly affected and overjoyed, he called Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest aside, to tell them of the matter, assuring them that the Judge was his brother. The servant had told him also how that he was going to take up an appointment in the Indies as Judge in the Court of Mexico; and, moreover, that the young lady was his daughter, of whose birth her mother had died, and that he had been left very rich through the dowry which was left him with the daughter. He sought counsel of them as to the means he should take to reveal himself, and to learn before doing so whether, after the revelation, his brother would be ashamed to find him poor or would receive him with a good heart.

—Leave it to me to make this experiment, said the Priest, and the rather because there is no reason to think but that you, Sir Captain, will be very well received, for the good sense and worth which your brother shows in his demeanour, do not give tokens of his being either arrogant or ungrateful, or of his not knowing how to estimate the accidents of Fortune at their value.

—For all that, said the Captain, I would wish to make

myself known, not suddenly, but by some roundabout way.

—I tell you, answered the Priest, I will so contrive as that we shall all be satisfied.

By this time supper was ready,[1] and they all sat down to the table, except the Captive and the ladies, who supped by themselves in their chamber. In the middle of their repast, the Priest said:

—I had a comrade, Sir Judge, of the same name as your worship, in Constantinople, where I was a slave for some years, which comrade was one of the most valiant soldiers and captains in all the Spanish infantry; but he was as unfortunate as he was hardy and brave.

—And pray, Sir, how was this captain called? asked the Judge.

—His name, answered the Priest, was Ruy Perez de Viedma, and he was a native of a town in the mountains of Leon. He told me of a circumstance which happened to him with his father and his brothers which, had it not been narrated to me by a man so truthful as he was, I would have taken for a fable such as old women tell by the fireside in winter. For he said that his father had divided his estate among his three sons, and given them certain precepts wiser than those of Cato. And I can tell you that the one he followed,[2] going into the army, turned out so well for him that in a few years, by his valour and good conduct, without other help than that of his great merit, he rose to be a captain of foot, and saw himself on the road and in prospect of being speedily a colonel.[3] But Fortune was adverse to him, for even where he might expect to find luck he lost it,

[1] They had all, even the Captive and Zorayda, already supped once; but these irregular meals are quite in character with the story.

[2] *i.e.* Precept.

[3] *Maestre de Campo*—a rank really higher than that of colonel, and corresponding rather to that of brigadier, for it included the chief command of a *tercio*, which in strength was equal to two or three modern regiments of infantry.

together with his liberty, in that most happy day where so many recovered it, in the battle of Lepanto. I lost mine at the Goletta, and afterwards, by various chances, we found ourselves comrades at Constantinople. Thence he went to Algiers, where I have learnt that there befell him one of the strangest adventures which ever happened in the world.

And then the Priest went on to relate, succinctly, all that had passed between his brother and Zorayda: to all which the Judge was as attentive as never had been Judge in any case till then.[1] The Priest went no farther than to narrate how the Frenchmen had despoiled the Christians in the bark, and the poverty and stress in which his comrade and the beautiful Mooress had been left, of whom he had not heard anything of what became of them, whether they had arrived in Spain, or the Frenchmen had carried them away to France.

The Captain, standing a little way off, was listening to what the Priest said, and taking note of all the movements of his brother; who, when the Priest had come to the end of his story, fetching a deep sigh, and with his eyes filling with tears, cried:

—Oh, Sir! if you knew what was the news you have given me, and how it troubles me nearly, so that I am forced to show it by these tears, which, in spite of all my fortitude and self-restraint, flow from mine eyes. This captain so valiant, of whom you speak, is my eldest brother, who, as being stronger and loftier of mind than I or my younger brother, chose the honourable and worthy profession of arms, which was one of the three roads our father proposed to us, as your comrade told you in what you listened to as a fable. I followed that of letters, in which God and

[1] There is a play here upon the word *oidor*, in its double sense of "judge" and "hearer," which it is impossible to give in English, so I have turned it another way.

my industry have raised me to the degree which you see. My younger brother is in Peru, so rich that with what he has sent to my father and me, he has well made up for what he took away, even giving into my father's hands enough to satisfy his natural prodigality; and I also have been enabled, in a more becoming and creditable fashion, to follow my studies and to reach the post in which you see me. My father still lives, though dying with the desire of hearing of his eldest son, and he beseeches God with continual prayers not to let death close his eyes until he may see those of his son alive; and I am surprised how he, being so sensible, could, in so many troubles and afflictions, or in his prosperous ventures, have neglected to give news of himself to his father, for had he or one of us been informed of his condition, there would have been no need to wait for that miracle of the cave to obtain his ransom. But the dread with which I am now troubled is through thinking whether the Frenchmen have set him at liberty or have killed him to conceal their robbery. This will cause me to pursue my voyage, not with the joy with which I began it, but in all melancholy and sadness. O my dear good brother, would I knew where thou art, that I might go to look for and deliver thee from thy toils, although it be at the cost of my own! O who shall carry the news to our aged father that thou art alive, though thou wert in the deepest dungeons[1] of Barbary, for then would his and mine and thy brother's wealth rescue thee! O beautiful and generous Zorayda, who shall repay thee the good thou hast done a brother? Who shall be present at the new birth of thy soul, and at those nuptials which would give us all so much happiness?

These and such-like words did the Judge utter, full of so much feeling at the news he had received of his brother, that

[1] *Mazmorras*,—from the Arabic *matmōra*; a castle-dungeon, from which the Scotch have taken their *massamore* or *massiemore*.

all who heard them bore him company in demonstrations of compassion for his sorrow. The Priest, seeing that there was so happy an issue of his stratagem and of all the Captain desired, would not keep them any longer sorrowful, so he rose from the table, and going in where Zorayda was, took her by the hand,—Lucinda, Dorothea, and the Judge's daughter following her. The Captain stood waiting to see what the Priest would do, when the latter, taking him also by his other hand, went with them both to where the Judge and the rest of the gentlemen were, and cried:

—Let your tears cease to flow, Sir Judge, and let your wish be crowned with all the happiness you can desire to attain, for here you have before you your good brother and your good sister-in-law: he whom you behold is the Captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Moor who did so much for him; the Frenchmen I told you of have reduced them to the strait you see, in order that you might show them the liberality of your noble heart.

The Captain ran to embrace his brother, who put his hands upon his shoulders, to look at him a little apart; but when he recognised him, he clasped him in his arms so closely, shedding such tender tears of joy, that the rest of those present had to keep him company with theirs. The terms the two brothers used to each other, and the emotions they displayed, can hardly be conceived, much less described. Now they give one another briefly an account of their adventures; now they display anew their extreme brotherly love; now the Judge embraces Zorayda, and offers her all that is his; now he makes his daughter embrace her; now the lovely Christian and the lovely Moor excite anew the tears of all. And there Don Quixote stood enrapt, without speaking a word, pondering all these strange events, ascribing them all to the chimeras of Knight Errantry. Presently they arrange that the Captain and Zorayda should return with his brother to Seville and advise their father of his find-

ing and deliverance, that he might be able to attend the wedding and baptism of Zorayda, it being impossible for the Judge to give up the voyage he was undertaking, having received news that the fleet would sail from Seville for New Spain in a month's time, and it would be a great inconvenience to him to lose his passage.

In the end the whole company remained happy and joyful at the Captain's good fortune, and since two-thirds of the night was now nearly spent, they agreed to retire and take their repose during the remainder of it. Don Quixote prepared to keep guard over the castle, lest they might be assaulted by some giant or dissolute villain, covetous of the great treasure of beauty which was there contained. They who knew him returned him thanks, giving the Judge an account of his extravagant humour, with which he was not a little diverted. Sancho alone was cross at the delay in going to bed, and he disposed of himself better than them all by throwing himself on his ass's harness, which cost him so dear, as by-and-by shall be told. The ladies being retired to their apartment, and the rest accommodated with the least possible discomfort, Don Quixote sallied out of the inn to be sentinel of the castle, as he had promised.

A little before the break of dawn a voice so sweet and tunable reached the ladies' ears as compelled them all to lend it attentive hearing, especially Dorothea, who lay awake, by whose side slept Doña Clara de Viedma, for so was the Judge's daughter called. None could imagine who was the person who sang so well, and it was a single voice, unaccompanied by any instrument. Sometimes it seemed that the singing was in the yard,—sometimes in the stable. While they were in this suspense, listening very intently, Cardenio came to the chamber door, and said:

—Listen, you who are not asleep, and you shall hear a muleteer lad, who as he chants, enchants.

—We hear him, Sir, answered Dorothea; on which

Cardenio went away. Dorothea, paying all the attention she could, heard the song, which was this :[1]—

[1] This meeting of the Judge with his brother, the Captive, has been objected to by the hypercritical as being too opportune for everybody's happiness ; but who shall refuse the story-teller his licence? In this case, the licence is fairly earned by the simple pathos with which the scene is described,—a fit and most dramatic ending to a day crowded with incidents.

CHAPTER XLIII

Wherein is related the agreeable story of the muleteer lad; with other strange incidents which happened in the Inn

Love's mariner am I
On his deep ocean tost;
All hope of reaching port,
Ah me! I fear is lost.
A star that shines on high,
I'm taking as my guide,
More fair and bright than all
That Palinurus spied;[1]
It leads I know not whither,
And all perplex'd I steer,
My heart intent on gazing,
Careless, yet full of care.
Her coyness all too cruel,
And too much modesty,
Are clouds which veil her face,
To see her when I try.
O Clara! lucent star,[2]
I fade thy light beneath,
But when obscured thy beams,
Then naught is left but death.

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[1] See Virgil:—

Sidera cuncta notat tacito labentia cœlo.

—*Æneid*, iii.

[2] *Clara estrella.* The poet puns on his mistress's name.

When the singer came to this point of his song, Dorothea thought it unfair to let Clara miss hearing so fine a voice, and so, shaking her gently from side to side, awoke her, saying :

—Pardon me, child, for awaking you, but I do so that you may enjoy listening to the best voice you perhaps have ever heard in all your life.

Clara awoke, all sleepy, and at first did not understand what Dorothea said, and, asking her, she told her again, when Clara became attentive. But scarcely had she heard two verses of what the singer was repeating, when she was seized with a strange trembling as if she had been taken with a severe fit of ague, and, hugging Dorothea tightly in her arms, she cried :

—Ah ! dear lady of my soul and life, why did you wake me ? For the greatest good Fortune could do me now were to keep my eyes and ears shut so as not to see or hear that unhappy musician.

—What is it you say, child ? Think that the singer is, so they say, a muleteer lad.

—Oh no, he is not, replied Clara, but a lord of many places, and one he holds in my heart so securely as that, if he wishes not to leave, he shall be the tenant for ever.

Dorothea was amazed at the passionate words of the young girl, thinking them much in advance of what her tender years seemed to promise, and so said to her :

—You speak, Lady Clara, in such a way that I cannot understand you ; explain yourself further, and tell me, what is this you say of your heart and possessions, and this minstrel whose voice so disquiets you ? But say nothing now, for I would not, by attending to your transports, lose the pleasure of hearing him who sings, for he seems to be resuming his song with new verses and a new air.

—Let it be so with all my heart, answered Clara. And, that she might not listen to him, she stopped both her ears

with her hands; at which Dorothea was again surprised, but, attending to the song, she found it ran thus:—

Sweet hope be bold!
And through all obstacles and hedges break;
The path still hold
Firmly which thou thyself didst plan and make;
Nor fear to see
The death at every step awaiting thee.

The heart oppress'd
By craven fear no joy of triumph knows,
And all unblest
Is he who fortune dares not to oppose,
But tame consents
To yield his soul up to sweet indolence.

That Love should sell
His trophies at high price is fit and best;
For who shall tell
The worth of pledges by Love's hand imprest?
And still it's so,
What costs but little is but rated low.

The lover true
Of firm resolve the impossible attains,
And though I sue,
Beset by all impediments and pains,
Despair not I
From this dull earth to reach that Heaven on high.

Here the voice ceased, and Clara's sighs broke out afresh. All this excited Dorothea's curiosity, who longed to know the cause of so sweet a song and so sad a plaint; and so she asked Clara again to tell her what she was about to say before. Upon this Clara, afraid that Lucinda might hear her, creeping close to Dorothea, put her mouth so

near the other's ear as that she could speak safely without being heard by any one else, and said:

—He who sings, dear lady, is son to a gentleman, native of the kingdom of Aragon, the lord of two villages, who lived opposite to my father's house in Madrid.[1] And though my father has the windows of his house covered with canvas in the winter and jalousies in summer,[2] I do not know how it was, but this young gentlemen saw me as he was going to his studies, I cannot say whether it was at church or somewhere else. In fact, he fell in love with me, and gave me to understand so from the windows of his house, by so many tokens and so many tears, that I had to believe him and even to love him, without knowing what he wished of me. Among the signs he would make me was to join one hand to the other, giving me to understand he would marry me; and though I would have been very glad if it might be so, being alone and without a mother, I did not know with whom to speak of it, and so I let it be without giving him any other favour than, when my father was from home and his also, to lift the curtain or jalousie a little bit and let him see me fully, at which he would be so enraptured as that he seemed like going mad. Now the time of my father's departure arrived, which he had learnt, though not of me, for I could never tell him, and then he fell sick, as I learn, from grief, and so I was never able to see him to bid him good-bye, not even with my eyes. But after we had travelled two days, on entering an inn at a village one stage from here, I saw him at the door of the house dressed in the habit of a muleteer lad, so much to the life that, had I not borne his portrait in my heart, it had been impossible

[1] *En la Corte.* This was probably at this time Madrid,—"the Court," "the only Court," as Spaniards love to call it. This chapter must have been written previous to 1601, when Philip III. moved his Court to Valladolid, changing it once more to Madrid in 1606.

[2] From this we may conclude that the use of glass in domestic houses was not common in that age, even amongst people of the Judge's quality.

to recognise him. I knew him, I wondered, and rejoiced. He stole a look at me, undetected by my father, from whom he always hides his face when he passes in front of us on the roads and inns by which we come. And since I know who he is, and consider that for love of me he goes a-foot with so much hardship, I die of grief, and where he sets his feet, there I set my eyes. I know not with what purpose he comes, nor how he has escaped from his father, who loves him exceedingly, because he has no other heir, and because he deserves it; as you will find when you see him. And more I can tell you, which is, that all he sings he takes out of his head, for I have heard tell that he is a very great scholar and poet; and there is another thing, that every time I see him or hear him sing, I tremble all over and am in a fright, dreading lest my father should recognise him and come to know of our feelings. I have not spoken a word to him in my life, and for all that I love him so that I cannot live without him. This, dear lady, is all I can tell you of this minstrel whose voice has so much delighted you, and by it alone you can well perceive that he is no muleteer lad as you say, but a lord of hearts and estates as I have told you.[1]

—Say no more, dear Doña Clara, here exclaimed Dorothea, kissing her a thousand times—say no more, I tell you, but wait till the new day comes, for I hope through God to put your affair in such a train that it may reach the happy end so honest a beginning deserves.

—Alas! madam, cried Doña Clara, what end can be expected if his father is so noble and rich as he could scarce

[1] In an unwonted mood of sympathy Clemencin, the Spanish commentator, calls our attention here to the simplicity and naturalness of Doña Clara's speech, and judiciously contrasts it with the more artificial and well-studied narrative of Dorothea, and the more reserved and lady-like style of Lucinda; remarking, what he is not always able to see or prepared to allow, that Cervantes possessed a great mastery over the characters of his creation, assigning to each the language most fitting.

think I could be the servant, much less the wife of his son? And as for marrying without my father's knowledge, I would not do it for all there is in the world. I only want this youth to go back and leave me. Perhaps with not seeing him, and with the great distance we are going to travel, the pain may be lightened which now I feel, though I am sure that this remedy I have imagined will do me little good. I know not what witchcraft this is, or by what way this love I have for him has got in, I being but a girl and he a boy, for I verily believe we are of the same age, and I am not yet sixteen, nor shall be, my father says, till next Michaelmas day.

Dorothea could not help laughing to hear how like a child Doña Clara spoke, and said to her:

—Let us sleep, dear lady, during the little which I think remains of the night, and God will send us morning when we shall do well, or my hands shall go ill.

With this they fell asleep, and throughout the inn there reigned a profound silence. The innkeeper's daughter and Maritornes, her servant, alone did not sleep, for learning of the humour which possessed Don Quixote, and that he stood outside the inn armed and mounted on guard, the two determined to play him some trick, or at least to pass a little time in listening to his nonsense.

It so happened that there was no window in all the inn which looked out on the fields, but only a hole in the loft out of which they used to throw out the straw. At this hole the two demi-maidens[1] posted themselves, and through it they espied Don Quixote on horseback, leaning on his lance, giving forth from time to time sighs, so doleful and profound that it seemed that each one of them would tear up his soul. And they heard him likewise say, in a soft, delicate, and amorous voice:

[1] *Semi-doncellas—i.e.* one maiden among the two, for Maritornes could hardly be reckoned of the profession.

—O, lady mine, Dulcinea del Toboso, sum of all beauty, term and crown of discretion, treasury of all the best grace, depositary of virtue, and lastly, ideal of all that is worthy, chaste, and delectable in the world! And what at this present may thy grace be doing? Art, peradventure, musing on thy captive knight, who all in thy service has desired of his free will to subject himself to so many perils? Give me tidings of her, O, thou luminary of the three faces.[1] Mayhap with envy of hers thou art now looking down upon her, it may be pacing some gallery of her sumptuous palaces, or with her bosom leant against some balcony, deliberating how, with safety of her honour and greatness, she may assuage the torture which for her this my aching heart endures, what glory she may bestow on my pains, what solace to my anxiety, and finally, what life to my death, what guerdon to my services. And thou, O Sun! who now shouldst be busy harnessing thy steeds to rise betimes and go forth to behold my lady, I beseech thee, when thou seest her, to salute her on my behalf; but beware when thou seest and salutest her, that thou dost not kiss her on the face, or I shall be more jealous of thee than ever wast thou of that nimble ingrate who made thee sweat and run so over the plains of Thessaly or by the banks of Peneus,[2] for I mind me not where thou didst then run in thy jealous and amorous frenzy.

At this point had Don Quixote arrived in his pathetic harangue, when the innkeeper's daughter called to him softly,[3] and whispered:

[1] Addressing the moon:—

Tergeminamque Hecaten, tria virginis ora Dianæ.—*Æneid*, iv.

[2] *i.e.* Daphne.

[3] *Comenzó á cecear*. *Cecear* is a verb, formed by onomatopœia, from the sound made by the lips in uttering a soft hiss or *ce*,—the interjection of invitation in Spanish. The word is also used in another sense,—to denote the pronunciation of the Spanish *c*, before the vowels *e* and *i*, like *s*; which, contrary to the rule in correct Castilian, is the general practice in Andalucia and throughout Spanish America.

—Dear Sir, come this way, if you please.

At this signal and voice, Don Quixote turned his head, and saw by the light of the moon, which was then in all its brightness,[1] that they beckoned him from the hole, which to him appeared a window, and even with gilded bars, as was fitting that such castles as he imagined the inn to be, should have. And at once on the instant he conceived to himself in his mad imagination how that again, as once before, the lovely maiden, daughter of the lord of the castle, conquered by love of him, was come once more to solicit him; and in this fancy, that he might not seem discourteous and ungrateful, he turned Rozinante round, and went up to the hole, and when he saw the two wenches, he exclaimed:

—I pity you, beauteous lady, that you have fixed your amorous inclinations where it is not possible for you to find a response suitable to your great merit and gentlehood; of which you must not impute the blame to this miserable Knight Errant, whom love makes incapable of engaging his inclination to any other than to her whom, from the moment his eyes beheld her, he made absolute mistress of his soul. Pardon me, amiable lady, and retire to your chamber, and be pleased not to reveal to me any further your desires, that I may not appear more unthankful. And if of the love you bear me you may discover in me aught else with which I can satisfy you so that it be not love itself, demand it of me, for I swear to you by that absent sweet enemy of mine to bestow it upon you incontinently; yea, though you should demand a lock of Medusa's hair, which was all snakes, or even the rays of the sun enclosed in a phial.

[1] According to the computation of Vicente de Los Rios, this should be the night of the 25th, or early morning of the 26th, of August. But Eximeno, in his *Apologia de Cervantes*, triumphantly shows by an examination of old calendars that on this night it was a new moon. For the Chronology of *Don Quixote* see Appendix A in vol. iv.

—My lady needs none of that, Sir Knight, exclaimed Maritornes.

—What, then, does she need, discreet dame? [1] answered Don Quixote.

—Only one of your beautiful hands, replied Maritornes, with which she may appease the great desire which has brought her to this window, so much to the peril of her honour that if my lord her father came to know it, the least slice he would take off her would be an ear.

—I would fain see that, answered Don Quixote; he had best beware of that, if he would not make the most disastrous end that ever father did in the world, for having laid hands on the delicate limbs of his love-stricken daughter.

Maritornes, making no doubt but that Don Quixote would give the hand she had asked of him, and having contrived in her mind what she would do with it, came down from the loft and ran to the stable, whence she took the halter of Sancho Panza's ass, and returned with it in all haste to the hole, just as Don Quixote had set his feet on Rozinante's saddle to reach the barred window at which he imagined the smitten damsel was standing, and stretching forth his hand to her, he cried:

—Take, lady, this hand, or, I should rather say, this scourge of the world's evil-doers. Take this hand, I say, which no woman's has ever touched, not even hers who holds entire possession of my whole body. I give it to you, not that you may kiss it, but that you may admire the contexture of its sinews, the interlacement of the muscles, the width and spaciousness of its veins; whence you may judge what must be the strength of the arm which owns such a hand.

—That we shall see presently, said Maritornes.—And,

[1] Don Quixote, full of his chivalric fancies, imagines the second lady to be the duenna, or attendant damsel, such as every famous beauty in the books had for her pliant companion and facile agent.

making a running-knot on the halter, she clapped it on his wrist, and, descending from the hole, tied the other end very firmly to the bolt of the loft door.

Don Quixote, feeling the roughness of the cord about his wrist, exclaimed :

—Your ladyship seems rather to grate than to greet my hand. Treat it not so evilly, since it is not to blame for the ill my inclination does you, nor is it well that on so small a part should fall your whole displeasure ; consider that one who loves well should not so ill avenge.[1]

But there was no one now to give ear to these expostulations of Don Quixote, for as soon as Maritornes had him tethered, she and the other one fled, dying with laughter, and left him fastened in such a manner that he could not release himself. He was standing, as has been said, upright on Rozinante's saddle, with his whole arm thrust within the hole, tied by the wrist to the bolt of the door, in very great fear and concern lest, if Rozinante moved to one side or the other, he should be left hanging by the arm ; and therefore he dared not make the least movement, although he might well have expected, from Rozinante's patient and gentle temper, that he would stand without stirring for a whole century. Finding himself fast, and that the ladies had vanished, Don Quixote gave himself up to the fancy that all this was done by way of enchantment as the time before, when the enchanted Moor of a muleteer had mauled him in that same castle ; and he cursed in his heart his want of discretion and judgment in venturing to enter the castle a second time, seeing that he had come off so badly on the first, it being a maxim with Knights Errant that when they had essayed an adventure and had not come well out of it, it was a sign that it was reserved not for them but for others,

[1] Don Quixote is imitating the false antitheses and affected quibbles which mark the style of the later romancists, especially of Feliciano de Silva, the favourite butt of our author.

and therefore they have no need to attempt it a second time. However, he pulled his arm to see if he could loose himself, but he was so well tied that all his efforts were in vain. It is true that he pulled cautiously, for fear lest Rozinante should move ; and though he longed to get into a seat upon the saddle, he had no chance but to stand upright or wrench off his hand. At times he wished for the sword of Amadis, against which no enchantment had power ; then he fell to cursing his stars ; now he dwelt upon the loss the world sustained through lack of his presence during the time he stood there magic-bound, as he believed assuredly he was ; now he remembered him anew of his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso ; now he took to calling his good squire Sancho Panza, who, stretched upon his ass's pack-saddle and buried in sleep, minded not at that moment the mother that bore him ; now he summoned to his aid the sages Lirgandeo and Alquife ;[1] now he called upon his good friend Urganda to succour him ; and now, in fine, the morning overtook him so desperate and disheartened that he bellowed like a bull, for he had no hope that the day would relieve his sufferings, which he believed to be everlasting, taking himself to be enchanted. And he believed this the more by seeing that Rozinante had not budged ever so little, and he concluded that in that fashion, without eating or drinking or sleeping, they had to stand, he and his horse, until that malign influence of the stars had passed or another more learned necromancer should effect his disenchantment.

But he was greatly deceived in this belief, for scarce had the day begun to break when there arrived at the inn four men on horseback, well appointed and equipped, with their firelocks upon their saddle-bows. They called out at the inn door, which was still shut, giving loud knocks ; which Don Quixote perceiving from where he was perforce

[1] Magicians who figure largely in the romances,—the first in the history of the *Knight of the Sun*, the second in *Amadis* and in its continuations.

standing on guard, in a lofty and imperious voice he cried out:

—Knights or squires or whosoever ye be, you have no right to knock at the gates of this castle, for it is sufficiently clear that at such hours those within either are sleeping or are not in the habit of opening fortresses until the sun has spread his beams over the whole land. Retire ye without, and wait till the broad day appear, and then we shall see whether it be right or not to open to you.

—What the devil fortress or castle is this, cried one of them, which obliges us to observe these ceremonies? If you are the innkeeper, bid them open to us, for we are travellers who want no more than to bait our horses and pass on, for we are in haste.

—Think ye, gentlemen, that I have the look of an innkeeper? responded Don Quixote.

—I know not what look you have, replied the other, but I know you talk nonsense in calling this inn a castle.

—A castle it is, said Don Quixote, and even of the best in all this province, and it contains people within that have held sceptre in hand and crown upon head.

—It were better the other way, quoth the traveller; the sceptre on the head and the crown in the hand.[1] Maybe, if we come to the fact, there will be within some company of players, who often wear those crowns and sceptres you speak of; for in an inn so small, and where they keep such quiet as this, I do not believe there lodge persons worthy of crown and sceptre.

—Ye know little of the world, replied Don Quixote, since ye are ignorant of the accidents which are wont to happen in Knight Errantry.

The companions of the questioner, growing weary of the colloquy held with Don Quixote, knocked again with great violence, to such effect that all who were in the inn were

[1] Meaning criminals, who were branded with the crown on their hands.

startled, as well as the Innkeeper, who got up to enquire who knocked.

Meanwhile it fell out that one of the four horses which the strangers were riding went up to smell at Rozinante, who, sad and melancholy, with his ears hanging down, bore without budging his outstretched master, but being after all made of flesh though he seemed to be of wood, he could not help unbending and smelling again at him who came to offer him these endearments. But scarce had he moved one step when Don Quixote's two feet, which were close together, slipped, and, sliding from the saddle, the Knight would have come to the ground had he not been suspended by the arm; which caused him so much pain that he felt as though his wrist was being cut off or his arm torn away, for he hung so near the ground that, with the extreme tips of his toes, he could almost touch it, which was the more to his damage; for, seeing how little was wanting to the setting of his feet flat on the earth, he strained and stretched himself as much as he could do to reach the ground, like those who are under the torture of the *strappado*,[1] placed between touch and touch not, for they are themselves the cause of the aggravation of their suffering by their eagerness to stretch themselves, deluded by the hope which they cherish that, with a little more stretching, they will reach the ground.[2]

[1] The *garrucha* was one of the legal tortures, of which the point was that the culprit was suspended by one arm, sometimes by one leg, just off the ground, during the pleasure of the court, until he made confession. Torture, in Cervantes' time and for many ages after, was a very common aid to justice in the Peninsula.

[2] An adventure, of which this is a burlesque, is recorded in the romance of *Don Florisel de Niquea*, where two damsels, daughters of the lord of a castle in the island of Guindaya, amuse themselves at the expense of two old knights by suspending them by ropes from the turrets of the castle.

CHAPTER XLIV

Wherein are continued the unheard-of adventures of the Inn

In effect, so great was the uproar which Don Quixote raised, that, opening the inn door hastily, the landlord ran out in a fright to see who was uttering those cries.[1] Maritornes, whom the cries had also awakened, guessing what it was, ran to the straw-loft, and, unseen by any one, loosed the halter which held up Don Quixote, and he fell at once to the ground in the sight of the Innkeeper and of the travellers, who, coming up to him, asked what ailed him that he roared so loudly? The Knight, without answering a word, slipped the halter off his wrist, and rising to his feet, jumped upon Rozinante, braced on his shield,[2] couched his lance, and taking a good circuit round the field, rode back at a hand-gallop, exclaiming:

—Whoever shall affirm that I have been with just title

[1] Here are some words in the original which I have omitted:—"*los que estaban fuera hiciéron lo mismo*," which must have been penned in sheer carelessness. How could those outside do the same as the landlord, of whom it is said that he ran out to see who was uttering those cries? Those outside, not having yet come in, could not run out, and being outside they could not but know who was shouting. It is a specimen of the slovenly way in which the text has come down to us, if not a proof of Cervantes' own inattention or indifference to what he wrote.

[2] Here Cervantes forgets that he had furnished Don Quixote, on his second sally, with a round buckler (*rodela*), in place of the original antique shield (*adarga*) which he took with him on his first sally (see note to ch. vii.). Hereafter, for the rest of the Knight's adventures, it is always *adarga*, not *rodela*.

enchanted, if my lady the Princess Micomicona will give me licence to do so, I give him the lie, and challenge and defy him to single combat!

The new arrivals were amazed at these words of Don Quixote; but the Innkeeper removed their wonder by telling them who Don Quixote was, and that they must not mind him, for he was out of his wits. They then enquired of the landlord whether, by any chance, there had come to that inn a youth of about fifteen years old, one dressed as a mule-boy, with such and such marks, giving the same which Doña Clara's lover bore. The Innkeeper replied that there were so many people in the inn that he had not taken note of him they asked about; but one of them, having espied the coach the Judge had come in, cried:

—Here he must be, without doubt, for this is the coach which they said he was following. Let one of us remain at the door and the rest go in to look for him; and it would be even well for one of us to ride round the inn lest he should get away over the yard-wall.

—Let us do so, said another of them.—And they two going inside, one stayed by the door, and the fourth rode round about the inn; at all which the Innkeeper looked on, not being able to conceive why they took all these pains, though he might guess that they were searching for the lad whom they had described.

By this time the day had broken, and for that reason, and for the noise which Don Quixote had made, they were all awake and had risen, especially Doña Clara and Dorothea, for the one through the agitation of having her lover so near her, and the other through eagerness to see him, had been able to sleep but little that night. Don Quixote, perceiving that none of the four travellers took any account of him or answered his challenge, was dying and raging[1]

[1] *Moria y rabiaba*; an example of *husteron-proteron*,—a sin against grammar of which Cervantes, in his haste and carelessness, is often guilty.

with despite and fury; and could he have found, in the ordinances of his chivalry, that a Knight Errant might lawfully accept and undertake another enterprise, having plighted his word and faith not to be engaged in any until that to which he was plighted had been achieved, he had fallen upon them all and made them answer in spite of their teeth. But, it seeming to him not proper nor expedient to commence a new enterprise until he had installed Micomicona in her kingdom, he had to be silent and remain quiet, waiting to see what would be the issue of the travellers' researches, by one of whom the youth they were looking for was found, fast asleep by the side of a mule-boy, little dreaming of being searched for and still less of being discovered. The man shook him by the arm, saying:

—Truly, Don Louis, this dress you wear sits well on one of your condition, and the bed on which I find you accords no less with the luxuries in which your mother brought you up.

The boy rubbed his sleepy eyes, and, staring for a while at him who held him, knew him presently to be one of his father's servants; at which he was so frightened, that for a long time he was unable to utter a word; and the servant went on, saying:

—There is no more to do now, Don Louis, than to submit patiently and return home, if you do not wish your father, my master, to take his journey to the other world, for nothing else can be expected from the pain he is in for your absence.

—Why, how did my father know, said Don Louis, that I came this road and in this dress?

—It was a student, answered the servant, whom you told of your intentions, who discovered it, moved to pity for the grief which your father showed when he missed you; and so he despatched four of his servants in search of you, and we are all here at your service, more glad than you can

imagine at the good despatch with which we shall return, restoring you to the eyes that love you so dearly.

—That shall be as I please or as Heaven shall will, answered Don Louis.

—What would you please or Heaven will, other than consent to come back with us? For there is nothing else possible to be done.

The mule-boy, who lay near Don Louis, heard all this conversation, and getting up, he went to tell Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the rest, who were now dressed, of what had passed, saying also how that the man had called the lad *Don*, and repeating what he had said, and how he wished the boy to return to his father's house, and he would not. With this, and knowing already of the fine voice with which Heaven had gifted him, they all felt a great desire to learn more particularly who he was, and also to help him if they sought to do him any violence; and so they betook themselves to where he was still talking and disputing with his servant. Dorothea now came out of her chamber, and behind her Doña Clara, all troubled; and Dorothea, calling Cardenio aside, told him in a few words the story of the singer and of Doña Clara, and he also told her of what passed when the father's servants came to search for the youth, nor did he speak so low but that he let Doña Clara hear it, at which she was so much agitated that if Dorothea had not run to support her she would have fallen to the ground. Cardenio bade Dorothea go back with Clara to their chamber, and he would try to set everything to rights; and they did so. The whole four who had come in search of Don Louis were now within the inn, and having got round him were urging him to return at once, without delaying a moment, to comfort his father,—he answering that he could not on any account do so until he had concluded an affair in which his life, his honour, and his heart were embarked. The servants then pressed him,

saying that they would never go back without him, and would carry him away whether he would or not.

—That you shall not do, replied Don Louis, unless you carry me away dead; however you carry me, it will be without life.

By this time, all the others who were in the inn had come up to hear the dispute, notably Cardenio, Don Fernando, his companions, the Judge, the Priest, the Barber, including Don Quixote, to whom there seemed to be no more need for guarding the castle. Cardenio, who knew the boy's story already, asked those who wished to take him, what motive they had for carrying that lad away against his will?

—Our motive is, answered one of the four, that we may give life to his father, who stands in peril of losing it through this gentleman's absence.

Upon this Don Louis said:

—There is no reason why I should give an account here of my affairs. I am free, and I shall return if it pleases me; if not, none of you shall compel me.

—Reason shall compel you, answered the man, and should that not suffice with you, it must suffice with us to do that for which we are come, and to which we are by duty bound.

—Let us know what this is, to the bottom, the Judge then said.

But the man, who knew him as a neighbour of the house, replied:

—Do not you, my lord Judge, know this gentleman, who is your neighbour's son, and has run away from his father's house in a garb so unbecoming his quality, as your worship can see?

The Judge then looked at him more attentively, and knew him, and embracing him, cried:

—What child's tricks are these, Don Louis, or what are

the causes so powerful as to move you to come here in this manner, and in this dress, which suits so ill with your condition ?

The tears came into the youth's eyes, and he could not answer a word to the Judge, who bade the four servants be easy, for all would be well, and, taking Don Louis by the hand, he led him aside, and asked him the reason of his coming there.

While the Judge was putting these and other questions, loud cries were heard at the inn door, the cause of which was that two guests who had lodged there that night, seeing everybody occupied in learning about the quest of the four servants, had thought to go off without paying what they owed. But the Innkeeper, who attended more to his own business than to other people's, laid hold of them as they were going out of the door, and demanded the reckoning, upbraiding them for their scurvy design in such terms as moved them to respond with their fists, and this they began to do so vigorously that the poor Innkeeper was forced to give tongue and call for help. The hostess and her daughter saw no one idle enough to be able to help but Don Quixote, so the daughter cried to him :

—Help ! Sir Knight, by the virtue which God has given you—help my poor father whom two wicked men are thrashing like a bundle of corn !

To which Don Quixote deliberately and with much composure replied :

—Beauteous damsel, your petition cannot, at the present time, be considered, for I am debarred from engaging in any other adventure until I have concluded the one to which my word has pledged me. But what I shall be able to do for your service is what I will now tell you : run and say to your father that he must maintain himself in that battle as best he can, and not in any wise suffer himself to be conquered, whilst I demand licence of the Princess Micomicona

to succour him in his distress, which, if she grant me, hold it for certain that I will relieve him therefrom.

—As I am a sinner, cried Maritornes, who was by, before you get that licence you mention, my master will be in the other world.

—Permit me, lady, but to get the licence I speak of, responded Don Quixote, for so I have it, it will little matter if he be in the other world, for I will fetch him thence in spite of that same world should it gainsay me, or at least I will deliver such vengeance on those who shall have sent him thither as that you shall remain more than moderately contented.

And without another word he went and knelt before Dorothea, praying her, in knightly and errant-like phrases, that her Highness would vouchsafe to give him licence to help and succour the constable of that castle, who was fallen into a grievous strait.

The Princess gave it to him very readily, and he instantly, buckling on his shield and setting hand to his sword, ran to the inn gate, where the two guests were still maltreating the landlord; but as he reached it, he hesitated[1] and came to a stand, though Maritornes and the hostess asked why he delayed in the succouring of their master and husband.

—I delay, said Don Quixote, because it is not lawful for me to draw sword against those of squirely sort. Call me hither my squire Sancho, for to him it belongs and appertains to take this defence and vengeance.

This passed at the window, where the blows and fisticuffs were going at their height, all to the cost of the landlord and the rage of Maritornes, the mistress, and her daughter, who were like to run mad on witnessing the poltroonery of Don

[1] *Embazó*. *Embazar* is commonly used as an active verb, but here it is neuter, meaning, as explained by Covarrubias, to lose the breath from fear, or doubt, or embarrassment. Hartzenbusch, without sufficient reason, proposes to read *envainó*, "sheathed."

Quixote, and the damage their master, husband, and father was suffering.

But let us leave him there, for he will not want a helper, or if he does, let him suffer and hold his tongue, who is so rash as to hazard himself in what is more than his strength allows; and let us turn back fifty paces to hear what was the answer Don Louis gave to the Judge, whom we left enquiring of the youth, privately, the cause of his coming afoot and being so shabbily attired. To whom the boy, clipping him hard with both hands as a token that some great sorrow was wringing his heart, and shedding tears in great plenty, said:

—I can tell you nothing, dear Sir, but that from the moment when Heaven made us neighbours that I might see Lady Clara, your daughter and my mistress, from that instant I made her owner of my heart, and if you, my true lord and father, do not hinder it, this very day she should be my wife. For her I left my father's house, and for her I put on this dress, to follow her wherever she might go, as the arrow the mark or as the mariner the pole-star. She knows not of my passion, more than she has been able to perceive sometimes in my tearful eyes from afar. You, Sir, know of the fortune and rank of my parents, and that I am their sole heir. If you think that these are endowments enough for you to venture to make me completely happy, receive me now for your son; for though my father, prompted by other designs of his own, should not be pleased with this blessing which I have been able to seek out for myself, yet time has more power to direct and alter things than human will.

Saying this, the enamoured youth was silent, and the Judge, having heard him, was amazed and perplexed,—full of admiration, no less at the ingenuous mode in which Don Louis had disclosed his feelings than at finding himself in such a pass, not knowing what course to take in a matter so

sudden and unlooked-for. And, therefore, he made no other answer than to bid him be at his ease for the present and arrange with his servants so that they should not go back that day, that he might have time to consider what was best for all. Don Louis kissed his hands perforce, nay, bathed them with tears, a thing which might melt a heart of marble, not to say that of the Judge, who, being a prudent man, had already perceived how good such a match was for his daughter, though he wished that, if it were possible, it might be carried out with the consent of Don Louis' father, who he knew aspired to have his son made a nobleman of title.

By this time there was peace between the guests and the Innkeeper, for, by Don Quixote's persuasions and fair words more than through menaces, they had paid him all he demanded, and the servants of Don Louis were waiting for the end of the Judge's discourse and their master's decision ; when the Devil, who never sleeps, so ordered it that in that same moment there came into the inn the barber from whom Don Quixote had taken Mambrino's helmet and Sancho Panza the ass-trappings, which he had exchanged for his own. This barber, while sending his beast to the stable, perceived Sancho Panza as he was mending something about the pannel, and as soon as he saw him he knew him and fell on Sancho boldly, crying out:

—Ah, sir thief, here I have you ! Give up my bason and my pannel, with all the trappings you stole from me !

Sancho, finding himself attacked so suddenly, and hearing these foul words, with one hand seized hold of the pannel and with the other dealt the barber a blow which bathed his jaws with blood. But not for all that did the barber let go his grip of the pannel ; on the contrary, he raised his voice so loud that all the people in the inn ran up to the din and scuffle.

—Help here, in the name of the King and of justice !

cried he, for, because I take back my property, he wants to kill me, this highwayman thief!

—You lie! answered Sancho, for I am no highwayman, for my master, Don Quixote, won these spoils in fair battle.

Don Quixote, who was present, was right glad to see how well his squire stood on the defence and offence, and took him from that time forth for a man of mettle, and resolved in his heart to have him dubbed knight on the first opportunity which might offer, confident that on him the order of knighthood would be well bestowed. Now among the other things the barber said in the course of the fray, said he:

—Gentlemen, this pannel is as surely mine as the death I owe to God, and I know it as well as if I had brought it into the world, and there is my ass in the stable who won't let me lie; if not, try it on him, and if it does not fit him to a hair, call me infamous; and more by token that on the very day it was taken from me, they took from me also a new brass bason that had never been handsell'd, which was good for a crown.[1]

Here Don Quixote could no longer contain himself from speaking, but thrusting himself between the two and parting them, the pannel being deposited on the ground that it might be open to public inspection until the truth was ascertained, he said:

—Why, gentlemen, you may see the clear and manifest error into which this good squire hath fallen, since he calls a bason that which was, is, and shall be the helm of Mambrino,—the which I took from him in fair war, and made myself owner of it with right and lawful possession. In regard to the pannel, I meddle not; what I am able to say about it is, that my squire Sancho besought my leave to strip the trappings off the horse of this vanquished coward, therewith to adorn his own. I gave him leave, and he

[1] *Que era señora de un escudo*—lit. "which was mistress of a crown."

took them. As to the conversion of the trappings into an ass's pack-saddle, I can give no other reason but the common one,—to wit, that these transformations are wont to be seen in the affairs of chivalry ; for a confirmation of which,—run, Sancho, my son, and bring here the helmet which this good man avoucheth to be a bason.

—Egad, Sir, cried Sancho, if we have not better proof of our story than this what your worship says, the helmet of Mambrino is as much a bason as this fellow's trappings are a pack-saddle.

—Do what I command thee, replied Don Quixote ; for it cannot be that all things in this castle are governed by enchantment.

Sancho went and fetched the bason, and as soon as Don Quixote saw it, he took it in his hands, and said :

—Behold, gentlemen, with what face this squire hath been able to affirm that this is a bason, and not the helmet I have mentioned ! I now swear, by the order of knighthood I profess, that this was the same helmet I took from him, without anything being added to or taken therefrom.

—There is no doubt of that, said Sancho, for since my master won it till now, he has not fought more than one battle with it, when he freed that unlucky chain-gang, and were it not for this same bason-helmet[1] he had not got off very well that time, for there was a deal of stone-throwing in that bout.

[1] *Baci-yelmo*,—a coinage of the author's.

CHAPTER XLV

Wherein is finally decided the controversy respecting Mambrino's helmet and the pack-saddle; with other adventures which happened in all earnestness

—Good Sirs, cried the barber, what think ye now of what these gentlefolks affirm, who still contend that this is not a bason but a helmet?

—And he that shall affirm the contrary, said Don Quixote, I will make him know, if a Knight, that he lies; if a squire, that he lies again,—a thousand times.

Our own Barber, who was present at all this, and was one well acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, had a mind to encourage his craze and carry the jest farther, to make them all laugh, and so, addressing the other barber, he said:

—Sir Barber, or whoever you are, know that I also am of your profession, and hold a certificate more than twenty years, and I know right well all the instruments of the barber's art, not excepting one; and, moreover, I was a-while a soldier in my youth, and know likewise what is a helmet, and what is a morion, and what a close casque,[1] and other things touch-

[1] *Qué es yelmo, y qué es morrion y celada de encaje.* *Yelmo* is the generic word for helmet, the common open head-piece worn by the horse-soldier; *morrion* was the close-fitting steel cap worn by infantry; *celada de encaje* was the complete or close helmet, worn by the Knight in full armour, fitted with the *visera*, or visor, to look through, and the *babera* (beaver), which opened on a hinge to admit food or drink into the mouth.

ing soldiery,—to wit, the kinds of soldier's arms ; and I say, under correction, always submitting myself to better judgment, that this piece which is here before us, and which this worthy gentleman holds in his hands, not only is not a barber's bason, but is as far from being one as black is from white and truth from falsehood ; although I say that this, though a helmet, yet is not an entire helmet.

—No, certainly, said Don Quixote, for it lacks one-half, which is the beaver.

—That is true, said the Priest, who perceived the drift of his friend the Barber, and the same did affirm Cardenio, Don Fernando, and his companions ; and even the Judge, on his part, would have humoured the jest if he had not been so full of thought regarding the affair of Don Louis ; but the seriousness of what he had in his mind held him so engrossed that he gave little or no attention to these pleasantries.

—Lord a' mercy, cried the befooled barber at this ; and is it possible that so many honourable gentlemen should say this is not a bason but a helmet ? Belike, 'tis a thing to set a whole community a-wondering at, let it be never so wise. Well ; if so be that this bason is a helmet, why this pack-saddle too must needs be a horse's trappings, as this gentleman has said.

—To me it looks like a pack-saddle, exclaimed Don Quixote ; but I have already said I do not meddle with that matter.

—Whether it be pack-saddle or horse-trappings, observed the Priest, it is but for Don Quixote to say, for in these matters of chivalry all these gentlemen and myself yield him the precedence.

—By Heaven, Sirs, said Don Quixote, so many and such strange things have happened to me in this castle, these two occasions in which I have lodged therein, that I dare not affirm anything positively concerning aught that shall be demanded of what is contained in it, for I imagine that

whatever is done here goes by enchantment. The first time, a wizard Moor there is within much annoyed me, and Sancho fared not very well with certain of his following, and last night I was hanged by this arm for nearly two hours without knowing how or why I came to fall into that mishap. Therefore, for me to interfere in an affair of so much perplexity, to give my opinion thereupon, were to risk a rash judgment. As touching what they say, that this is a bason and no helmet, I have already answered; but as to the declaring whether that is an ass's pannel or horse-furniture, I dare not utter any definitive opinion, but leave it to your worships' better judgment. Mayhap, through your not being dubbed knights as I am, the enchantments of this place may have nothing to do with you, and you shall have your understandings free, and shall be able to judge of the affairs of this castle as they really and truly are, and not as they have appeared to me.

—There is no doubt, Don Fernando replied to this, but that Don Quixote has said very well, that to us belongs the determination of this case, and that it may proceed upon a more solid foundation, I will take the votes of these gentlemen privily and give you all full and clear notice of the result.

All this was matter of most excellent mirth to those who were acquainted with Don Quixote's humour, but to those who were ignorant of it, it seemed the greatest nonsense in the world, especially to the four servants of Don Louis, and to Don Louis also, and to three other travellers who happened to arrive at the inn, who had the appearance of officers of justice, as in fact they were.[1] But he who was most at his wits' end was the barber whose bason had been turned before his eyes into Mambrino's helmet, and whose pack-saddle he

[1] The *cuadrilleros*, or officers of the Holy Brotherhood, were known by their being armed with cross-bows, with which they were privileged to execute summary justice on highwaymen caught in the act.

fully expected had to be changed into a rich horse-caparison. All of them laughed to see Don Fernando go from one to another taking their votes, whispering them in the ear that they might declare it in secret, if it were ass-pannel or horse-furniture, that pretty thing over which there had been so much fighting; and after he had taken the votes of those who knew Don Quixote, he said aloud:

—The fact is, my good man, that I am weary of taking so many opinions, for I find nobody whom I ask what I wish to know, who does not tell me that it is absurd to say this is an ass's pack-saddle, and not the caparison of a horse,—aye, and of a well-bred horse; and therefore you must have patience, for in spite of you and of your ass this is a caparison and no pannel, and you have made out the case very badly on your part.

—May I never have a part in heaven, cried the poor barber, if your honours are not all mistaken, and so may my soul appear before God as this pannel appears to me a pannel and not a caparison; but so go the laws [1]—and I say no more, and truly I am not drunk; for, except it be with sin, I have not broken my fast.

The barber's simplicities caused no less laughter than the extravagancies of Don Quixote, who, at this juncture, said:

—There is no more now to be done than for every one to take his own, and what God gives let Saint Peter bless.

Then spoke one of the four servants:—If this be not a

[1] *Allá van leyes do quieren Reyes*,—"so go the laws as Kings please,"—a very old proverb, dating, according to tradition, from the time of Alfonso VI. (1085-1109). According to the legend cited by Rodrigo Jiménez de Rada, Archbishop of Toledo, in his *Historia Latina de España*, there was a dispute in the Church between the adherents of the old Mozarabic ritual and the new offices introduced from France. The King, influenced by his wife Costanza, who was a Frenchwoman, favoured the Gallican mode. The Mozarabic champion, however, was conqueror in the ordeal of battle, and in the ordeal of fire the Gallic breviary was consumed while the Mozarabic came out whole. In spite of this, the King decided in favour of the Gallic ritual, which gave rise to the saying, *allá van leyes do quieren Reyes*.

planned joke, I cannot persuade myself that men of such good intelligence as are or seem to be all who are here, can venture to say and affirm that this is not a bason, nor that a pack-saddle; but seeing that they both say it and affirm it, I am convinced that there must be some mystery in thus insisting on a thing so opposed to all that the very truth and experience itself demonstrate, for I swear by this and by that (rapping out a round oath),[1] that as many as live on the earth shall not persuade me that this is no barber's bason and this no jackass's pannel.

—It might be a she-ass's, observed the Priest.

—It is all the same, exclaimed the servant; for the point lies not in that but whether it is or is not a pannel, as your worships say.

On hearing this, one of the officers of justice who had come in and had been listening to the question and dispute, cried out angrily and impatiently:

—It is as much a pannel as my father is my father, and he who has said or will say anything else must be drunk.[2]

—Thou liest, like a clownish knave! answered Don Quixote.—And raising his lance, which he had never let out of his hand, he discharged such a blow at the officer's head that, had he not moved aside, would have left him stretched there. The lance was broken to pieces against the ground; and the other officers, seeing their comrade maltreated, raised a cry, calling for help for the Holy Brotherhood. The Innkeeper, who was one of the fraternity,[3] ran

[1] *Y arrojóle redondo*—lit. "and he flung out a round one." *Voto á tal*,—our author puts it delicately, using a common form of avoiding blasphemy.

[2] *Debe de estar hecho uva*, which downright Shelton makes "is, I believe, turned into a grape." *Hacerse uva*, "to turn oneself into a grape," according to Covarrubias means "to be drunk."

[3] Innkeepers were commonly sworn of the Holy Brotherhood and had every motive to join the body, to which, however, according to the contemporary satirists, they lent no increase of strength or dignity.

in an instant for his staff and his sword and placed himself by the side of his fellows. The servants of Don Louis got round him lest he should escape in the scuffle. The barber, seeing the house turned topsy-turvy, laid hold again of his pannel, and Sancho did the same. Don Quixote drew his sword and fell upon the officers. Don Louis cried out to his servants to unhand him, and to help Don Quixote, Cardenio, and Don Fernando, who were on Don Quixote's side. The Priest was shouting; the hostess screaming; her daughter wailing; Maritornes weeping; Dorothea distracted; Lucinda frightened; and Doña Clara fainting. The barber mauled Sancho; Sancho pummelled the barber; Don Louis, whom one of his servants had ventured to seize by the arm that he might not run away, gave him such a blow as bathed his jaws in blood; the Judge went to his defence; Don Fernando got one of the officers down at his feet, and was pounding his carcase[1] with them with much heartiness. The Innkeeper renewed his outcry, calling for help to the Holy Brotherhood; so that the whole inn was wails, shouts, screeches, turmoils, alarms, terrors, disasters, slashes, buffets, cudgelling, kicks, and effusion of blood.

In the midst of this chaos, tumult, and medley of matters, the idea came into Don Quixote's mind that he was plunged over head and ears[2] into the discord of the camp of Agramante,[3] and so he exclaimed, in a voice which thundered through the inn:

[1] *Midiéndole el cuerpo con ellos*—lit. "taking the measure of his body with them."

[2] *De hoz y de coz*,—a vulgar phrase, formed like our "helter-skelter," "ding-dong"; originating, according to Covarrubias, with the reapers at harvest, who bring the stalks of wheat together with a kick (*coz*), the better to cut them with a sickle (*hoz*).

[3] The discord in the camp of King Agramante, the leader of the pagan army at the siege of Paris, is described at large in the 27th canto of *Orlando Furioso*. The confusion was created through a cause which makes it doubtful which side had the better right to be called pagan. In the 14th canto, it is said that God, wishing to favour the Emperor Charlemagne, ordered the Archangel Michael to

—Hold all! sheathe all your swords! cease all of you! let all hear me, unless ye all are weary of your lives!

At his mighty voice they all stood still, and he went on, saying:

—Did I not tell you, Sirs, that this castle was enchanted, and that some legions of demons must inhabit it? In confirmation thereof I would have you note with your own eyes how there has passed hither and is transplanted among us the discord of Agramante's camp. Behold, how there they fight for the sword, here for the horse,[1] there for the eagle, yonder for the helmet; and we are all fighting, and all misunderstanding one another. Come therefore you, my lord Judge, and you, Sir Priest, and let one stand for King Agramante and the other for King Sobrino, and keep the peace for us; for by the God omnipotent it is great iniquity that so many gentlemen of quality here should slay one another for causes so trivial.

The officers, who did not understand Don Quixote's language, and found themselves roughly handled by Don Fernando, Cardenio, and their companions, would not be pacified; the barber, however, was agreeable, for in the scuffle both his beard and his pannel had been torn to pieces.

look up Discord, and send her into the camp of the Paynim. But, the unbelievers remaining in harmony in spite of the celestial intervention, the Archangel Michael was sent down himself from heaven to promote the desired confusion. The Archangel was more successful than his agent, with the result that the leaders of the heathen army came to loggerheads with each other, until King Agramante quelled the tumult in the manner Don Quixote tries to imitate.

[1] *Aquí por el caballo.* Hartzenbusch has a characteristic note here, preferring to read *albarda* in place of *caballo*, on the ground that "there is no question here of any horse." In his smaller edition he has actually substituted *jaez* (harness) for *caballo*, in the text. But it is surely needless to say that there is no necessity for any emendation. Don Quixote's head is full of Agramante and his camp. The horse he speaks of is the horse Frontino, the subject of quarrel between Sacripante and Rodomonte—just as the eagle mentioned is the white eagle on the escutcheon which was disputed between Ruggiero and Mandricardo (see *Orlando Furioso*, canto xxvii. sts. 61 and 81).

Sancho, like a good servant, was obedient to the least wish of his master. The foot-servants of Don Louis also were fain to be quiet, seeing how little they got by being otherwise. The landlord alone obstinately maintained that the insolences of that madman had to be chastised, who at every turn disturbed the inn. Finally, the tumult was quelled for the time ; the pack-saddle remained a horse-caparison till the day of judgment, the bason a helmet, and the inn a castle, in the imagination of Don Quixote.

Now, all being pacified, and all made friends by the persuasion of the Judge and the Priest, the servants of Don Louis again began to press him to go with them at once, and while he was settling the matter with them, the Judge consulted with Don Fernando, Cardenio, and the Priest as to what he should do in the case, telling them of Don Louis' story. At last it was agreed that Don Fernando should inform Don Louis' servants who he was, and that it was his wish that Don Louis should accompany him to Andalucia, where the youth would be received by the marquess his brother according as his worth and condition deserved ; for he knew of Don Louis' determination not to return thus into his father's presence, although they tore him in pieces. The rank of Don Fernando and the resolution of Don Louis being known to the servants, they arranged among themselves that three should return to tell his father of what had happened, and the fourth should stay to wait upon Don Louis, not leaving him until the others came back for him, or until he learnt what were his father's commands. In this manner was this batch of quarrels settled by the authority of King Agramante and the wisdom of King Sobrino.[1]

But the enemy of concord and the adversary of peace,[2] seeing himself thus slighted and mocked, and the little fruit

[1] It was by the authority of King Agramante, and through the counsels of King Sobrino, that peace was at last restored in the besiegers' camp (*Orlando Furioso*, canto xxvii. st. 99).

[2] Needless to say, the Devil.

he had gathered from the labyrinth of confusion into which he had involved them all, resolved to try his hand once more, and stir up fresh quarrels and disorders. It fell out thus: the officers, having got to hear of the quality of those with whom they had fought, were quieted; and retired from the fray, thinking that, however it went, they were likely to come off the worst from the battle. But one of them, who was he that had been beaten and kicked by Don Fernando, recollected that among some warrants which he had about him for the arrest of certain delinquents, there was one against Don Quixote, whom the Holy Brotherhood had ordered to be seized for setting the galley-slaves at liberty, as Sancho had with such good reason apprehended. Thinking of this, he wished to assure himself whether the marks indicated in the warrant tallied with those of Don Quixote. Drawing from his bosom a parchment, he lighted upon what he sought, and setting himself to peruse it slowly,—for he was no great reader,—at every word he came to he fixed his eyes on Don Quixote, and went on comparing the details in his warrant with Don Quixote's face, and discovered that this beyond all doubt was he whom the warrant described. As soon as he had satisfied himself of this, he folded up his parchment, and taking the warrant in his left hand, with the right he laid hold of Don Quixote by the collar so tightly as not to allow him to breathe, and cried out loudly:

—Help in the name of the Holy Brotherhood! And that ye may see I demand it in earnest, read this warrant, where it is written that this robber on the highways is to be arrested.

The Priest took the warrant and saw that what the officer said was true, and that the marks applied to Don Quixote; who, on his part, finding himself thus rudely handled by that base scoundrel,—his anger risen to the utmost pitch and making all the bones of his body crackle,—caught the officer

by the throat with both hands with all his might, so that, had he not been rescued by his comrades, he would have given up life there and then rather than Don Quixote his hold. The Innkeeper, who was bound to help those of his office, ran at once to take his part. The hostess, who saw her husband engaged anew in battle, raised a fresh outcry, the burden of which was caught up immediately by her daughter and Maritornes, calling for help from heaven and from the company. Sancho, seeing what was going on, exclaimed:

—By the Lord! but it is true what my master says of the enchantments of this castle, for it is impossible to live quietly in it an hour together.

Don Fernando parted the officer and Don Quixote, and, to the content of both, unlocked their hands, which were fast clenched; the one's in the other's collar, the other's in his adversary's throat. Nevertheless, the officers ceased not to demand their prisoner and the assistance of the company, to have him bound and delivered up to them to be at their pleasure, for so the service of the King and the Holy Brotherhood required, on whose part they again asked for help and aid in the arresting of that robber and brigand of the roads and highways.

Don Quixote laughed to hear them speak these words, and said with much calmness:

—Come hither, filthy and base-born crew! Robbery on the highways do ye call it, the giving liberty to the enchained, the freeing them who are bound, the succouring of the miserable, the uplifting of the fallen, the relieving of the needy? Ah, infamous brood! deserving, through your base and low understanding, that Heaven should not communicate unto you the virtue which lies in Knight Errantry, nor give you to know of the sin and ignorance in which ye lie, in not reverencing the shadow, how much more the actual presence, of a Knight Errant! Come here, ye that are no troopers

but thieves in a troop ;[1] highwaymen, by licence of the Holy Brotherhood ! tell me, who was the blockhead who signed a warrant of arrest against such a Knight as I am ? Who was he that did not know that Knights Errant are exempt from all jurisdiction, that their law is the sword, their charters their valour, their statutes their own will and pleasure ? Who was the dullard, I ask again, who knows not that there is no patent of nobility with so many privileges and immunities as that which the Knight Errant acquires the day he is dubbed a Knight, and devotes himself to the stern exercise of chivalry ? What Knight Errant ever paid tax, cess, queen's patten money, king's dues, toll or customs ?[2] What tailor ever had of him money for a suit of clothes ? What castellan lodged him in his castle, and made him pay scot ? What king did not seat him at his own table ? What damsel was not enamoured of him, and did not surrender herself wholly to his pleasure and will ? And, lastly, what Knight Errant has there ever been, is, or shall be in the world, who shall not have mettle enough, singly, to give four hundred cudgellings to four hundred officers, should they dare to confront him ? "[3]

[1] *Ladrones en cuadrilla que no cuadrilleros.* The *cuadrilleros* were held in universal disesteem in that age, so greatly had they degenerated since their foundation. In *Guzman de Alfarache*, they are spoken of as being leagued with the robbers they were appointed to put down, the insignia of the Holy Brotherhood being assumed merely as a safe-conduct to highwaymen. Suarez de Figueroa and Espinel are no less emphatic in their language in regard to the *Santa Hermandad*, against which the Cortes sent up frequent petitions to the King.

[2] *Pecho, alcabala, chapin de la Reina, moneda forera, portazgo ni barca :* these are various kinds of tribute paid by the people in that age. *Pecho* was the ancient poll-tax, from which *hidalgos* were free ; *alcabala*—both the word and the impost borrowed from the Moors by Alfonso XI.—was a kind of excise upon the sale of certain articles ; *chapin de la Reina* was levied upon the wearers of *chapines*, or pattens, towards the expenses of the Queen's household ; *moneda forera*, "statute money," was paid every seven years to the King, in recognition of his sovereignty ; *portazgo* was a duty levied on foreign goods ; *barca*, or *barcaje*—literally ferriage —was a toll on travellers crossing rivers or bridges.

[3] Don Quixote's speech, or *invectiva Catilinaria*, as Clemencin calls it, has been thought worthy of a place among the models of Spanish eloquence collected by Capmani in his *Tesoro*.

CHAPTER XLVI

Of the notable adventure of the officers of the Holy Brotherhood, and the great ferocity of our good Knight Don Quixote[1]

Whilst Don Quixote was delivering himself thus, the Priest was trying to persuade the officers that the Knight was out of his wits, as they might perceive by his words and his actions, and that therefore they should not carry the business any further, for although they arrested him and took him away they would soon have to release him as a madman. To which he that had the warrant made answer that it was not for him to judge of Don Quixote's madness, but to do what he was ordered by his superior, and that once taken they might release him three hundred times if they pleased.

—For all that, said the Priest, this time you must not take him, nor will he let himself be taken, as I believe.

Finally, the Priest was able to say so much and Don Quixote himself to commit so many extravagancies that the officers would have been no less mad than he had they not discovered his infirmity; and so they thought it well to let him alone and even to become mediators to make peace between the barber and Sancho Panza, who still maintained their quarrel with great bitterness. In the end they, as limbs of justice, compounded the matter, and arbitrated thereon in such a manner that both parties remained, if not wholly con-

[1] This epigraph does not properly belong to this chapter, but rather to the last, as here we have only the conclusion of the adventure with the officers, and nothing of Don Quixote's ferocity.

tented, at least in some degree satisfied, for they exchanged pack-saddles but not girths nor head-stalls ; and as for Mambrino's helmet the Priest privily and unperceived by Don Quixote gave eight *reals* for the bason, and the barber wrote him out a deed of receipt, engaging to refrain from any action for fraud thenceforth for evermore, Amen.

These two disputes having been settled, which were the gravest and most important, nothing remained but that Don Louis' servants should be content, three of them, to return, leaving one to accompany their master wherever Don Fernando might please to take him ; and as now their good stars and better fortune had begun to remove all obstacles and smooth over all difficulties in favour of the lovers and brave spirits of the inn, so they were pleased to carry it through and crown all with a happy issue ; for the servants consented to do what Don Louis wished, at which Doña Clara was so glad that no one could look into her face without discerning her heart's content. As for Zorayda, though she did not well understand the incidents she had witnessed, she was sad and cheerful according as she observed each one's countenance, especially her Spaniard's, on whom she had her eyes ever fixed, and her soul dependent. The Innkeeper, on whom had not been lost the compensation and gift which the Priest had made the barber, demanded Don Quixote's reckoning, as well as payment for the damage of his skins and the loss of his wine, swearing that neither Rozinante nor Sancho's ass should stir from the inn until he was first paid to the uttermost farthing. All this the Priest peacefully settled and Don Fernando paid, though the Judge had readily offered to pay ; and thus they all rested in peace and quietness, so that the inn no longer resembled the confusion of Agramante's camp, as Don Quixote had said, but the very peace and tranquillity of Octavian's time ;[1] for all which it was the

[1] The *pax Octaviana*, or happy time of Augustus, who thrice was able to shut the temple of Janus during his reign.

general opinion that they should thank the good services of the Priest and the unexampled generosity of Don Fernando.

Don Quixote, finding himself free and disembarrassed of all quarrels, both his squire's and his own, thought it would be well to pursue the journey he had begun, and bring to a close that great adventure whereunto he had been called and elected. Therefore, with a firm resolution, he went to kneel down before Dorothea, who would not permit him to utter a word until he rose again, and so to obey her he got upon his feet and said :

—It is a common saying, beauteous lady, that diligence is the mother of good luck ; and in many and weighty matters experience has shown that the assiduity of the advocate brings a doubtful suit to a happy issue ; but in nothing is this truth more manifest than in the affairs of war, wherein celerity and activity prevent the designs of the enemy, and win the victory before the adversary can stand upon his defence. All this I say, exalted and precious lady, for that it seems to me that our further abode in this castle is profitless, and may be so much to our prejudice as we may find out some day. For who knows but that your enemy the giant, by means of occult and diligent spies, may have learnt already of my coming to destroy him and, the delay giving him opportunity, he may fortify himself in some impregnable castle or fortress, against which my pains and the might of my untiring arm may little avail ? Therefore, lady mine, let us prevent, as I have said, his designs by our diligence, and depart quickly with good fortune, for the obtaining which, as your Highness may desire, you shall wait no longer than I delay in facing your adversary.

Don Quixote stopped and said no more, awaiting composedly the answer of the beauteous Infanta, who, with a lordly air, adapted to the style of the Knight, thus replied to him :

—I thank you, Sir Knight, for the inclination which you display to succour me in my great necessity, like a true

Knight, whose province and function it is to succour the orphan and the needy; and Heaven grant that your desire and mine may be fulfilled that you may see there are grateful women in the world. As to my departure, let it be at once, for I have no other will but yours. Dispose of me wholly after your own mode and pleasure; for she who has once delivered to you the defence of her person, and committed into your hands the recovery of her dominions, should have no wish to go contrary to what your wisdom shall ordain.

—By the hand of God, cried Don Quixote, since it is so that a lady humbles herself to me, I will not let slip the opportunity of raising her and placing her on the throne of her heritage. Let our departure be immediate, for inclination is spurring me to the journey, and many are wont to say that in delay there is danger. And, since Heaven has not created nor Hell ever seen one to daunt or intimidate me, saddle me Rozinante, Sancho, and get ready your ass and the Queen's palfrey, and let us take leave of the castellan and of these gentlemen, and go forth hence this moment.

Sancho, who was present at all this, said, wagging his head from side to side:

—Ah, master, master, there is more done in the village than makes a noise, with pardon of all reverend hoods[1] be it said.

—What matter can there be in any village or in any of the cities of the earth, which can be noised to my discredit, villain?

—If your worship gets into a passion, answered Sancho, I will hold my tongue and forbear to say what I am

[1] *Hai mas en aldehuela que se suena*—a proverb, of which another form is *en Orihuela hai mas que el que suena*. Jarvis, mistaking *suena* for *sueña*, makes nonsense of it, though not so great as another modern translator, who renders it "in the village which is vile they go cheating all the while." *Con perdon sea dicho de las tocas honradas*—a common idiom, something like "saving all decent women's presence."

bound to tell as a good squire and a good servant to his master.

—Say what thou wouldst, replied Don Quixote, if thy words tend not to put me in fear; if thou fearest, thou dost like what thou art; if I fear not, I do like what I am.

—It is not that, as I have been a sinner to God, answered Sancho, only that I am certain and positive that this lady who calls herself Queen of the great kingdom Micomicon, is no more so than my mother, for if she were what she says, she would not go nuzzling [1] at every turn of the head and at every corner with somebody of the present company.

Dorothea reddened at these words of Sancho, for it was true that her spouse, Don Fernando, had sometimes on the sly gathered from her lips part of the reward his love had earned, which Sancho had seen, and had thought a kind of wantonness rather becoming a courtesan than the Queen of so mighty a kingdom. She was neither able nor willing to answer him a word but let him go on with his speech, as he did as follows:

—I tell you this, master, because, if at the end of our travelling by high-ways and by-ways, and our passing bad nights and worse days, one here who is disporting himself in this inn should come to gather the fruit of our labours, there is no need to hurry oneself in saddling Rozinante, packing the ass, or getting ready the palfrey, but we had better remain quiet, and let every trull to her wheel and us to dinner.[2]

Good Lord, how mighty a rage was kindled in Don Quixote on hearing these unmannerly words of his squire! It was so great that, with a shaking voice and a stammering tongue, the live fire darting from his eyes, he exclaimed:

[1] *Hocicando*, literally, putting beak to beak together, as birds do, "billing and cooing." *Hocicar* is also to break up the ground with the snout, as hogs do. Covarrubias explains it, in the figurative sense, as to kiss *descompuestamente*.

[2] *Cada puta hile y comamos*—a vulgar phrase.

—O villainous knave! uncircumspect, ill-mannered and ignorant, blasphemous, foul-mouthed, audacious backbiter, and slanderer! Darest thou utter these words in the presence of me and of these illustrious ladies? Hast dared to entertain in thy muddled imagination these infamies and effronteries? Out of my presence, monster of nature, magazine of lies, storehouse of deceits, sink of rogueries, inventor of iniquities, publisher of follies, enemy of the respect due to Royal personages! Away with thee! Never appear before me, on pain of my wrath!

Saying this he arched his brows, blew out his cheeks, glared about him on every side, and gave with his right foot a great stamp on the ground,—all signs of the anger pent up in his heart.

At these words and furious gestures Sancho was struck with such a fear and trembling that he would have been glad had the earth opened that instant beneath his feet and swallowed him up; and he knew not what to do but to turn upon his heel and get out of his master's angry presence.

But the discreet Dorothea, who so perfectly understood Don Quixote's humour, to appease his wrath addressed him thus:

—Vex not yourself, Sir Knight of the Rueful Feature, because of the idle words your good squire has spoken, for perhaps he spoke them not without cause, nor can it be supposed of his good understanding and Christian conscience, that he should bear false witness against anybody. And therefore we must believe, without doubting of it, that since in this castle, as you, Sir Knight, say, all things go and happen by way of enchantment—it may be, I say, that Sancho may have seen, through that diabolical medium, that which he believes he saw, so much to the offence of mine honour.

—I vow by the omnipotent God, here cried Don Quixote, your Highness has hit the mark, and some wicked

vision must have appeared to this sinner of a Sancho, which has made him see that which it were unprofitable to see, except it were by sorceries, for well I know the goodness and innocence of this poor wretch, that he cannot bear false witness against any one.

—It is even so, and so it shall be, said Don Fernando; wherefore, Sir Don Quixote, you must pardon him, and restore him to the bosom of your favour, *sicut erat in principio*, before these visions deprived him of his senses.

Don Quixote answered that he pardoned him, and the Priest went for Sancho, who came in very humble, and, falling down on his knees, besought his master's hand, who gave it him, and after having let him kiss it, bestowed on him a blessing, saying:

—Now wilt thou be convinced, Sancho, my son, that it is true what I have many times said to thee, how that all things in this castle are done by way of enchantment.

—So I believe, quoth Sancho, except that affair of the blanket, which really happened in the ordinary way.

—Do not believe it, replied Don Quixote, for had it been so, I would have avenged thee then and will now; but neither then nor now could I take, or see on whom to take, vengeance for that injury.

They all desired to know what was that affair of the blanket, and so the Innkeeper recounted point by point Sancho's flying through the air, at which they all laughed not a little, and not less would Sancho have been ashamed, if his master had not assured him anew that it was enchantment. For all that, never did Sancho's folly reach to such a pitch as not to believe for true and certain, without any mixture of deception, that he had been tossed in a blanket by persons of flesh and bone, and not by visionary and unreal phantoms, as his master believed and affirmed.

Two days had now passed since that illustrious company

had been in the inn ;[1] and thinking it now time to depart they devised how, without putting Dorothea and Don Fernando to the trouble of going back with Don Quixote to his village, under pretence of restoring the Queen Micomicona, the Priest and the Barber might take him with them, as they wished, and endeavour to get him cured of his madness at home. And this was the plan they contrived. They made a bargain with a waggoner who chanced to pass by there with a team of oxen, to carry him in this manner : they made a kind of cage of trellised poles, capable of holding Don Quixote in it comfortably, and then Don Fernando and his companions, together with the servants of Don Louis, the officers and the Innkeeper, all under the orders and direction of the Priest, covered their faces and disguised themselves, some in one manner and some in another, so as they might appear to Don Quixote to be persons different from those whom he had seen in that castle. This done, they entered the room noiselessly, where he lay asleep, reposing after the late affrays. They went up to where he was sleeping serenely, reckless of any such accident, and seizing him by main force, they bound him fast, hand and foot, in such a manner, that when he awoke with the alarm, he could not move nor do anything else than stare and wonder at the strange faces he saw before him.[2] And immediately he fell into the conceit which his distempered imagination was continually suggesting to him, and believed that all these figures were

[1] Not so, observes Clemencin, proving, by a recital of the many and various incidents which had happened at the inn, that little more than half a day had passed, by the author's own testimony. But the best excuse for Cervantes' carelessness as to time is to say that not less than two days were required for all to happen as he relates.

[2] The manner in which Don Quixote is seized and encaged closely resembles, as Bowle was the first to point out, a scene in Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore*, where the Pagans lay hold of Orlando in his sleep (canto xii. st. 87). So Ruggiero also was seized by Ungiardo in *Orlando Furioso* (canto xlv. st. 9). At every turn of the story Cervantes has in his eye his two chief models, Amadis and Orlando.

phantoms of that enchanted castle, and that without any doubt he was enchanted, since he could neither move nor defend himself; all precisely as the Priest, the inventor of this stratagem, had expected would happen. Sancho alone, of all who were present, was in his right mind as well as in his own figure; and he, though he wanted but little of sharing his master's infirmity, could not but know who were all these counterfeit shapes; but he dared not open his lips until he should see what came of this assault and seizure of his master, who also spoke not a word, waiting to see what would be the issue of this disaster.

The issue was that, taking the cage thither, they shut him in, nailing the bars so fast as that they could not be easily burst open. They then took him on their shoulders, and on going out of the room there was heard a dreadful voice, as much so as the Barber could make it (not he of the pack-saddle, but the other), which said:—

O Knight of the Rueful Feature, be not disquieted because of the confinement wherein thou art, for so it must be for the more speedy achievement of the adventure to which thy great daring has committed thee. That shall be achieved when the raging Manchegan lion[1] *shall be linked in one with the white Tobosan dove, and after they have humbled their lofty crests to the soft matrimonial yoke, of which unheard-of conjunction there shall come forth into the light of the world brave whelps, who shall emulate the ramping talons of their valorous sire. And this shall come to pass ere the pursuer of the fugitive nymph shall have twice visited in his swift and natural course the lucent images.*[2] *And thou, the most noble and obedient squire*

[1] The original editions had *leon manchado*, which the London edition in 1738 changed into *manchego*,—an emendation accepted by the Spanish Academy. *Manchado* and *manchego*, as Clemencin remarks, are pretty much the same, and Cervantes might have intended a pun on the word *mancha*. It is curious to note that Shelton here does not follow the Brussels edition of 1607, as usual, but makes it "Manchegal."

[2] Meaning the Constellations; the pursuer of the fugitive nymph being

that ever bore sword in belt, beard on chin, or smell in nose, be not dismayed nor displeased to see thus carried away before thy very eyes, the flower of Knight Errantry, for soon, if it please the moulder of the world, thou shalt see thyself so exalted and glorified that thou shalt not know thyself, and neither shalt thou be defrauded of the promises which thy good lord hath made thee. And I assure thee on behalf of the sage Mentironiana,[1] *that thy wages shall be paid thee, as thou shalt see in the proof; and follow thou the footsteps of the valiant, enchanted Knight, for it is expedient thou shouldst go where you both shall stay, and as it is not lawful for me to say any more, rest ye with God, for I return I only know whither.*

Towards the end of the prophecy the Barber raised his voice to such a pitch, and then sank it into so soft a modulation that even they who were privy to the joke were near believing that what they heard was real. Don Quixote was comforted by the prediction he heard, for he at once comprehended its whole meaning, and saw that it was promised to him to be joined in holy and lawful matrimony with his beloved Dulcinea del Toboso, from whose happy womb should issue the whelps his sons, to the everlasting glory of La Mancha. And believing this sincerely and firmly, he lifted up his voice and with a deep sigh cried:

—O thou, whoever thou art, who hast prognosticated this great happiness for me, I beseech thee to entreat of the sage enchanter who has my affairs in charge, that he suffer me not to perish in this duress where now they have put me, until I see accomplished those glad and incomparable promises which they have here made me; for so this be, I will account the pains of my prison glory, these chains

Apollo. A prophecy in similar terms was found by Amadis, written in Greek on a bronze statue, within the enchanted chamber of the Vermilion Tower, announcing that he was to marry the peerless Oriana, and come to reign over Great Britain (*Amadis*, bk. iv. ch. xlix.). Similar prophecies and oracular utterances are to be found in *Florisel de Niquea* and other romances.

[1] Formed appropriately from the verb *mentir*, "to lie."

which bind me comfort, and this tester, whereon I am laid, no hard field of battle, but a soft couch and happy bridal-bed. And in regard to the consolation of Sancho Panza, my squire, I confide in his honesty and good conduct, that he will not forsake me in good or in evil fortune, for though it should not happen, either through his or mine evil star, that I am able to bestow on him the Isle, or some other thing equivalent, which I have promised him, at least he shall not lose his wages, for in my will, which is already made, I have set down what is to be given to him, not conformably with his many and good services but with my slender means.

Sancho Panza bowed his head with great respect, and kissed his master's two hands, for one alone he could not, they being tied together. Then the phantoms hoisted the cage on to their shoulders, and set it upon the bullock-cart.

CHAPTER XLVII

Of the strange manner in which Don Quixote de la Mancha was enchanted, with other notable incidents

When Don Quixote found himself encaged in that manner and a-top of a cart, he said :—Many and very grave histories have I read of Knights Errant, but never have I read, nor seen, nor heard, that they carried enchanted Knights in this wise, and at the pace which these slow and lazy animals promise. For they are always used to be carried through the air with extraordinary celerity, wrapt in some thick, dark cloud, or in a chariot of fire, or upon some hippogriff, or other similar beast ; but that they should carry me now upon a bullock-cart,—'fore God ! it puts me to confusion. But perhaps the chivalry and the enchantments of these our times have to take another course than that which was pursued by the men of old ; and it may be also that as I am a new Knight in the world, and the first who has revived the already forgotten profession of Knight Errantry, they have newly invented other kinds of enchantment and other modes of carrying the enchanted. What dost thou think of this, son Sancho ?

—I know not what to think, replied Sancho, not being so well read as your worship in the errant writings ; but for all that I dare affirm and swear that these apparitions we have about us are not altogether Catholic.

—Catholic ?—Father of me ! answered Don Quixote,

how should they be Catholic if they are all demons who have taken fantastic shapes, to come and do this and put me into this state? And if thou wouldst know this to be true, touch them and feel them, and thou wilt see they have no bodies but of air and no consistency but in appearance.

—Egad, Sir, replied Sancho, I have touched them already, and this devil here who goes about so busy is plump of flesh, and has another property very different from what I have heard say the devils have; for it is said they all stink of brimstone and other bad smells, but this one smells of amber half a league off.

This Sancho meant of Don Fernando, who, being a fine gentleman, must have smelt as Sancho said.

—Marvel not thereat, friend Sancho, answered Don Quixote, for I would have thee learn that the devils are very knowing; and though they carry smells about them, they smell not, for they are spirits; or if they do smell, they smell not of good things but such as are bad and fetid. The reason is that wherever they are, they take hell with them, and may receive no kind of relief from the torments; and a good smell being a thing of delight and pleasure, it is not possible that they should ever smell well; and if thou thinkest that this devil of whom thou speakest smells of amber, either thou deceivest thyself, or he would deceive thee, by making thee fancy he is not a devil.

All this colloquy passed between master and man; and Don Fernando and Cardenio, fearing that Sancho would find out their stratagem,—he being already on the heels of it,—resolved to hasten their departure; so, calling the Innkeeper aside, they ordered him to saddle Rozinante and put the pack-saddle on Sancho's ass, which was done with great despatch. The Priest, meanwhile, had already agreed with the officers that they should escort him, for so much a day, to his village. Cardenio hung on one side of Rozinante's saddle-bows the target and on the other the bason, and

signed to Sancho to get up on his ass and take Rozinante by the bridle, placing the officers with their firelocks[1] on either side of the cart. But before the cart began to move, the hostess, her daughter, and Maritornes came out to take leave of Don Quixote, feigning to shed tears of sorrow at his mishap; to whom Don Quixote said:

—Weep not, good ladies, for all these mischances are incidental to those who profess what I profess; and if these disasters did not befall me, I would not deem myself a Knight Errant of fame, for to Knights of small name and repute these accidents never happen, since there is no one in the world to think about them: to the valiant they do, for these are envied for their virtue and valour by many Princes and other Knights, who seek by evil ways to destroy good men. Nevertheless, so potent is Virtue, that of herself alone, in despite of all the necromancy that Zoroaster, its first inventor, ever knew,[2] she will come off victorious from any trial, and shed her light over the world as does the sun in heaven. Pardon me, fair ladies, if through my inadvertence I have given you any displeasure, for willingly and wittingly have I given none to any; and pray to God to deliver me from these bonds, into which some evil-minded enchanter has cast me, and if ever I find myself free from them, there shall not lapse from my memory the favours which in this castle ye have bestowed on me, that I may acknowledge them and requite them as they deserve.

Whilst this was passing between the ladies of the castle and Don Quixote, the Priest and the Barber took their leave of Don Fernando and of his companions, and of the Captain and his brother, and of all those now well-contented ladies, especially of Dorothea and Lucinda. They all em-

[1] They carried not firelocks but cross-bows (*ballestas*), as will be seen in a later chapter.

[2] This was the common belief of the ancients, that Zoroaster, or Zerdusht, the famous King of Persia, was the inventor of magic. (See Pliny, cap. xxxix.)

braced one another, and promised to give an account to each other of their adventures, Don Fernando telling the Priest where he was to write to inform him of what became of Don Quixote, declaring that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to hear; and that he, too, would acquaint the Priest of all that he knew would give him pleasure, of his marriage, as well as of Zorayda's baptism, the affair of Don Louis, and Lucinda's return to her home. The Priest undertook to do all that he desired with all punctuality. They again embraced, and again exchanged offers of service. The Innkeeper went up to the Priest, and gave him some papers, saying he had discovered them in the lining of the valise in which the novel of the *Impertinent Curiosity* had been found, and since their owner had never come back that way, he might take them all with him, for as he could not read he did not want them himself. The Priest thanked him, and opening the papers at once, saw written at the beginning of the manuscript: *The Novel of Rinconete and Cortadillo*;[1] by which he understood it was some tale, and imagined that, as the other of the *Impertinent Curiosity* had been good, this should be also, since probably they were both written by the same author; and so he preserved it with the intention of reading it when he had an opportunity. Then he mounted on horseback with his friend the Barber, both with their masks on, that they might not at once be recognised by Don Quixote, and set out on their journey, stationing themselves in the rear of the cart. And the order of their march was this: first went the cart, guided by its owner; on either side marched the officers, as we have said, with their firelocks; then followed

[1] This is one of the *Novelas Exemplares*, first published by Cervantes in 1613, but probably written during his residence in Seville twenty years before. It is the best of all Cervantes' lighter pieces of humour; though why it is here mentioned, unless to stimulate the reader's curiosity regarding the novels, for which probably he was then unable to find a publisher, does not appear, for nothing more is heard of it during the story.

Sancho Panza upon his ass, leading Rozinante by the bridle; in the rear of all rode the Priest and the Barber upon their powerful mules, with their faces covered as before mentioned, with a grave and sober air, travelling no faster than the slow pace of the oxen permitted. Don Quixote sat in his cage, with his hands tied and his feet stretched out, leaning against the bars, as silent and patient as if he had been, not a man of flesh, but a statue of stone. And thus slowly and silently they journeyed for about two leagues, when they came to a valley, which the carter thought a convenient place for resting and feeding his cattle. He told the Priest of his plan, but the Barber was of opinion that they should proceed a little farther, for he knew that behind a hill which appeared in view, there was a valley with more grass and much better than where they wished to halt. They took the Barber's advice, and again pursued their journey.

At this moment the Priest, looking round, saw coming behind them some six or seven men on horseback, well mounted and equipped, who soon overtook them, for they did not travel with the slow pace and deliberation of the oxen, but as people who rode on canons' mules, and were desirous of getting on quickly to take their siesta in the inn which came in sight, not a league off. The active ones came up with the slow, and they saluted one another courteously, and one of the travellers, who in effect was a Canon of Toledo, and master of the rest of his company, seeing the formal procession of cart, officers, Sancho, Rozinante, the Priest, and the Barber, and especially Don Quixote, encaged and imprisoned, could not refrain from asking what was the meaning of their carrying that man in that fashion, though he had already concluded, seeing the badges of the officers, that he must be some reprobate highwayman or other malefactor, with whose punishment the Holy Brotherhood was concerned. One of the officers to whom the question was put, answered thus:

—Sir, as to what is the meaning of this gentleman being carried in this manner, let him tell it himself, for none of us can.

Don Quixote, overhearing their talk, said to them:—Perchance you, gentlemen, are versed and skilled in this matter of Knight Errantry? For if you are, I will communicate to you my misfortunes; if not, there is no reason why I should weary myself in relating them.

By this time the Priest and the Barber, seeing the travellers were discoursing with Don Quixote, had come up to answer for him, so that their plot might not be discovered. The Canon whom Don Quixote had addressed replied:

—Truly, brother, I know more of books of chivalries than of Villalpando's Summaries;[1] if that is all, therefore, you can safely impart to me what you please.

—By God's hand, then, replied Don Quixote, since it is so, I would have you know, Sir, that I go enchanted in this cage through the envy and treachery of wicked enchanters, for virtue is more persecuted of the evil than loved by the good. A Knight Errant am I, and not of those whose names Fame has never remembered to perpetuate in her record, but of those who, maugre and in despite of Envy herself, and of all the magicians that Persia, the Brahmans that India, or the Gymnosophists that Ethiopia ever produced, shall enroll his name in the temple of immortality, to serve for an ensample and pattern to ensuing ages, wherein Knights Errant may view the steps which they have to follow if they would arrive at the summit and honourable height of arms.

—The Knight of La Mancha speaks the truth, interposed the Priest, for he goes enchanted in this waggon, not through his own faults or misdeeds, but through the malignity of those whom virtue galls and valour offends. This, Sir, is

[1] *La Suma de las Súmulas*, by Gaspar Cardillo de Villalpando, published at Alcalá in 1557, was then a popular text-book of the elements of Logic.

the KNIGHT OF THE RUEFUL FEATURE,—if ye have ever heard speak of him at any time,—whose valiant achievements and mighty deeds shall be inscribed on enduring brass and eternal marble, though Envy should never so much tire herself to obscure and malice to conceal them.

When the Canon heard both bound and free talk in this style, he was near crossing himself for astonishment, nor could conceive what had happened, and in the same amazement fell all who were of his company. At this Sancho Panza, who had drawn near to hear them talk, said, to make all plain:

—Look ye, Sirs, whether you like me or mislike me for what I shall say, this is the matter of it, that Don Quixote is as much enchanted as my mother. He has all his senses perfect; he eats and drinks, and does his needs, like the rest of men, and as he did yesterday before they caged him up. This being so, how will they have me believe he is enchanted? For I have heard many persons say that the enchanted neither eat nor sleep, nor talk; and my master, if they will only let him alone, will out-talk more than thirty lawyers.—And, turning round to look at the Priest, he proceeded, saying:—Ah, Master Priest, Master Priest, do you think I don't know you? And do you think I don't see through and guess the drift of these new enchantments? Let me tell you I know you for all your masking of your face, and can make you out, however you may hide your tricks. In short, where envy reigns virtue cannot live, nor bounty live where there is pinching. Ill luck to the devil!—and were it not for your reverence, by this hour my master had been married to the Infanta Micomicona, and I had been a Count at the least, for anything less I could not expect, either from the bounty of my master, him of the Rueful Feature, or from the greatness of my services; but I see now the truth of what is said about here, that Fortune's wheel goes swifter than a mill-wheel, and those who were yesterday at the tip-

top [1] are to-day on the ground. What grieves me is for my wife and children, for when they might and should see their father come in at the door a full governor or viceroy of some Isle or kingdom, they will see him enter a horse-boy. All this which I have said, Master Priest, is only to urge upon your fatherhood to have a conscience in how you ill-treat my master, and look to it that God does not make you account in the other life for this seizing of my master, and charge against you all these succours and benefits which my lord Don Quixote leaves undone all this time that he is shut up.

—Snuff me those candles! [2]—here cried the Barber; what, are you also, Sancho, of your master's fraternity? As God liveth, I begin to see that you will have to bear him company in the cage, and to remain as enchanted as he is, for what you have caught of his humour and chivalry. In an evil moment were you gotten with child of his fancies, and in an ill hour did the Isle you covet enter your pate.

—I am got with child by nobody, retorted Sancho, nor am I a man to let myself be got with child, were it by the King; and, though poor, I am an old Christian, and owe nobody nothing; and if I covet Isles, there are those who covet worse things; and every one is the child of his works; and by token I am a man I may come to be Pope, much more governor of an Isle, and especially as my master is able to win so many that he may want persons to give them to. Mind how you speak, Master Barber, for shaving of beards is not all, and there is a difference between Peter and Peter.[3] I say this, for we all know one another, and there is no passing false dice upon me; and as to this enchanting of

[1] *En pinganitos*—a curious phrase, of uncertain origin, only used in the plural and in this connexion.

[2] *Adóbame esos candiles*—a vulgar proverbial phrase, equivalent to our English "shut up."

[3] *Algo va de Pedro á Pedro*—a proverb.

my master, God knows the truth, and let it rest there, for it is the worse for stirring.

The Barber cared not to answer lest Sancho should reveal, through his bluntness, what he and the Priest were trying so hard to conceal. The Priest, under the same apprehension, had asked the Canon to ride on a little in advance, and he would unfold to him the mystery of the caged one, with other things to divert him. The Canon did so, and, going forward with him and with his men, was attentive to all that the Priest told him of Don Quixote's character, life, madness, and habits; who recounted briefly the beginning and origin of his distraction, and the whole course of his adventures up to his being confined in that cage, and the plan they had of taking him home, to see whether by any means they might find a cure for his madness. The Canon and his servants were amazed anew at hearing of Don Quixote's strange history, and having heard it, he said:

—Verily, Sir Priest, I find by my own experience that they are mischievous to the commonweal, these which are called books of chivalries; and though, carried away by an idle and false taste, I have read the beginnings of almost all that are printed, I could never prevail upon myself to read any of them to the end, for methinks they are all more or less the same thing, and this has no more in it than that, nor that than the other. And, in my opinion, this kind of writing and composition falls under the order of fables they call the Milesian,[1] which are extravagant tales, tending only to amuse, and not to teach, contrary to what the fables do which are called apologues, which delight and instruct

[1] Of the Milesian fables, which have the honour of being the beginning of all fiction, nothing is known except that they were of the kind called "facetious,"—their humour consisting, like most of the modern French, in obscenity. The tale of the Ephesian matron in *Petronius Arbiter* is supposed by Dunlop to be a relic from Miletus, preserved in a not inappropriate modern setting.

together. And even though the chief intent of such books is to please, I know not how they can attain to it, being filled with so many and such monstrous absurdities.[1] For the delight which the soul receives must spring from the beauty and congruity which it sees and contemplates in the things which the eye or the imagination sets before it, and nothing which is ugly or deformed in itself is able to give us any pleasure. Now, what beauty can there be, or what harmony of parts with the whole, or of the whole with the parts, in a book or story where a youth of sixteen gives one cut at a giant as tall as a steeple, and divides him into two halves as if he were made of sugar-paste.[2] And when they would paint for us a battle, after having told us that there are a million of fighting men on the side of the enemy, there being against them the hero of the book, we must perforce, and in spite of our teeth, believe that such and such a Knight obtained the victory through the valour of his stout arm alone.[3] Then what shall we say of the facility with which a Queen or Empress hereditary throws herself into the arms of an unknown wandering Knight?

[1] It would be tedious, and in this place scarcely necessary, to quote examples of what the Canon of Toledo, speaking, doubtless, Cervantes' own mind, says of the extravagant absurdities contained in the books of chivalries, which are a mass of anachronisms, impossible events, impracticable feats, geographical blunders, incongruous inventions, miracles, enchantments, exaggerations of every kind of romance, without any attempt at verisimilitude, and all as tedious and as tawdry in style as they are extravagant in the invention. What Ascham said of the Arthurian romances is even more true of the later Spanish books, the spurious brood of Amadis and of Tirante. "The whole planne of them standeth on two speciall poyntes, on open manslaughter and bold bawdrie, in which those be counted the noblest knights that doe kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shifts."

[2] *Alfeñique*, from the Arabic *al-fenîd*,—a sweetmeat made of sugar and pounded almonds. The feat mentioned in the text was performed by Belianis of Greece.

[3] The Italian poets even surpass the romancers in this respect. Ruggiero, in the *Orlando Furioso*, defeats the entire Greek army singly (canto xliv.); and Orlando, in Boiardo's poem, puts to rout, with eight of his comrades, the army of Agrican, which numbered over two millions of men (canto x.).

What mind, not wholly barbarous and uncultured, can be amused by reading how a great tower filled with Knights sails through the sea like a ship with a fair wind,[1] and is to-night in Lombardy, and by the morning in the country of Prester John of the Indies,[2] or in some other, which neither Ptolemy ever described nor Marco Polo saw? And if they answer me that they who compose these works do write them as things of fiction, and therefore are not bound to look to niceties or unities, I would reply that a fiction is better by just so much as it resembles the truth, and is the more agreeable the more it has of the probable and possible. Feigned fables have to be matched with the understanding of those who read them, written in such a way that by softening the impossible, lowering the excessive, and keeping minds in a balance, they may astonish, interest, excite, and divert in such a manner as that admiration and delight may go hand in hand. All this he cannot do who flies from verisimilitude and imitation of nature, wherein consists the perfection of writing. I have seen no books of chivalries with an entire body of fable, with all its members complete, in such a manner as that the middle corresponds with the beginning, and the end with the beginning and middle; nay, they are composed of so many members as to appear rather intended to form a chimera or a monster than a proportioned shape. Moreover, they are hard in style, incredible in their adven-

[1] Such a tower Altiseo, King of England, saw coming towards his court, belonging to the Lady of Fondovalle, in the romance of *Florambel of Lucea*.

[2] The legend of Prester (Presbyter) John, which had so curiously wide a diffusion in the Middle Ages, has been the subject of much disputation and research. A recent theory identifies him with Yeliu Tashi (twelfth century), the founder of the empire of Kara-Khitai ("Black Cathay"), who conquered Eastern and Western Turkestan, and had his capital at Bala Sagun, in what is now Russian Turkestan, not far from Tashkend (lat. 43°). See Oppert, *Der Presbyter Johannes in Sage und Geschichte*. See also Colonel Yule's *Cathay*, pp. 173-183, and his *Marco Polo*, vol. i. pp. 229-233 (2nd edition). Professor Bruun, of Odessa, in a pamphlet on the migrations of Prester John (Odessa, 1870), starts the theory that he was Prince Orbelian, of Georgia.

tures, licentious in their amours, impertinent in their compliments, tedious in their battles, foolish in their discourses, preposterous in their travels, and, finally, void of all art and intelligence, and therefore deserving of being expelled from a Christian commonwealth as an unprofitable race.[1]

The Priest listened with great attention, perceiving him to be a man of good understanding who had reason for what he said; and so he told him that, being himself of the same opinion and bearing a grudge against the books of chivalries, he had burnt those that belonged to Don Quixote, which were many, and he gave the Canon an account of the inquisition which he had held upon them, and of those he had condemned to the fire, and those whose lives he had spared; with which the Canon was not a little amused. Yet he said that, for all the ill he had spoken of these books, he found one good thing in them, namely, the subject which they offered for a good intellect to display itself. They presented a large and spacious field through which the pen might run without let or hindrance, describing shipwrecks, tempests, strifes, and battles; painting a valiant captain with all the parts required to make him such; showing him prudent in frustrating the wiles of his enemies, and eloquent in oratory, persuading or dissuading his soldiers; ripe in counsel, prompt in resolve, as courageous in awaiting as in delivering the assault; depicting now a tragic and lamentable incident, now a joyful and unlooked-for event; here a beauteous lady, chaste, witty, and modest; there a Christian Knight, brave and gentle; in one place a monstrous barbarian braggart, in another a courteous Prince, valorous

[1] It would be useless to accumulate the testimonies of writers before and during the age of Cervantes, who equally with himself denounced the follies and evils of this kind of reading. It is enough to say that though many others had written against the books of chivalries, and the Church had proscribed them, and the Cortes had petitioned against them, they ceased not to be popular and to be read by all classes until *Don Quixote* appeared, when they went out like ghosts at cock-crow.

and wise ; representing the faith and loyalty of vassals, the greatness and generosity of noblemen. He might show himself sometimes learned in astrology, sometimes an excellent cosmographer, musician, or statesman ; sometimes, if he pleased, the occasion might offer of proving his skill in necromancy. He may set forth the subtlety of Ulysses, the piety of Æneas, the prowess of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the perfidy of Timon, the friendship of Euryalus, the generosity of Alexander, the courage of Cæsar, the clemency and truthfulness of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the prudence of Cato ; and in fine all those faculties which serve to make an illustrious hero perfect, now placing them in one single man, again distributing them among many. And this being done in a pleasant style, with ingenious invention, inclining as near as possible to truth, the author will, without doubt, compose a web so woven of various and beautiful threads, that when finished it shall exhibit that beauty and perfection which reach the best end aimed at in these works, which is at once to instruct and to delight, as has been said. For the free method of writing these books gives the author room to display his talent in the epic, the lyric, the tragic, and the comic, with all the parts included in the sweet and delightful sciences of poesy and oratory. And the epic may be written in prose as well as in verse.[1]

[1] Here is evidence of the strong inclination of Cervantes himself to the delightful art of romance which he so eloquently expounds. Compare the passage in the *Advancement of Learning*, where Bacon extols in a similar strain the uses and worth of fiction, in which "there is, agreeable to the spirit of man, a more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things" (bk. ii. ch. iv.).

CHAPTER XLVIII

Wherein the Canon pursues the subject of the Books of Chivalries, with other matters worthy of his genius

—Sir Canon, replied the Priest, it is as you say; and for this reason are they the more deserving of blame who have until now composed such books, without paying any heed to good sense or to art, or the rules whereby they might have guarded themselves, and so have become as famous in prose as are the two princes of poesy, Greek and Latin, in verse.

—I, for one, said the Canon, have myself been tempted to write a book of chivalries, observing therein all the conditions I have mentioned, and, to confess the truth, I have written more than a hundred sheets; and to test whether they came up to my opinion of them I have shown them to learned and judicious men, fond of this kind of reading, as well as to others who are ignorant and only look to the pleasure of listening to absurdities, and from all I have met with a flattering approbation. Nevertheless, I have proceeded no farther, not only because I deemed it a thing alien to my profession, but because I found the number of the ignorant to exceed that of the wise; and though it is better to be praised by the few wise than laughed at by the many foolish, yet I would not subject myself to the confused judgment of the giddy vulgar, who are chiefly given to the reading of such books. But that

which made me rid my hands and even my thoughts from finishing it, was an argument I used to myself, drawn from the comedies which are now represented. For, said I, if those which are now in fashion, whether feigned or historical, are all, or most of them, notorious absurdities, things which have neither head nor tail, and yet the vulgar listen to them with pleasure, and hold and approve them for good when they are so far from being so; and if the authors who compose them, and the managers who represent them, say that such they must be because such the vulgar will have, and not otherwise;[1] that those which observe a rule and follow the story as art requires, serve only to please the three or four men of sense who comprehend them, and all the rest are unable to understand their cunning; and that, for their part, it is better to get bread from the many than reputation from the few; so it would have fared with my book, after I had scorched my eye-brows in studying to observe the aforesaid precepts, and I would have been like the tailor of Cantillo.[2] And though I have at sundry

[1] A clear allusion to Lope de Vega, who, in 1602, published an apology for his plays under the title of *Arte Nuevo de Hacer Comedias*, in which, with a superb candour, or rather arrogance, he openly declared the purpose he had in writing his plays, which was none other than to please the vulgar, to whom he looked for payment, cynically saying:—

Y escribo por el arte que inventáron
Los que el vulgar apláuso pretendiéron;
Porque como las paga el vulgo, es justo
Hablarle en nécio para darle gusto.

(I wrote but by the art the wiser taught,
They who to catch the rabble's ears but sought;
For as the vulgar pay, it's just and right,
To speak this silly stuff for their delight.)

[2] *El sastre del Cantillo que ponia de su casa aguja y hilo*—a proverb, said of those who give labour and material too, without prospect of reward. It is *Cantillo* in the oldest collection of proverbs, that of the Marqués de Santillana; but more generally *Campillo*, as in the *Picara Justina* and in Quevedo. This is some village, known for nothing else than its self-denying tailor.

times endeavoured to persuade the managers[1] that they are mistaken in the opinion they hold, and that they would draw more people and gain more fame by representing plays which follow art than with such extravagant pieces, they are so bound and wedded to their own opinion that no argument or proof can drive them from it. I remember I said one day to one of these obstinate fellows:—Tell me, do you not recollect that a few years ago there were played in Spain three tragedies composed by a famous poet of these kingdoms, which were such as to fill with admiration, delight, and wonder all who heard them, both learned and simple, the vulgar as well as the quality, and got the players more money, those three alone, than thirty of the best which have since been produced?—Doubtless, responded the manager I speak of, you mean the *Isabella*, the *Phyllis*, and the *Alexandra*.[2]—The same, said I, and note whether they did not well observe the rules of art, and whether, by observing them, they were hindered from being what they were, and from pleasing all the world. Therefore the fault is not in the public, which demands absurdities, but in those who cannot represent anything else. For there is no absurdity in *Ingratitude Avenged*, nor in *Numancia*, nor is it found in the *Merchant Lover*, nor in the *Friendly Enemy*;[3] nor in some others that sundry intelligent poets

[1] *Autores*—here, as in the previous sentence, meaning not authors, but the directors of dramatic companies, or managers—so called in those days.

[2] These three plays were written by Lupercio Leonardo de Argensola, a contemporary and friend of Cervantes. They do not deserve all the praise here so generously given them, any more than did their author merit the friendship which he so ill requited.

[3] *La Ingratitud Vengada* is a play by Lope de Vega; *La Numancia* is by Cervantes himself; *El Mercader Amante* is by Gaspar de Aguilar; *La Enemiga Favorable* is by Francisco de Tárrega, a dramatist mentioned by Cervantes in the prologue to his *Comedias*. I cannot help suspecting that Cervantes must have written "there is no absurdity" in *La Ingratitud Vengada*, with his tongue in his cheek. It is in truth one of the most absurd as it is the most filthy of Lope de Vega's plays,—a picture in which, as Clemencin says, is painted nothing

have written for their fame and renown, and for the profit of those who played them. And to these I added other arguments, with which I left him, as I thought, somewhat confounded, but not so satisfied or convinced as to retract his erroneous opinion.

—You have touched upon a matter, Sir Canon, said the Priest, which has awakened in me an ancient grudge I bear to the plays now in vogue which equals that I bear to the books of chivalries. For whereas the drama should be, according to Tully, a mirror of human life, a pattern of manners, and an image of truth,[1] those which are nowadays represented are mirrors of absurdity, patterns of follies, and images of lewdness.[2] For what greater absurdity can there be in such a thing as we treat of, than for a child to appear in the first scene of the first act in swaddling clothes, and in the second to enter a bearded man?[3] And what greater than to paint us a valiant dotard, and a youthful poltroon; a lackey a rhetorician, a page a counsellor, a king a porter, and a princess a scullery-maid? Then, what shall I say of their observance of the times and places in which the actions they represent can or should happen, but that I have seen a play of which the first act opened in Europe, the second in Asia, the third finished in Africa;[4] and if there had been

else than *inmundicia y estiércol*. That Cervantes should have included his own high-wrought and noble tragedy of *Numancia* in this list, was probably to signify his disdain of those who could make no difference between it and the ignoble work of his rivals.

[1] *Comœdia est imitatio vitæ, speculum consuetudinis, imago veritatis*—are the words of Cicero, as preserved in a fragment of one of his lost works.

[2] Owing to the notorious corruptions of the stage and its pernicious influence upon public morals, Philip II. ordered all the theatres to be closed in 1598, nor were they opened again until two years after, in the reign of his son.

[3] In allusion to Lope de Vega's play of *Urson y Valentin*, in which the Queen Margarita is delivered of a child in the first act, who at the beginning of the second appears as a young man of twenty.

[4] The Spanish comedy at that time was divided into three acts, an innovation for which Cervantes took the credit to himself, but which seems to have been first introduced by one Avendaño, in a play printed in 1553.

four acts the fourth would have ended in America, and thus it would have been played in all the four quarters of the globe.[1] If imitation be the chief aim of the drama, how is it possible that any average understanding should be satisfied, when, representing an action which passed in the time of King Pepin and Charlemagne, they make the principal personage in it the Emperor Heraclius, who enters Jerusalem bearing the Cross, and wins the Holy Sepulchre, like Godfrey of Bouillon; numberless years having passed between one event and another;[2] and the play being based upon a fiction, to introduce therein matters of history, mingling with it patches of things which happened to different persons at different times, and this with no attempt at verisimilitude, but with patent errors, at every point inexcusable? And the worst of it is that there are blockheads who say that this is the perfect art, and that to look for aught else is to long for dainties. But what if we come to the holy dramas? How many miracles do they feign in them! How many things apocryphal and unintelligible,—miracles of one Saint ascribed to another![3] Nay, even in the profane, they dare to work

[1] There are several of the plays of Lope de Vega which so offend against the unities of time and place.

[2] In a play of Lope de Vega—*La Limpieza no manchada*—are brought together the patriarch Job, King David, Saint John the Baptist, St. Bridget, and the University of Salamanca.

[3] There was no greater offender in this respect than Lope de Vega, against whom doubtless the Priest's ridicule is directed. His divine comedies were even more full of absurdities than his profane. In *El Cardenal de Belén* (not a miracle play, or an *auto*, such as used to be performed in the streets on festivals,—which, being religious, might be excused for every sort of extravagance and profanity,—but a regular stage drama in three acts), of which the hero is St. Jerome, are introduced St. Augustine, Julian the Apostate, the three Kings of the East who came to Bethlehem, the Archangel Raphael, and the Devil. Among the characters on the stage are the World, Rome, Spain, a lion, and a cockerel. Raphael, to spite the Devil, tells him of the foundation of the monasteries of Yuste and Guadalupe, and the building of the Escurial. St. Jerome, who in the first act is a youth of twenty, dies in the last, aged ninety-nine. In all this Lope was quite consistent with his principles; giving to the vulgar what the vulgar asked, in order to make money.

miracles upon no other reason and consideration than because they think that here such a miracle, or strange effect, as they call it, will go well, that ignorant people may admire and come to the play. All this is to the prejudice of the truth and the detriment of history; yea, to the reproach of our Spanish wits, for foreigners, who observe the laws of the drama with great nicety, hold us for ignorant and barbarous, seeing the absurdities and extravagances of the plays we write.[1] And would it be any excuse to plead that the chief intent which well-ordered commonwealths have in permitting stage plays to be acted is to entertain the commonalty with some honest pastime, to divert the evil humours which idleness at times is wont to engender; and, since this can be attained with any play, good or bad, it were to no purpose to impose laws or to compel the writers and the actors to make them as they should be made, for, as I have said, with any sort of play they can carry out the desired object. To which I would reply that this end is much better achieved, beyond all comparison, by plays that are good than by those which are not so; for the spectator, having seen a well written and ordered play, would come away delighted by the comic part, instructed by the serious, full of admiration at the incidents, sharpened by the language, forewarned by the truths, made wise by the lessons, incensed against vice, and enamoured of virtue. For all these sensations will a good play awaken in the mind of the listener, let him be ever so gross or rude. And of all impossibilities it is most impossible that a play having all these qualities should not delight and entertain, please and content, much more than

[1] The Priest, in his rancour against the native drama, is a little too flattering to that of foreigners. The drama, in every European country, was then in its infancy. The Italian stage was a little in advance of the rest, but neither in England nor in France were the laws of dramatic writing observed with any great nicety. Clemencin notes the coincidence between this passage of the Priest's lecture and some lines in Lope de Vega's *Arte Nuevo de Hacer Comedias*, which confess that he was called ignorant and barbarous by France and Italy.

one which is deficient in them, as are for the greater part those which nowadays are commonly acted.[1] Nor is the blame to be laid on the poets who compose them, for some there are among them who very well know wherein they err and know also thoroughly what they ought to do; but as plays are become a marketable commodity, they say, and say truly, that the players would not buy them if they were not of that sample; and therefore the poet seeks to conform to what the player demands who has to pay him for his work. And that this is the truth may be seen by the infinite number of plays composed by a most fortunate genius of these kingdoms with so much glory, with so much grace, such elegant verse, such choice language, with such weighty sentiment,—finally, so rich in eloquence and loftiness of style, that the world is filled by his renown;[2] and yet because he would accommodate himself to the taste of the actors, they

[1] This diatribe against the comedies of the day (it should be understood that *comedia* in Spanish includes every form of regular dramatic composition in three acts, whether comedy or tragedy) has been taken far too seriously by the critics. There is no doubt that the satire is aimed principally at Lope de Vega; but we should remember that it is the Priest who is speaking,—who is rightly represented as being zealous for the proprieties, dramatic and moral,—and not Cervantes himself. In his own plays Cervantes violated nearly all the Priest's rules; and in a remarkable passage in *El Rufian Dichoso* (a play written subsequently to *Don Quixote*, and never acted), he with great force and ingenuity insists upon the freedom of the modern drama from the trammels of the "grave precepts" of the schools. There is no inconsistency, though doubtless there is a spice of malice, in making the Priest utter the sentiments he does, which are appropriate to his school and to his character. Clemencin here throws up his hands in despair, declaring that "Cervantes is an enigma."

[2] The most fortunate genius (*felicisimo ingenio*) is, of course, Lope de Vega, then at the very height of his fame and popularity, so that, as Cervantes himself remarks in one of his farces, to say that a thing was Lope's was to say it was good. Even this language, which to us appears sufficiently fulsome in praise of Lope, must have been thought by his admirers to partake of presumption; and the hint, delicately conveyed, that all Lope's plays were not perfection, must have savoured to them of profanity. That it was this chapter which gave such mortal offence to Lope de Vega, and was the immediate provoking cause of the dastardly revenge which Lope took, there can be no reasonable doubt.

have not all reached, as some have, the requisite point of perfection. Others compose plays with so little heed of what they are doing that, after representation, the players are constrained to fly and to absent themselves, fearing to be punished, as has frequently happened, through their having acted things obnoxious to kings or to the scandal of families.[1] All these evils, and many more of which I will not speak, would cease were there some intelligent and judicious person at Court to examine all plays before they are acted,—not only those which are brought out in the capital, but all which are intended to be acted in Spain,—without whose approbation, under hand and seal, no magistrate in any town should suffer any play to be performed. Thus, the comedians would be careful to send their plays to Madrid and could then act them with safety. And the writers would use more caution and pains in what they did, in fear of the rigorous examination which their performances would have to pass at the hands of somebody who understands that business. In this manner good plays would be produced, and there would be happily reached the end which is sought in them, not only the entertainment of the people, but the reputation of the wits of Spain, the profit and security of the players, and the saving of the trouble now spent in their punishment. And if some other or the same person were charged to examine the books of chivalries which shall be composed in the future, doubtless some would be put forth with the perfection you have spoken of, enriching our language with the gracious and precious treasure of eloquence, causing the old ones to be eclipsed by the bright presence of the new, which would appear for the chaste entertainment not only of the idle but of those most busy; for it is not possible that the bow can remain always bent, nor can human and frail nature sustain itself without careful recreation.

The Canon and the Priest had arrived at this point of

[1] An allusion doubtless to some contemporary stage scandal.

their colloquy when the Barber, spurring on, overtook them, and said to the Priest:

—Here, Sir Licentiate, is the spot which I told you of, where, while we are taking our rest, our oxen can have fresh and abundant pasture.

—So it seems to me, said the Priest; and, telling the Canon of his purpose, he also would stay with them, invited by the prospect of a beautiful valley which presented itself to their eyes. And, that he might enjoy it as well as the conversation of the Priest, for whom he had conceived a liking, and be more particularly informed of Don Quixote's achievements, he ordered some of his servants to go to the inn, which was not far off, and bring them what there might be to eat for all, for he was resolved to rest there that afternoon. One of the servants answered that the sumpter-mule, which by that time was at the inn, had provision enough, so that they needed nothing from the inn but barley.

—Since it is so, said the Canon, take the cattle thither, and bring the sumpter-mule back.

While this was passing, Sancho, perceiving he might talk to his master without the continual presence of the Priest and the Barber, whom he regarded as suspicious persons, went up to his master's cage, and said:

—Sir, for the discharge of my conscience, I must speak of what is passing about this enchantment of yours; and it is this,—that those two who are riding along with us here with their faces covered, are the Priest of the village and the Barber, and I believe they have done this trick of carrying you in this manner, out of pure envy they bear your worship for having gone beyond them in the doing of famous deeds. Now this truth being granted, it follows that you are not enchanted, but bamboozled and befooled. For proof of which I would like to ask you one thing, and if you answer me as I think you will answer, you shall lay your hand upon this trick and

see as how you are not enchanted but turned topsy-turvy in the wits.

—Ask what thou wilt, son Sancho, answered Don Quixote, for I will satisfy thee and respond to all thou requirest. But as to what thou sayest, that they who come and go with us are the Priest and the Barber, our townsmen and acquaintance, it may well be that they seem to be those same, but that they are so really and in effect, that in no wise believe. What thou hast to believe and comprehend is that if they look like those thou sayest, it must be that those who have enchanted me have assumed their semblance and likeness ; for it is an easy thing for enchanters to take any shape they desire, and they will have taken that of these friends to give thee cause to think as thou dost, and cast thee into a labyrinth of fancies, out of which thou mayst not be able to come although thou hadst Theseus' clue. They will have done so, moreover, that I might waver in my understanding and not be able to conjecture whence there cometh to me this harm. For if on the one part thou tellest me that the Priest and the Barber of our village bear me company, and on the other I find myself encaged, and know of myself that human force, unless it were supernatural, were insufficient to encage me, what wouldst thou have me say or think, but that the mode of my enchantment surpasses all I have read of in all the histories which treat of Knights Errant who have been enchanted? Therefore thou mayst be appeased and quieted in respect of believing them to be what thou sayest, for they are just as much so as I am a Turk ; and as touching thy wish to ask me something, speak, for I will answer thee, though thou questionest me till the morrow.

—Blessed Virgin! exclaimed Sancho, raising his voice, and is it possible that your worship is so thick-skulled and so brain-sick that you can miss seeing that it is the very truth I am telling you, and that this your confinement and misfortune has a greater share of wickedness in it than of

enchantment? But since it is so, I will prove to you clearly how you are not enchanted. Now, tell me, as God shall deliver you from this trouble, and as you would see yourself, when you least think it, in the arms of my lady Dulcinea——

—Have done with thy conjuring, cried Don Quixote, and ask what thou wilt, for I have already told thee I will answer with all precision.

—That is what I want, replied Sancho; and what I would know is, that you tell me without adding or bating aught, but with the whole truth, as it is expected that they ought to speak and do speak, all those who make profession, as your worship does, of arms, under the title of Knights Errant.

—I tell thee that I will lie in nothing, answered Don Quixote; despatch then with thy queries, for in truth thou weariest me, Sancho, with thy salvoes, supplications, and preambles.

—I say, quoth Sancho, that I am sure of the goodness and truth of my master, and therefore, because it is to the point of our story, I ask, speaking with all respect, if so be by chance that your worship has been cooped up, and as you think enchanted in his cage, there has come to you the feeling and the desire to do the greater or the lesser affair,[1] as the saying is?

—I do not understand what thou meanest by doing the affair; expound, if thou wouldst have me answer thee fully.

—And is it possible that your worship does not understand doing the greater or lesser affair?—that, the very boys at school are versed in. Then know that I mean to say, have you had no mind to do what cannot be done for you?

—Aye, aye, I understand thee, Sancho. Yes, many times; I have it even now. Get me out of this strait, for all does not go cleanly.

[1] The original is sufficiently delicate—*hacer águas menores ó mayores.*

CHAPTER XLIX

Which treats of the shrewd colloquy which Sancho Panza held with his master, Don Quixote

—Aha! cried Sancho, now I have caught you. This is what I longed to know with my life and soul. Come now, Sir, can you deny what is commonly said about here when a person is down in the mouth,—I know not what ails so-and-so; he does not eat, not drink, nor sleep, nor answer straight when they ask him a question,—sure he seems to be bewitched?—From which it is to be gathered that they who eat not, drink not, sleep not, nor do the natural acts I speak of, such-like are enchanted; but not they who have the desire your worship has, and who drink when it is given to them, and eat when they have it to eat, and answer to all that is asked them.

—Thou sayest true, Sancho, replied Don Quixote, but I have told thee already that there are many kinds of enchantment, and it may be they change with the times from one kind to another, and that now it is the fashion for the enchanted to do all that I do, although formerly they did not so; so that against the custom of the age there is no arguing nor drawing of conclusions. I know and am verily persuaded, that I am enchanted, and that is sufficient for the ease of my conscience, which would be greatly burdened if I thought that I was not enchanted, and had let myself lie

in this cage like an idler and coward,—defrauding of the succour I am able to give the many distressed and necessitous who now at this hour should have positive and pressing need of my help and protection.

—But for all that, answered Sancho, I say that for greater security and satisfaction it would be well for your worship to try and get out of this prison, and I engage to help you to do it with all my power, and even to release you therefrom; and try to mount once again your good Rozinante, who looks as if he were enchanted too, he goes so melancholy and sad. And, this done, let us try our luck once more in looking for adventures, and if it does not turn out well with us, there will be time enough to return to the cage, in which I promise you, on the faith of a true and loyal squire, to shut myself up along with your worship, if by chance you should prove so unlucky or I so stupid that we don't hit the achieving of what I say.

—I am content to do as thou sayest, brother Sancho, replied Don Quixote, and when thou seest an opportunity of effecting my deliverance, I will obey thee in all and for all; but thou shalt perceive, Sancho, how thou art deceived in thy judgment of my misfortune.

With this conversation our Errant Knight and ill errant Squire entertained themselves until they reached the place where the Priest, the Canon, and the Barber, now dismounted, awaited them. The waggoner, unyoking his oxen from the cart, turned them loose in that green and pleasant spot, whose freshness invited to its enjoyment not only persons enchanted like Don Quixote, but rational and sensible like his squire, who begged the Priest to let his master come out of the cage for a little, or otherwise that prison would not be so cleanly as the decency of such a Knight as his master required. The Priest understood him, and said that he would be very willing to grant that request if he did not fear that Don Quixote, finding himself at

liberty, would play them one of his tricks, and be gone where none should ever see him more.

—I will go bail for his not running away, replied Sancho.

—And I, and for anything, cried the Canon; and the more especially if he gives me his word, as a Knight, not to leave us without our consent.

—I give it, answered Don Quixote, who was listening to everything; the rather because he who is enchanted like myself is not free to do with his body as he pleases; for he who enchanted him can make him so that he shall not stir for three centuries; and if he fled, he would be brought back flying through the air.—Since this was the case, he added, they might well release him, the more since it was for the advantage of them all; for, if they did not, he protested to them that he could not refrain from offending their noses, unless they stood afar off. The Canon took him by one of his hands, tied as they were, and under pledge of his word they uncaged him; at which, finding himself out of his den, he was vastly delighted. The first thing he did was to stretch his whole body, and then he went to where Rozinante stood, and giving him a couple of slaps on the haunches, cried:

—I trust yet in God and in His blessed mother, O flower and mirror of steeds! that presently we two shall reach our heart's desire; thou, with thy master on thy back, and I on top of thee, exercising the function for which God sent me into the world!

Saying this, Don Quixote retired with Sancho to a remote part, whence he came back much lightened, and with a greater desire to put into execution his squire's design. The Canon gazed on him, and wondered to see the strangeness of his mad humour, and how that he showed, in all his speeches and responses, a very good understanding, losing his stirrups only,[1] as has been already said, when upon

[1] *Perder los estribos*—used metaphorically.

the subject of his Knight Errantries. And so, after they were all seated on the green turf, waiting for their provender, the Canon said to him :

—Is it possible, good gentleman, that the idle and unhappy reading of books of chivalries hath so prevailed over you as to have turned your brain to such a degree as that you have come to believe you are enchanted, with other things of that sort which are as far from being true as falsehood itself is from the truth ? How is it possible that there is any human understanding which can persuade itself that there have been in the world that infinity of Amadises, that multitude of renowned Knights, so many Emperors of Trapisonda, so much Felixmarte of Hyrcania, so much palfrey, so much wandering damsel, so many serpents, so many dragons, so many giants, so many unheard-of adventures, so many kinds of enchantment, so many battles, so many terrible encounters, so much bravery of apparel, so many enamoured princesses, so many esquires turned counts, so many facetious dwarfs, so much love-letter, so much dalliance, so many valiant ladies,—and, in fine, so many and such monstrous absurdities as are contained in the books of chivalries ? For myself, I can say that when I read them, —so long as I do not set my mind to the thought that they are all lies and child's play,—they give me a certain pleasure ; but when I reflect upon what they are, I pitch the very best of them to the wall,—yea, I would throw them into the fire, had I one at hand or near, as well meriting such a punishment for being liars and impostors, outside of the range of common nature ; as founders of new sects and new modes of life, and as causing the ignorant vulgar to believe and hold for truth all the follies they contain. And they have even so much audacity as that they dare to confound the understandings of intelligent and well-bred gentlemen, as may well be seen by what they have done with your worship, for they have brought you to such a pass as to

make it necessary to shut you up in a cage, and carry you upon an ox-cart, as one carries or takes about some lion or tiger from place to place, to get a living by the showing of him. Come, Sir Don Quixote, have pity on yourself; return into the bosom of common sense, and learn to use the large share of it which Heaven has been pleased to bestow on you, employing your very happy talent of wit in some other kind of reading which may redound to the profit of your soul and the advancement of your honour. If, carried away by a natural impulse, you would read books of achievements and chivalries, read in the Holy Scripture the Book of Judges, for there you will find grand realities and deeds as true as any we have. Portugal had a Viriatus, Rome a Cæsar, Carthage a Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Castile a Fernan Gonzalez,[1] Valencia a Cid, Andalucia a Gonzalo Fernandez,[2] Estremadura a Garcia de Paredes,[3] Jerez a Garci Perez de Vargas,[4] Toledo a Garcilaso,[5] Seville a Manuel de Leon;[6] whose valorous exploits may entertain, instruct, delight, and move to admiration the most exalted wits who read them. This verily were reading worthy of your excellent understanding, my dear Sir Don Quixote, from which you will rise learned in history, enamoured of virtue, tutored in goodness, bettered in manners, valiant without rashness, prudent without timidity; and all this to the honour of God, your own profit, and the glory of La Mancha, whence, as I have learnt, you derive your birth and origin.

[1] Count Fernan Gonzalez, who flourished in the tenth century,—the real founder of the independence of Castile,—the subject of innumerable ballads and fables, and doubtless a historical character.

[2] Gonzalo Fernandez, the "Great Captain," born at Montilla.

[3] For Garcia Paredes, see note to ch. xxxii.

[4] Garci Perez de Vargas, a famous hero, who fought under King Fernando III. at the siege of Seville (1248).

[5] Not the poet Garcilaso de la Vega, as Bowle supposed, but a knight who signalised himself by his valour at the taking of Granada.

[6] Manuel Ponce de Leon, another famous hero of the last campaign against Granada, noted for his skill as a bull-fighter.

Don Quixote listened very attentively to the Canon's discourse, and when he found he had finished, after regarding him for some time, he said:

—Methinks, Sir, that your discourse hath for its drift the desire to convince me that there never have been Knights Errant in the world, and that all the books of chivalries have been false, lying, hurtful, and unprofitable to the commonwealth, and that I have done wrong in reading them, and worse in believing them, and worst of all in imitating them by setting myself to follow the rigorous profession of Errant Knighthood which they teach; that you deny, moreover, that there have ever been in the world Amadises either of Gaul or Greece, or any of all the true knights of whom the writings are full.

—It is all precisely as you have said, quoth the Canon.

To which Don Quixote rejoined:

—You were pleased also to add that such books have done me much harm, since they have turned my brain and put me in a cage, and that it would be better for me to change and amend my reading, by the study of other books more truthful, and yielding more delight and instruction.

—It is so, said the Canon.

—Why, then, retorted Don Quixote, I find by my account that the senseless and enchanted person is yourself, who have undertaken to utter so many blasphemies against a thing so generally received in the world and held for such truth, that he who should deny it, as you deny it, would merit the same punishment which you say you would give to the books when you read them and they displease you. For to desire to make any one believe that there never was an Amadis in the world, nor any of the other Knights Adventurers with whom the histories are filled, would be to desire to persuade him that the sun does not shine, the frost does not chill, nor the earth sustain. For what wit

can there be in the world capable of persuading another it was not true,—that concerning the Infanta Floripes and Guy of Burgundy, or about Fierabras at the Bridge of Mantible, which happened in the time of Charlemagne,[1] which I swear is as true as that it is now daylight; and if it is a lie, so must it also be that there was a Hector, an Achilles, a war of Troy, the Twelve Peers of France, King Arthur of England, who goes yet about transformed into a raven, and is expected in his kingdom continually.[2] And they shall also dare to say that the story of Guarino Mezquino[3] is false, as also that of the Quest of the Holy Greal; and that the loves of Sir Tristram and the Queen Iseult, and those of Guinevere and Lancelot are apocryphal;[4] whereas there are persons who can almost remember to having seen the Duenna Quintañona, who was the best wine-skinker ever Great Britain had.[5] And this is so true

[1] The adventures of Floripes and Guy of Burgundy, one of the Peers of France, fill a large part of the vulgar history of Charlemagne as rendered into Castilian by Nicolás de Piamonte, which long continued to be a popular chap-book in Spain. Fierabras was a giant (brother to Floripes), originally a pagan, but, after his vanquishment by Oliver, baptized, and a faithful soldier under Charlemagne. The Bridge of Mantible was a famous structure, consisting of thirty arches of white marble, guarded night and day by a terrible giant, Galafre, who insisted upon exacting from every Christian passenger a heavy toll,—to wit, thirty couple of hounds of the chase, a hundred virgins, a hundred hawks out of moult, a hundred horses with their trappings, and for each horse's foot a mark of fine gold. The Christian who could not pay toll had to leave his head on the turret of the bridge.

[2] See note to ch. xiii.

[3] A romance of the Carlovingian series, originally written in Italian by Andrea, a Florentine, in the fifteenth century, thence translated into Spanish by Alonzo Hernandez Aleman, in the beginning of the sixteenth. The author of the *Diálogo de la Lengua* (1550) includes it among "the lyingest of books, written in so vile a style that no good stomach can stand them."

[4] These romances, of the Arthurian cycle, are too well known amongst us to need further mention. They all existed in Spanish versions, and their heroes and leading incidents form the subject of frequent reference in the romances of pure Castilian origin.

[5] The duenna, Quintañona, it is needless to say, is a creation entirely of the Spanish imagination. She figures in the two ballads on Lancelot in the

that I remember that a grandmother of mine, of my father's side, would say to me when she saw any old duenna with her venerable kerchief:—That woman yonder, grandson, looks like the Duenna Quintañona;—whence I conclude that she must herself have known her, or at least must have seen some portrait of her. Then who can deny that the story of Peter and the pretty Magalona is true, since to this very day may be seen in the King's armoury the peg with which he would turn the wooden horse whereupon the valiant Peter rode through the air, which is a little bigger than the pole of a coach.[1] And hard by the peg is Bavieca's saddle; and at Roncesvalles is the horn of Orlando, of the size of a great beam;[2] whence it is to be inferred that there were Twelve Peers, that there were Peters, that there were Cids, and other such Knights, of those who, as people say, go to their adventures.[3] If not, let them also tell me that it is not true the valiant Lusitanian Juan de Merlo was a

Romancero, as the go-between in his amour with Guinevere. Her function of wine-skinker, *escanciadora de vino*, is specially referred to in the ballad:—

Nunca fuera caballero, etc.,

which is quoted in ch. ii.

[1] This curious romance, originally written, according to Brunet, by the Canon Bernard Treviez in the twelfth century, was published in Spanish in 1526. Of the horse of wood and the magic peg more will be said hereafter.

[2] Orlando's horn,—

—That dread horn
On Fontarabian echoes borne,—

which was sounded to call Charlemagne to his help at Roncesvalles, was an elephant's tusk, which could be heard two leagues off. It plays a conspicuous part in all the histories and poems relating to this hero, and is referred to in Dante (*Inferno*, canto xxxi.).

[3] De los que dicen las gentes
Que a sus aventuras van;

these are two lines of an old ballad, more than once repeated in the course of this story. Clemencin observes that there was only one Cid, nor was he one of whom they could say that he went after adventures. But that is precisely what he did, being the type and model of a successful Knight Errant, according to his simpler and more heroic age, who made the true romantic end by winning for himself a kingdom.

Knight Errant, who went to Burgundy and fought in the city of Arras with the famous Lord of Charny, called Monseigneur Pierre, and afterwards in the city of Basel with Monseigneur Henry de Remestán, coming off from both emprises conqueror and loaded with honourable fame ;[1] and the adventures and challenges also achieved in Burgundy by the valiant Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada[2] (from whose stock I descend in the direct male line), who overthrew the sons of the Count St. Pol. Let them deny me likewise that Don Fernando de Guevara went in quest of adventures to Germany, where he fought with Messire George, a Knight of the Duke of Austria's house.[3] Let them say that the jousts of Suero de Quiñones, he of the *Honourable Passage*,[4] was a fable, as well as the emprises of Sir Luis de Falces against the Castilian Knight, Don Gónzalo de Guzman ;[5] with other many exploits performed by Christian knights of these and foreign kingdoms[6] so

[1] Juan de Merlo or Melo was a famous Knight of the time of Juan II., one of those who kept the bridge of Orbigo with Suero de Quiñones, at the *Paso Honroso*. His feats here mentioned are historically true. The battle with the Sieur de Beaufremont, here called Mosen Pierres (Mosen = Monseigneur), was fought in the presence of Philip the Good of Burgundy. His other antagonist was Heinrich von Rabenstein.

[2] The feats of Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quijada (the last was one of the *aventureros* at the *Paso Honroso*) are recorded minutely in the *Crónica del Rei D. Juan II.* (1435).

[3] This adventure also will be found recorded in the above Chronicle, under 1436.

[4] See Appendix D in vol. i.

[5] This was another of the adventures recorded in the Chronicle of the reign of Juan II.—the period when chivalry in Spain was at its apogee.

[6] Fernando de Pulgar, in his *Claros Varones de Castilla*, gives a long list of adventurers of this sort, averring with a certain complacency that never were so many foreign knights come to Spain to perform feats of arms as in that reign (Ferdinand and Isabella) were Spanish knights who went out to seek adventures through other parts of Christendom. The fall of Granada (1492) seems to have been also the date of the fall of chivalry in Spain, under the influences of the practical Ferdinand and the pious Isabella. After that, those who desired adventures went to the New World, where on a grander field those Knights Errant, Pizarro, Cortés, and their companions sought to emulate the heroes of the romances, whose example was their inspiration.

authentic and true, that I say again that he who denies them must be void of all reason and right understanding.

The Canon was amazed at hearing the mixture Don Quixote made of truth and lies, and at the knowledge he possessed of everything touching and concerning the achievements of his Knight Errantry ; and replied to him thus :

—I cannot deny, Sir Don Quixote, that there may be some truth in what you have said, especially in what relates to Spanish Knights Errant ; and I am also willing to concede that there were Twelve Peers of France, but I will not believe that they did all the things Archbishop Turpin writes of them ;[1] for the truth of it is they were Knights chosen by the Kings of France, whom they called Peers as being all equal in worth, in rank, and in valour ; at least, if they were not, they were expected to be so ; and it was an order such as those now are of Santiago, or of Calatrava, wherein it is presupposed that such as profess it are worthy Knights, valiant, and well-born ; and as now we speak of a Knight of St. John or of Alcántara, so they spoke in those days of a Knight of the Twelve Peers, because they were twelve equals, chosen of that military order. That there was a Cid, there is no doubt, nor less that there was a Bernardo del Carpio ; but very great doubt whether they did the deeds told of them.[2] As to the other thing you speak of, the peg of Count Peter, and its standing next to Bavieca's saddle in the King's Armoury, I confess, my son, that I am so ignorant or so short-sighted that, although I

[1] See note in ch. vi.

[2] There have been those who doubted even of the existence of the Cid. The Jesuit Masdeu—who, being a Jesuit, must have believed so much—did not believe in the Cid as an historical character ; and the English historian Dunham was inclined to the same opinion. The late Leyden Professor Dozy, however, in his learned work, *Le Cid d'après des Nouveaux Documents*, has placed the question beyond a doubt. For Bernardo del Carpio there is nothing to be said. He is a pure fiction, with perhaps a bottom of truth,—invented, as I have said (see Appendix A at the end of this volume), to match the French Roland, and to give a national turn to the defeat of the French at Roncesvalles.

have seen the saddle, I have never hit upon the peg, though it is so big as you say it is.

—Yet, there it is, without any question, rejoined Don Quixote, and, more by token, they say it is kept in a case of neat's leather that it may not take the rust.[1]

—It is very probable, answered the Canon; yet, by the orders I have received, I do not remember having seen it. But, granted it is there, I am not therefore compelled to believe the stories of all these Amadises, nor those of that multitude of Knights, as are everywhere told of; nor is it reasonable that a man like you, of such good repute and parts, and endowed with so excellent an understanding, should persuade himself that all such extravagant absurdities as those which are written in the nonsensical books of chivalries are true.

[1] What purported to be the Cid's saddle was shown till lately in the *Armeria Real* at Madrid. His sword *Colada*, declared by Jubinal to be of the fourteenth century, and a palpable forgery, still figures in the catalogue. Peter's peg need not be now looked for, though there are relics equally curious. The French stole many of the treasures of the Armoury when they were in occupation of Madrid, and the great fire of 1884 did much damage.

CHAPTER L

Of the witty disputations which Don Quixote and the Canon held; with other matters

—That were a good jest, indeed, answered Don Quixote. Books which are printed with the King's licence, and with the approbation of those to whom they are submitted, which are read with general delight and applauded by great and small, by rich and by poor, by the learned and the ignorant, by gentlemen and plebeians, in fine by every sort of persons of what degree or condition soever they be,—should they be lies?—especially bearing as they do such an appearance of truth, since they tell us of the father, the mother, the country, the kindred, the time, the place, and the deeds, step by step, and day by day, which such and such Knight or Knights performed?—Be silent, Sir, utter not such blasphemy; and believe me in this I advise you to act like a man of sense; nay, read them, and you shall see what pleasure you receive in their reading. For, tell me, is there any greater delight than to behold here now—as who should say displayed before our eyes—a great lake of pitch, boiling hot, and there swimming and writhing about in it a multitude of serpents, snakes, and lizards, and many other sorts of fierce and terrible creatures; and there comes out of the lake a most dismal voice which cries:—*O, Knight, whoever thou art that art gazing on this dreadful lake, if thou wouldst reach the bliss that is concealed beneath these coal-black waters, show the valour of*

thy dauntless breast and plunge thee in the midst of this dark, burning liquor; for unless thou dost, thou shalt not be worthy to behold the mighty marvels hidden and contained in the seven castles of the seven Fairies[1] *who dwell beneath this murky flood.* And scarce does the Knight hear that dread voice when, without further thought for himself, or stopping to consider the peril to which he is exposed, and even without stripping himself of his weighty armour, commending him to God and his lady, he flings himself into the midst of the seething pool, and when he least imagines it nor knows where he is to stop, he finds himself among flowery meads with which the Elysian can in no wise compare.[2] There the sky appears to him more transparent and the sun shines with a newer lustre.[3] A pleasant grove opens before his eyes, of trees so green and leafy that their verdure rejoices the sight, while the ears are ravished with the sweet, untaught song[4] of innumerable little painted birds which flit about the intertwining boughs. Here he discovers a rivulet, whose limpid waters, like liquid crystal, glide over the delicate sands and blanched pebbles, which sifted gold and purest pearl resemble. There he perceives a fountain wrought of mottled jasper and polished marble; here another, rustically fashioned, where the slender shells of the mussel with the twisted white and yellow houses of the snail, set in disordered order, intermingled with pieces of glittering crystal and counterfeit

[1] *Fadas* (from *fando* according to Covarrubias, but more likely direct from *fatum*) are fairies, witches, or *fays*, both good and bad, which figure largely in the romances of chivalry. The most famous was *La fada Morgiana* (our own Morgana), half-sister to King Arthur, and sister also, according to Ariosto, of Alcina, the sorceress who tries her arts upon Ruggiero (canto vi. st. 38, etc.).

[2] As befell Rosel de Grecia, one of the descendants of Amadis, when he relieved his aged ancestor and Oriana from their enchantment, an adventure told in the book of *Florisel de Niquea*.

[3] Largior hic campos æther et lumine vestit
Purpureo— —*Æneid*, vi.

[4] *No aprendido canto.* Clemencin points out that the same idea occurs in an ode of Fr. Luis de Leon, and in an eclogue of Garcilaso de la Vega.

emeralds, make varied work of such a fashion that Art, imitating Nature, seems here to surpass her. Yonder upon a sudden is discovered a strong castle or sightly palace, whose walls are of beaten gold, the turrets of diamonds, the gates of jacinth; in short, it is of structure so admirable that though the materials whereof it is built are no less than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold, and emeralds, the workmanship is still more precious.[1] And after having seen all this, is there a prettier sight than to behold sallying out of the castle gate a goodly train of damsels in such gay and gorgeous attire that, were I to attempt to describe it as the histories recount it for us, I should never have done; and then to see her who appears the chief among them all take by the hand the bold Knight who plunged into the burning lake and conduct him, without speaking a word, within the rich palace or castle, and strip him as naked as his mother bore him[2] and bathe him in lukewarm water, and then anoint him all over with sweet smelling unguents,[3] and put on him a shirt of finest samite, all perfumed and fragrant,

[1] Observe the effective use which Don Quixote makes here of the present tense throughout his glowing and spirited picture.

[2] This was one of the rewards of valour and privileges of Errantry, for the Knight to be disarmed by damsels of high degree, and to be stripped naked and washed by their fair hands before being invested with clean raiment more fitting for the banquet-hall and the lady's bower. So in the *Espejo de Caballerias* we read that the Knight was taken by a beautiful lady, who led him into a gay alcove, where with her own hands she took off his armour and stripped him naked to the skin (*le hizo desnudar en carnes*).

[3] So Angelica treated Orlando, as Boiardo tells, not knowing who he was.

La dama da sua man il disarmava.
Avea la dama un bagno apparecchiato
Troppo gentile e di soave odore;
E di sua mano il conte ebbe spogliato,—
Baciandol spesse fiate con amore.
Por l'ungeva d'un oglio delicato,
Che caccia de la carne ogni livore.
Entrò nel fin in quel bagno odoroso;
Essa del collo in giù tutto 'l lavava.
—*Orlando Innamorato*, lib. i. c. xxv. sts. 37, 38, and 39.

while another damsel runs and throws over his shoulders a mantle which at the least they say is worth the price of a city and even more? What braver sight than to see after all this, as they tell us, when they lead him into another hall, where he finds the tables spread in such style that he is filled with wonder and astonishment; to see him flinging water on his hands all distilled of amber and sweet-smelling flowers; to see him seated upon a chair of ivory; to see all the damsels wait on him, preserving a miraculous silence; to find him treated to a variety of dainties, cooked so savourily that the appetite knows not to which of them to extend a hand? What pleasure then to hear the music, which plays while he is eating, without knowing who makes it or whence it comes? And when the dinner is ended and the tables cleared, for the Knight to recline on his chair, perhaps picking of his teeth as the custom is; and unawares another damsel, more beautiful than any of the first, to enter by the hall door and seat herself by the side of the Knight, and commence to tell him what that castle is, and how she is enchanted therein, with other things which surprise the Knight and astonish the readers who go to read his story.[1]

I will enlarge no farther hereupon, since, from what I have said, it can be gathered that any passage one reads of any history of Knight Errantry must needs cause delight and wonder in any reader, whoever he may be. Believe me then, good Sir, and as I have said to you before, read these books, and you shall see how they banish the melancholy you feel and mend your disposition, if perchance it be ill. I dare affirm of myself, that since I am become a Knight Errant, I am valiant, courteous, liberal, well-bred, generous, polite, daring, gentle, patient—an endurer of toils, prison-

[1] All these are passages borrowed from the various romances to which severally it would be wearisome to put chapter and verse. The art with which they are brought together and in one picture, to give us the bright side of Knight Errantry, is remarkable as a specimen of Cervantes' brisk and animated style of narration.

ments, enchantments. And though it is so short a while since I found myself shut up in a cage like a madman, I expect through the valour of my arm, Heaven favouring and Fortune not thwarting me, in a few days to find myself King of some kingdom, wherein I may be able to display the gratitude and liberality contained in this bosom of mine; for by my faith, Sir, a poor man is incapacitated in respect to the power of showing the virtue of liberality towards any one, though he may possess it in a supreme degree; and the gratitude which consists only in desire is a dead thing, even as faith without works is dead. For this reason, I would that Fortune speedily offered me some opportunity whereby I might make myself an Emperor, to show my disposition to do good to my friends, especially this poor Sancho Panza, my squire, who is the best fellow in the world; and I would fain bestow on him a countship, as I have promised him long ago, but that I fear he will not have the capacity to govern his estate.

Sancho, who overheard these last words of his master, exclaimed:

—You set to work, Sir Don Quixote, to get me that same countship so long promised by you, and expected by me, and I promise you that I won't fail in capacity to govern it; and supposing I should, there are people in the world, I've heard say, who take the estates of noblemen in farm, giving them so much a year, and they take care of the management, and the lord himself lives at ease,[1] enjoying the rent they pay him, without caring for anything else. And so will I do, and will not stand haggling over a little more or less, but give up everything at once, and enjoy my rent like a Duke, and let the world wag.

—That, brother Sancho, said the Canon, is to be understood in respect of the enjoyment of the revenue; but as to the administration of justice, the lord of the estate must

[1] *Se está á pierna tendida*—lit. "remains with his leg stretched out."

attend to it; and here come in the capacity and the sound judgment, and especially an upright intention; for if this be lacking in the beginning, all will go wrong in the middle and the end; and God is wont to help the good intentions of the simple, as well as to confound the evil designs of the cunning.

—I know nothing of these philosophies, answered Sancho Panza; I only know that I would I had the countship as quickly as I should know how to rule it, for I have as great a soul as any other man, and as great a body as most, and I would be as much King of my estate as any one is of his; and, being so, I would do what I liked, and, doing what I liked, I would do my pleasure, and, doing my pleasure, I would be content, and being content, one has no more to desire, and there being no more to desire, there is an end of it; and let the estate come, and in God's name, and let us see ourselves, as one blind man said to the other.

—These are no bad philosophies, as thou sayest, Sancho, said the Canon; but nevertheless there is much to be said on this matter of countships.

To that Don Quixote replied:

—I know not what there may be more to say; I govern myself solely[1] by the many and various examples which can be gathered to the purpose of the Knights of my profession, who responding to the loyal and signal services which they received of their squires, conferred upon them notable favours, making them lords absolute of cities and Isles, and

[1] The words from this down to "Amadis of Gaul," a few lines farther, are omitted by a modern English translator, on the ground that the passage is inserted in Cuesta's third edition of 1608, "for which there is neither authority nor necessity." This seems to be assuming a little too much on the part of a translator, who cannot take it upon himself to decide what necessity there may be for words which his author uses. As to "authority," it is precisely because the words occur in the edition of 1608,—which for reasons I have elsewhere fully stated, I hold, with all the Spanish editors save one, to be the text as corrected by Cervantes himself,—that I have retained them, as even Hartzenbusch has done.

there were those whose deserts reached to such a degree that they had the presumption to make themselves Kings. But why do I waste time in this,—when there is offered to me so illustrious an example by the great and never-to-be-fully-praised Amadis of Gaul, who made his squire Count of the Firm Isle, so may I without scruple of conscience make a Count of Sancho Panza, who is one of the best squires Knight Errant ever had?

The Canon was astonished at the methodical nonsense (if nonsense permits of method) which Don Quixote had uttered, at the manner in which he had depicted the adventure of the Knight of the Lake, at the impression which the deliberate lies of the books he had read had made upon him, and lastly he marvelled at the simplicity of Sancho, who so ardently desired to obtain the countship his master had promised him.

By this time the Canon's servants, who had gone to the inn for the sumpter-mule, had returned, and making their table of a carpet and the green meadow grass, they sat them down under the shade of some trees and took their meal there, that the waggoner might not lose the benefit of that spot, as has been already said. While they were eating they heard on a sudden a rustling sound and the tinkling of a little bell, which issued from among some brambles and thick bushes which grew thereabout, and at the same moment they saw run out of the thicket a beautiful she-goat, all her coat speckled black, white, and grey. After her came a goatherd calling to her, in words such as they use to stop or turn back to the fold. The truant goat, frightened and trembling, came up to the company as though for protection, and there stood still. The herdsman arriving, caught her by the horns and said to her as though she were capable of discourse and understanding:

—Ah! vagabond, vagabond!—Ah! speckled wanton! and how have you gone limping about o' these days?

What wolves have scared you, child? Will you not tell me what it is, my beauty?—But what else can it be than that you are a woman, and cannot be still? A plague on your humour and on that of all those of your like! Come back—come back, darling, for, if not so happy, at least you will be safe in your fold, and with your companions, and if you who have to take care of them and guide them, roam thus guideless and astray, what will become of them?

The words of the goatherd much amused the hearers, especially the Canon, who said to him:—Prithee, brother, calm yourself a little, and be in no such hurry to take back this she-goat to her fold, for since she is a woman, as you say, she must follow her natural instinct, for all the pains you take to hinder her. Take this mouthful, and drink a cup with us, whereby you will temper your choler and the goat will rest her the while.

And as he spoke he gave him on the point of a knife the hind-quarter of a cold rabbit. The goatherd took it and thanked him, drank, and sat down and rested, saying presently:

—I would not have you, masters, take me for a simpleton for having talked to this animal[1] so sensibly, for in truth the words I spoke are not without a mystery. I am a rustic, but not so much of one as not to understand how one should converse with men and with beasts.

—That I can very well believe, answered the Priest; for I know by experience that mountains breed scholars and sheep-cots contain philosophers.

—At least, Sir, rejoined the goatherd, they harbour men tutored by experience, and, that you may believe this and have sample of it,[2]—though, not being asked, I may seem to

[1] *Alimaña*,—by metathesis for *animalia*, the old form of *animal*. It is the word, says Covarrubias, specially used by rustics to denote the animals they have reared by hand at home.

[2] *La toqueis con la mano*—lit. "touch it with the hand,"—an Italianism.

put myself forward,—if I shall not tire you with it, and you will please lend me, gentlemen, a patient ear for a little while, I will recount to you a true tale, which will make good that gentleman's words (pointing to the Priest) as well as my own.

To this Don Quixote answered:—Seeing that this matter has I know not what shadow of an adventure of Knight Errantry about it, I for my part will listen to you, my brother, most gladly, and all these gentlemen will do the like, being men of good sense and fond of curious narratives that surprise, charm, and entertain the senses,—as verily I presume your narrative will do. So begin, friend, for we will all listen.

—I cry me off,[1] said Sancho, for I am away with this pasty to yon brook, where I intend to fill myself for three days, for I have heard my master, Don Quixote, say that the Knight Errant's squire has to eat when he gets a chance, till he can eat no more, for the reason that they are wont to enter by some accident in some wood so entangled that they may not hit on the way out in six days; and if a man does not go full or with a wallet well stored, there he may stay, as often they do, turned into a dry mummy.

—Thou art in the right, Sancho, said Don Quixote; go where thou wilt and eat what thou canst; for me, I am already satisfied, and want but to give to my mind refreshment, as I shall do by listening to this good man's story.

—The same will we also give to ours, said the Canon; —who then prayed the goatherd to begin what he had promised to tell. The goatherd gave the goat, which he held by the horns, two or three slaps on the back, saying:—Lie down by me, speckled one, for we shall have time

[1] *Saco la mia*—lit. "I take out mine,"—a phrase obviously borrowed from some game, used by a player who withdraws his stake.

enough to return to our fold.—The goat seemed to understand him, for, her master being seated, she stretched herself quietly by his side, and looking up in his face, signified that she was attentive to what the herdsman was saying, who began his story thus :—

CHAPTER LI

Which treats of what the Goatherd related to those who were carrying Don Quixote

THREE leagues from this valley is a town which, although small, is yet one of the richest in all these parts, wherein there was a farmer greatly honoured, and as much for the virtue he had as the wealth he had acquired, though to be honoured is a perquisite of being rich. But that wherein he accounted himself most fortunate, as he would say, was in having a daughter of such consummate beauty, rare wit, grace, and virtue, that he who knew and beheld her wondered to see the surpassing qualities wherewith Heaven and nature had endowed her. As a child she was pretty and, ever increasing in good looks, at the age of sixteen she was exceedingly beautiful. The fame of her loveliness began to spread through all the adjoining villages,—but why do I say through the adjoining villages? It extended to remote cities, and even made its way into the palaces of kings and into the ears of all kinds of people, who would come to see her from all parts as something rare or some wonder-working image. Her father guarded her carefully, and she guarded herself, for there are no locks, bolts, or bars which better guard a maiden than those of her own modesty. The father's wealth and the daughter's beauty led many, both the townsmen and strangers, to ask her to wife; but he, as one having disposal of so rich a jewel, was much perplexed, without being able to decide upon whom to bestow her of the infinite number who came to woo her. Among the multitude who coveted her I was one, who had many and good hopes of success, in the knowledge her

father had of me, in my being a native of the same town, of unblemished blood, in the flower of my age, with an ample estate, and no worse furnished in mind.[1] With all these qualifications, there was another of the same village who sought her, which caused the father's will to be suspended and hang in the balance, it seeming to him that on either of us his daughter would be well bestowed. To be rid of this difficulty, he resolved to refer it to Leandra (for that is the name of the rich maiden who has brought me to woe), thinking, as we two were equal, it was best to leave to his beloved daughter the right to choose to her liking,—a course worthy of the imitation of all fathers who have children to marry. I say not that they should leave them to choose in things base and evil, but that they should put before them the good, and of the good let their children choose according to their tastes. I know not what was Leandra's ; I only know that her father put us both off on the score of his daughter's extreme youth, with general terms which neither bound him nor released us. My rival is called Anselmo, and I Eugenio, that you may have the names of the persons concerned in this tragedy, whose conclusion is still in suspense, though it may well be foreseen that it has to be disastrous.

About this time there came to our town one Vicente de la Roca, son of a poor farmer of the same place, which Vicente had returned from being a soldier in Italy and divers other parts. A captain, who happened to be passing by there with his company, carried him off from our village, being then a lad of about twelve years ; and the young spark returned, twelve years after, attired in soldier-fashion, painted in a thousand colours, and bedecked with a thousand crystal toys and fine steel chains. To-day he would put on one piece of finery, and to-morrow another ; though all flimsy, showy, of little weight and less worth. The country people, who are naturally malevolent,—and idleness giving them leisure, are malice itself,—noted it, and took an

[1] The author has been found fault with for making the goatherd talk in an inflated and not too modest style, but Eugenio is a village swain of the better sort, whose fine words and affected phrases are true to his character, and unbecoming neither to his degree in life nor to his place in romance.

exact account of his gew-gaws and frippery, and found that he had three suits of different colours, with their hose and garters; but he managed them with so many tricks and inventions, that, if one did not count them, one would have sworn that he had shown ten suits of apparel and more than twenty plumes of feathers. And let it not be deemed impertinent or superfluous what I am telling you of his dress, for it plays a chief part in my story. He would sit on a bench which was under a great poplar-tree in our market-place, and there would hold us with mouths a-gape, hanging upon the exploits which he recounted to us. There was no country on earth he had not visited, nor battle wherein he had not figured. He had slain more Moors than are in Morocco and Tunis, and engaged in more single combats, according to his account, than Gante and Luna,[1] Diego Garcia de Paredes, and a thousand others whom he named, and had come off victorious from all, without having spilt a single drop of blood. Then, again, he would show marks of wounds, which, though they were not made out, he would persuade us were musket-shots received in various actions and encounters. In short, with an unheard-of arrogance, he would call his equals *you*,[2] even those who knew him, and declare that his right arm was his father, his deeds his lineage, and in his quality of soldier he owed the King himself nothing. To these pretensions is to be added that he was a little of a musician, and could claw a guitar so as, some said, to make it speak; but his talents did not stop there, for he had also that of the poet, and upon every trifling thing that passed in the town he would compose a ballad a league and a half long.

Now, this soldier whom I have here described, this Vicente de la Roca,—this ruffler, this coxcomb, this musicianer, this poet,—was often seen and admired by Leandra from a window of

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[1] Gante and Luna, as Clemencin suggests, were probably names of two *espadachins*,—swashbucklers of the period. But Hartzenbusch thinks that Cervantes must have written *Garcilaso* and not *Gante y Luna*, which is a very far-fetched conceit.

[2] That is to say, he would use *vos*, the second person plural, instead of *tu*,—implying that he was a superior.

her house which looked upon the public square. She was captivated by the tinsel of his gay attire, enchanted by his ballads, —for he would give away twenty copies of every one he composed; the exploits which he had related of himself came to her ears; and, in short, for so the Devil must have ordered it, she ended by falling in love with him before he had conceived the presumption of wooing her. And as in the affairs of love none are more easily brought to an issue than that which has on its side the lady's desire, Leandra and Vicente came to an understanding without any difficulty; and before any of her numerous suitors could suspect her inclination, she had already gratified it by leaving the home of her dear and beloved father (for mother she had none), and absconding from the village with the soldier, who came off with more triumph from this enterprise than from all the many others he had imputed to himself. The event filled the whole town with amazement, as well as all who had news of it. I was left confounded, Anselmo thunderstruck, her father lamenting, her kinsmen ashamed. Justice was awakened, and the officers on the alert. They scoured the roads, they searched the woods and everywhere they could. At the end of three days they found the giddy Leandra in a cave of one of the mountains, naked to her shift, and stripped of all the many and precious jewels which she had carried off with her from home. They brought her back into her father's presence, and questioned her of her plight. She confessed, without hesitation, that Vicente de la Roca had deceived her, and upon promise of becoming her husband persuaded her to leave her father's house, for he would take her to the richest and most delicious city[1] in all the world, which was Naples; and that she, through his guidance and worse treachery,

[1] In the original it is *la mas viciosa ciudad*, a character of Naples which Cervantes might well give it, of his own knowledge. Hartzenbusch alters *viciosa* to *vistosa*, without sufficient cause; offering at the same time the ingenious suggestion, which makes his emendation unnecessary, that sometimes *viciosa*, after the name of a place, is to be taken in good part, as *Villa-viciosa*, which is equivalent to *Villa-verde*. Perhaps Eugenio is merely giving his own view of the character of Naples,—not repeating Vicente's.

had given wealth to him, and, robbing her father, had given herself to him the same night she was missed, when he took her up to a wild mountain and shut her up in the cave where they had found her. She related likewise how that the soldier, without depriving her of her honour, had despoiled her of all she possessed, and then left her in that cave and fled,—a thing that revived anew the wonder of all.

Difficult it was, Sir, to believe in the youth's continence, but she affirmed it with so many asseverations that they sufficed to give comfort to her disconsolate father, who made no great account of the valuables they had taken from him, seeing that they had left his daughter with the jewel which, once lost, there is no hope of ever recovering. The very same day that Leandra appeared her father removed her again from our eyes, carrying her away to shut her up in a nunnery at a certain town near here, in the hope that time would wear off some part of the reproach his daughter had brought upon herself. Leandra's tender years served as an excuse for her failing, at least with those who had no interest in her being bad or good; but those who knew her shrewdness and great intelligence did not ascribe her fault to ignorance, but to wantonness and the natural disposition of women, which for the greater part is wont to be slippery and unsteady.

Leandra being shut up, Anselmo's eyes became blind, or at least he beheld nothing that gave him any pleasure; mine own were in darkness, without a light to direct them to anything of joy, Leandra being absent. Our sorrow grew more, our patience less; we cursed the soldier's finery, and railed at the father's lack or precaution. Finally, Anselmo and I agreed to leave the village and betake us to this valley, where he, grazing a great flock of his own sheep, and I a large number of goats also mine, spend our lives among the trees, giving vent to our feelings, now singing in unison the praises or dispraises of the beauteous Leandra, now breathing our sighs singly and apart, and confiding our plaints to Heaven. In imitation of us, some others of Leandra's suitors have come into these rude mountains, taking up the like exercise; and so many are they that this

spot is turned into the pastoral Arcadia, it is so crammed with shepherds and sheepfolds; nor is there a corner in which there is not heard the name of the fair Leandra. This man curses her and calls her fickle, inconstant, immodest; that one denounces her as forward and frail; one excuses and pardons her; another arraigns and condemns her; one celebrates her beauty; another vilifies her character; in fine, all disparage and all adore her; and their madness extends so far that there are some who complain of her scorn that never spoke a word to her, and some bemoan themselves and suffer from the maddening disease of jealousy, for which she never gave any one cause, for, as I have said, her fault was discovered before her flame. There is not a hole in a rock, nor bank of a stream, nor shade of a tree which is not occupied by some shepherd rehearsing his sorrows to the winds. Echo repeats, wherever it can be formed, the name of Leandra,—Leandra the hills resound, Leandra murmur the brooks;[1] Leandra holds us all distracted and enchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear.

Of all these demented men he who shows the least and has the most good sense is my rival Anselmo, who, having so many things else to complain of, complains only of absence, and to the sound of a rebeck, which he plays admirably, doth sing his fate, in verses which show an excellent genius. I follow another, and to my seeming a wiser, way, which is to rail at the lightness of women; at their inconstancy, their double-dealing, their broken promises, and their unkept faith; and, in fine, at the little judgment they show in knowing where to fix their thoughts and affections. And this was the occasion, gentlemen, of the words I addressed to this goat on my coming hither; being a female I despise her, though she be the best of all my

[1] *Formosam resonare doces Amaryllida silvas.* If the goatherd knew not Virgil, at least he might have read Garcilaso:—

Elisa soi, en cuyo nombre suena
Y se lamenta el monte cavernoso—
Y llama á Elisa: Elisa á boca llena
Responde el Tajo.

flock. This is the story I promised to tell you. If I have been tedious in the telling of it, I shall not be brief in serving you. Hard by is my cottage, where I have new milk and savoury cheese, with various fruits of the season not less pleasant to the sight than to the taste.

CHAPTER LII

Of the quarrel which Don Quixote had with the Goatherd, with the rare adventure of the Disciplinants, which he happily achieved with the sweat of his brow[1]

THE story of the goatherd much pleased all who heard it,—especially the Canon, who noted with a particular curiosity the manner of telling it, wherein the narrator showed more of the polished courtier than the rustic herdsman, confessing that the Priest had well said that the mountains bred scholars. The whole company offered their service to Eugenio, but he who showed himself most liberal in this was Don Quixote, who said to him:

—Certes, brother goatherd, were I free to be able to undertake any new adventure, I would instantly set out to make yours good, for I would deliver Leandra from the convent (wherein, doubtless, she must be detained against her will), in despite of the Abbess and all who should oppose it, and I would place her in your hands that you might deal with her according to your will and pleasure,—observing still the laws of chivalry, which ordain that to no damsel shall be done any kind of violence.[2] Yet I trust in God our Lord that the power of a mischievous enchanter shall not have so much efficacy, but that some better-disposed

[1] *A costa de su sudor.* The matter-of-fact Clemencin remarks that there is no mention of any sweat being expended in either adventure.

[2] This was, indeed, the first rule of chivalry, which was steadily kept in view throughout *Amadis of Gaul*, though often forgotten in the later romances.

enchanter may have more, and against that time I promise you my favour and aid, as I am bound to do by my profession, which is none other than to succour the helpless and the destitute.

The goatherd stared at him, and seeing Don Quixote to be of such sorry appearance and aspect,[1] he was surprised, and asked the Barber, who sat near him :—Sir, who is this man that makes such a figure and talks in such a strain ?

—Who should it be, answered the Barber, but the famous Don Quixote of La Mancha, the redresser of injuries, the righter of wrongs, the support of damsels, the terror of giants, and the winner of battles ?

—That looks to me, replied the goatherd, like what one reads in the books of Knights Errant, who did all that you say of this man, though I take it either that your worship is jesting, or that this gentleman has some chambers in his head empty.

—You are a very great rascal, cried Don Quixote at this ; and it is you who are empty and deficient ; for I am fuller than ever was the whore,—offspring of a whore,—that brought you forth.

And so saying, he caught up a loaf that was near him, and with it struck the goatherd full in the face, with such force as to beat his nose flat. The goatherd, who did not understand jesting, perceiving how he was handled, in very earnest,—without any respect to the carpet, the table-cloth, or those who were dining,—jumped upon Don Quixote, and seizing him by the throat with both hands, would certainly have strangled him, if Sancho Panza had not at that moment come to the rescue, and, taking him by the shoulders, thrown him back upon the table, breaking plates, smashing glasses, and spilling and smothering all that was upon it. Don Quixote, finding himself free, rushed to get

[1] *Pelage y catadura* ; *pelage* referring to his habiliments, *catadura* to his person.

upon the goatherd, who, with his face all besmeared with blood, having been kicked and buffeted by Sancho, was seeking about on all fours for a knife off the table to take some bloody vengeance; but the Canon and the Priest stopped him,—the Barber so contriving as that the goatherd got Don Quixote under, and mounted upon him such a shower of blows that from the poor Knight's face there streamed as much blood as from his own. The Canon and the Priest were bursting with laughter, the troopers danced with glee, and every one hallooed them on as men do with two dogs who are fighting.[1] Sancho Panza alone was in despair, because he could not get himself loose from one of the Canon's servants, who kept him from helping his master. At last while they were all merry with the sport except the two combatants, who were worrying one another, they heard the sound of a trumpet, so doleful that it made them turn their faces towards the place whence it seemed to come. But he who was most excited by hearing it was Don Quixote, who, though he lay under the goatherd sorely against his will, and pretty well bruised and battered, cried to his adversary:

—Brother devil! (for it is impossible you can be aught else, since thou hast prowess and strength enough to subdue mine), I beseech thee let us call a truce for only one hour, for the dolorous sound of that trumpet which falls on our ears methinks doth summon me to some new adventure.

The goatherd, who was now tired of pummelling and being pummelled, let him go at once, and Don Quixote, getting on his feet, turned his face like the rest towards

[1] In this painful scene Cervantes, whether through weariness or inexperience, seems for once to forget himself and to let go his hold of his hero, whom he relishes, for the only time, in too degrading a scene to make sport for the spectators. Not in the contrast of the Priest and the Canon to the boisterous troopers, not in the efforts they have to keep up to the comedy of the situation, is relief and compensation possible. The only excuse for Don Quixote's Homeric struggle, that it was "after dinner,"

when he heard the sound, and of a sudden espied, coming by a long hill, a number of men clad in white, after the fashion of disciplinants. The first sight that met the monk was the troops of mules, and, though all the valleys of that district were appointed places, inns, and resting-stations to receive them, he began to open the hands of his enemy and send them back. To this end, the people of a village near there were running in procession to a holy shrine which stood on a hill on the skirt of that valley. Don Quixote, as soon as he saw the strange attire of the penitents, without recalling to mind the many times he had seen the like before, imagined it was some matter of adventure which concerned him alone as Knight Errant to engage in; and what the more confirmed him in this fancy was his taking an image which they were carrying with them, for some great lady whom those villains and discourteous knights were carrying away by force. This idea no sooner entered his brain, than he ran with great agility up to Rocinante, who was grazing near them, and, taking off the bridle and reins which hung to the pommel, had him saddled in a trice. Then, asking Sancho for his sword, he mounted Rocinante and, bracing on his shield, cried in a loud voice to all those present:

"Now, valiant company, shall ye see of what import it is that those should be in the world Knights who profess the order of Knight Errantry; now, I say, shall ye see, in the deliverance of that good lady who goes there captive, whether Knights Errant ought to be valued!

So saying, he rode the head to Rocinante, for apart he

[1] The penitents were persons who had made it a practice of secret and voluntary penance in that they believed to be thus pleasing to God. They were, as a rule, of one of a number of religious orders. The penitents appear on a yearly day in memory of the Passion and sometimes pass at first. The practice was closely connected with Europe at the time of Cervantes. Except the point as to the number of lashes to be received at scourging, or a mortification was not prohibited until a century afterwards.

had none), and at a hand-gallop (for we do not read in all this truthful history that Rozinante ever went at full speed), he set off to encounter the penitents, though the Priest, the Canon, and the Barber tried to stop him. But it was not possible, nor even could the voice of Sancho detain him, who called out:

—Sir Don Quixote, where are you going? What devils are in your bosom to set you on for to go against our Catholic faith? Mind, bad luck to me, that yon is a procession of penitents, and that lady they are carrying upon the bier is the most blessed image of the Immaculate Virgin; look, Sir, what you do, for this time one may say it is not what you know.[1]

Sancho tired himself to no purpose, for his master was so intent upon encountering the sheeted ones,[2] and upon liberating the lady in black, that he heard not a word, and, even if he had, he would not have turned back, though the King himself had commanded. Coming up with the procession, he halted Rozinante, who had already a great desire to rest a little, and in a hoarse, angry voice cried out:

—You who, perhaps through your being evil, cover up your faces, stay, and list to what I shall say to you!

The first to halt were they who were carrying the image, and one of the four priests who chanted the litanies, observing the singular aspect of Don Quixote, the leanness of Rozinante, with other circumstances of ridicule which he noted in the Knight, answered him saying:

[1] Clemencin pretends not to understand what Sancho means, and, solicitous for Don Quixote's orthodoxy, proposes to read *que no sabe lo que es*, instead of *que no es lo que sabe*, thinking that Sancho intended to warn his master against doing anything to the prejudice of the Catholic faith. But Calderon maintains the passage to be right and easily intelligible as it stands. Sancho has in his mind the proverbial saying, *Cada uno hace lo que sabe*; meaning every one does, on any occasion, that which he is by his inclination, or his habit, or impulse accustomed to do; and hints that, for this once, Don Quixote is doing something to which he is not accustomed, or does not intend to do,—which is not in the programme.

[2] *Ensabanados*:—compare with the *encamisados* of chapter xix.

—Brother, if you would say anything to us, say it quickly, for these our brethren are tearing their flesh, and we cannot, nor is it right we should, stop to listen to anything unless it be so brief that it may be said in two words.

—I will say it in one, rejoined Don Quixote, and it is this, that ye do forthwith, and upon the instant, set free that beauteous lady whose tears and sad aspect afford manifest tokens that you are bearing her away against her will, and have done her some notable foul wrong. I, who was born into the world in order to redress such injuries, will not consent that ye pass one single step forward till ye have restored to her the liberty she desires and deserves.

From these words all who heard them concluded that Don Quixote must be some madman, and they fell to laughing very heartily, which laughter was like adding gunpowder to the fire of the Knight's choler, for without a word more he drew his sword and attacked the litter. One of those who carried it, leaving the burden to his companions, stepped forward to encounter Don Quixote, brandishing a forked stick or pole, on which he supported the image when resting, and receiving on it a heavy stroke which Don Quixote discharged at him, with which it was sheared in two, with the piece that was left in his hand delivered him such a thwack on his shoulder on the sword side that his target was not able to shield him against the rustic assault, and down came poor Don Quixote to the ground in a very lamentable plight.

Sancho, who came up, panting, close at his heels, seeing him fall, called out to his assailant not to strike another blow, for he was a poor enchanted Knight who had done nobody any harm in all his life. But what stopped the peasant was not Sancho's crying but his seeing that Don Quixote stirred neither hand nor foot ; and so, in the belief he had killed him, he hastily tucked up his dress to his girdle, and fled across the country like a deer. By this time all of Don Quixote's company had come up to where he lay, when those of the

procession, seeing the others approach at a run, among them the troopers with their cross-bows, fearing some mischief, gathered in a circle round about the image, and the penitents, lifting up their hands and grasping their scourges, as the priests did their tapers, awaited the assault with full determination to defend themselves, and, if they could, to take the offensive against their assailants. But Fortune contrived it better than they expected; for Sancho did nothing but throw himself upon the body of his master, making over him the most doleful and laughable lament in the world, in the belief that Don Quixote was dead. Our Priest was recognised by another who belonged to the procession, and this recognition dissipated the apprehensions of both parties concerned. The one priest gave to the other in two words an account of who Don Quixote was, whereupon he, with the whole crew of penitents, went to see whether the poor Knight was dead, and heard Sancho Panza, with tears in his eyes, crying:

—O flower of chivalry, who by one single blow of a cudgel hast finished the course of years so well employed! O thou credit to thy family, and honour and glory of all La Mancha, aye of the whole world, which, lacking thee in it, will remain filled with evil-doers no longer afraid of being chastised for their iniquities! O thou bountiful above all the Alexanders, since for only eight months of service[1] thou hast given me the best Isle which the sea doth compass or surround![2] O thou meek to the haughty and proud to the humble and meek! undertaker of perils, sufferer of affronts,

[1] If we take Sancho literally, here is another *crux* for the chronologists, according to whom the duration of Don Quixote's second sally was only twenty-seven days. But Sancho may be exaggerating the length of his services, with an eye to the prospect of a speedy final settlement; and eight months would fit the calendar of events just as badly as twenty-seven days.

[2] Here it has been remarked that Sancho knows very well what an *insula* is; but it is more likely that this is a slip of the author, for elsewhere Sancho clearly shows that he does not hold the being surrounded by the sea to be the essential condition of an *insula*.

lover without reason, imitator of the good, scourge of the wicked, enemy of the bad—in one word, Knight Errant, which is all that one can desire!

At the cries and lamentations of Sancho, Don Quixote came to life, and the first word he spoke was:

—He who liveth absent from thee, sweetest Dulcinea, is subject to greater torments than these. Help us, Sancho friend, to get upon the enchanted car, for I am not in a state to cumber Rozinante's saddle, having this shoulder all beaten to pieces.

—That will I do with all my heart, dear master, responded Sancho, and let us go back to my village in company with these gentlemen who wish you well, and there we will lay a scheme for another sally which may be of more profit and fame to us.[1]

—Thou sayest well, Sancho, and it will be prudent in us to let the evil influence of the stars, which now reigns, pass over us.

The Canon, the Priest, and the Barber commended him for this resolution, and so, having received much delight from the simplicities of Sancho Panza, they placed Don Quixote on the cart as before. The procession resumed its former order, and went on its way. The goatherd took his leave of them all. The troopers could go no farther, and were paid by the Priest what was due to them. The Canon begged the Priest to send him an account of what happened to Don Quixote,—whether he recovered of his madness or continued in it,—and with this took leave to pursue his journey. In fine, they all separated and went their ways, leaving the Priest and the Barber alone with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza and the good Rozinante, who bore himself, through all he had seen pass, with as much patience as his master.

[1] Here we have a proof that the author had already in his mind the idea of continuing his book himself.

The waggoner yoked his oxen and, settling Don Quixote on a truss of hay, jogged on his way at his customary deliberate pace as the Priest directed. At the end of six days they arrived at Don Quixote's village, which they entered at noon; and, it happening to be Sunday, all the people were in the public square, through the middle of which Don Quixote's car had to pass. They all ran to see what it contained, and when they recognised their townsman, they were greatly amazed. A boy ran off at speed to give the news to his Housekeeper and Niece, that their master and uncle was come back, lean and yellow, stretched upon a bundle of hay in a bullock waggon. It was a piteous thing to hear the cries which the two good ladies raised, the slaps they gave themselves, the maledictions which they launched afresh against the accursed books of chivalries; all which was renewed when they saw Don Quixote enter his doors.

Upon the news of Don Quixote's arrival Sancho Panza's wife ran up, for by this time she knew that her husband had gone away to serve him as squire, and as soon as she saw Sancho, the first thing she enquired of him was whether his ass was well. Sancho replied that he was in better health than his master.

—Thanks be to God, quoth she, who hath done me this great favour; but now, tell me, friend, what good have you got by your squireships? What petticoat do you bring for me? What little shoes for your children?

—I bring none of that, good wife, said Sancho; although I bring other things of more consideration and import.

—I am glad of that, answered the wife; show me those things of more consideration and import, my friend, for I long to see them, that they may rejoice this heart of mine, which has been so sorrowful and unhappy all these ages you have been away.

—I will show you them at home, wife, said Sancho; and for the present be content, for, if it please God that we sally

out another time on the tramp in search of adventures, you shall soon see me Count, or Governor of an Isle,—and not one of those about here, but the best that can be found.

—May Heaven be pleased to grant it, my husband, for we have much need of it. But, tell me, what is this about Isles?—for I do not understand.

—Honey is not for the mouth of the ass,[1] answered Sancho; in good time thou[2] shalt see, wife; aye, and shalt wonder to hear thyself called *Ladyship* of all thy vassals.

—What is it thou sayest, Sancho, about ladyships, Isles, and vassals? cried Juana Panza, for so was Sancho's wife called,[3] although they were not related; because it is the custom in La Mancha for wives to take their husbands' names.[4]

—Don't fret thyself, Juana, to know all this in such a hurry; it is enough that I tell you the truth, so sew up thy mouth. I can tell thee this only by the way, that there is nothing so pleasant in the world as for an honest man to be squire to a Knight Errant, that seeks adventures. It is very true that the most of them that we found were not so much to one's liking as a man could wish, for out of a hundred that we met the ninety-nine are wont to turn up cross and crooked. I know it by experience, for from some I came off blanketed and from others pounded, but for all that it is a pretty thing to be looking for chances; crossing mountains, prying into woods, climbing rocks, visiting

[1] *No es la miel para la boca del asno*—a proverb.

[2] Sancho, who began by giving himself airs and addressing his wife in the second person plural, now drops again into the familiar *tu*.

[3] In ch. vii. she is called Juana and Mari-Gutierrez, though from this time forth she is Teresa.

[4] From this it appears that it was not usual in the rest of Spain for wives to take their husbands' surnames. Even in these days the wife, in genteel life, preserves her maiden name, to which is added her husband's as a surcharge. Thus Sancho's wife would call herself now "Teresa Gutierrez de Panza."

castles, lodging in inns at pleasure, with the devil a farthing to pay.

While this conversation passed between Sancho Panza and Juana Panza his wife, Don Quixote's Housekeeper and Niece received him, undressed him, and put him into his old bed. He looked at them with eyes askance, nor could he make out where he was. The Priest enjoined the Niece to cherish her uncle very carefully, and to watch well that he did not escape them again, telling her all that it had been necessary to do to bring him home. The two women set up their cries afresh, now uttering their curses on the books of chivalries, now imploring Heaven to plunge into the centre of the bottomless pit the authors of so many lies and absurdities. In short, they were distracted and fearful lest they should again lose their master and uncle, the moment he should find himself a little better; and so it fell out as they feared.[1]

But the author of this history, though he has anxiously and diligently enquired after the exploits which Don Quixote performed in his third sally, has not been able to discover any account of them,—at least, from any authentic documents. Only tradition has preserved in the memory of La Mancha that Don Quixote, on the third time that he left his home, went to Zaragoza, where he appeared in some famous jousts which were held in that city,[2] and there things befell him worthy of his valour and good intelligence. Nor would he have been able to discover anything of his end and death, or ever have learnt it, if good luck had not thrown in his way an aged physician, who had in his possession a leaden box,—found, as he averred, among the ruined foundations of

[1] One more hint the author has not done with Don Quixote, but intends him to set out on more adventures.

[2] The author of the false Second Part of Don Quixote, improving on this hint, made his hero go to Zaragoza; upon which Cervantes altered his original design and took him to Barcelona, as we shall see in the true Second Part.

an ancient hermitage, which was being re-built,—in which box were found certain parchments written in the Gothic letter, but in Castilian verse, which contained many of his exploits, and celebrated the beauty of Dulcinea del Toboso, the shape of Rozinante, the fidelity of Sancho Panza, and the burial of Don Quixote himself, with various epitaphs and eulogies on his life and character. Such of these as could be decyphered and interpreted are those which the trustworthy author of this novel and matchless history has here set down; which author asks nothing of those who read it in recompense of the immense pains which it cost him to ransack and search all the Manchegan archives to drag it into light, but that they should give it as much credit as the judicious are wont to give to the books of chivalries, which are held of so much worth in the world. Herewith he will reckon himself well paid and satisfied, and he will be encouraged to seek and find out other histories, if not so truthful as this, at least of as much invention and entertainment.

The first words written in the parchment scroll found in the leaden box were these:—

THE ACADEMICIANS OF ARGAMASILLA,[1] TOWN OF LA MANCHA, UPON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA, HOC SCRIPSERUNT:—

[1] This is the first mention of Argamasilla, in connexion with Don Quixote, as the village of La Mancha which the author in his opening chapter did not care to name.

MONICONGO,[1] ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, UPON THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

EPITAPH

The dunder-head[2] that did for La Mancha gain
More trophies than bold Jason for his Creta;
The wit that on's noddle bore a vane
Sharp-edged and fine, when broad and blunt were meeter;
The arm that from Cathay unto Gaeta,
His puissant might out-spreading, made to reign;
The Muse that carved his verse with strenuous pen
On brassy plates—none horrider or discreeter;
In love and war who beat the fabled bullies,
Who left the doughty Amadis at his tail;
To whom the gallant Galaor a fool is,
'Fore whom e'en Belianis' glories pale;
He who on Rozinante erring went,
Lies buried here in this cold monument.

PANIAGUADO,[3] ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN LAUDEM DULCINEÆ DEL TOBOSO

She whom you see, this plump-cheek'd lass and lusty,
High-bosom'd, stout, with mien of grenadier,
Is El Toboso's Queen, fair Dulcinea,

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[1] *Monicongo*, "man of Congo," was at that time a name given to a negro from the Congo country in West Africa.

[2] *Calvatrueno*, interpreted by Covarrubias as a gross and rustic word for a noisy simpleton, a "thunder-pate." Our English word "dunder-head" is, by etymology, an exact equivalent.

[3] *Paniaguado*, from *pan y agua*; literally, one to whom another gives meat and drink; a table-fellow, a boon companion. These absurd names of the Argamasillan Academicians are a burlesque upon a fashion of the period, which was for members of literary societies to assume fantastic names among themselves. In the society or club called *La Imitatoria*, Leonardo de Argensola took the name of *Bárbaro*, and in that called *Los Nocturnos*, Lopez Maldonado was called *Sincero*. Cervantes himself is supposed to have been a member of one of these societies, called *La Selvage* (the Savage Club). The idea of an Academy

The well-beloved of Don Quixote trusty;
For her the Brown Sierra, Montiel's dusty
Plain, to Aranjuez' gardens, without fear,
On foot, what time his steed was old and rusty,
He trod all wearily in love's career:
The fault was Rozinante's. O hard doom
Of this Manchegan dame and her unconquer'd Knight!
Hers, that fell Death, her in her tender bloom,
In death but ceasing to be fair, did blight;
And his, whose fame a thousand marbles prove,
Who could not 'scape the wrath and wiles of Love.

CAPRICHOSO, A VERY WITTY ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, IN PRAISE OF ROZINANTE, HORSE OF DON QUIXOTE OF LA MANCHA

On proud-erected trunk of adamant,[1]
Trodden by mighty Mars his bloody heel,
The mad Manchegan doth his standard plant,
Hanging his awful arms, his deadly steel,
Wherewith he doth hew, level, hack, and kill;
New feats, new art, the older doth supplant,
New Paladin in Quixote to reveal.
Let Gaul or Greece no more her heroes vaunt,
A thousand times his brows with laurel bound,
O'ertopping all the braves of ancient story;
To-day Bellona hath her favourite crowned,
Let high La Mancha ne'er forget his glory:
Since him the gallant Rozinante bore,
Greater than Bayard or famed Brillador.[2]

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at Argamasilla is in itself sufficiently ludicrous. It is believed that under these names Cervantes intended to ridicule certain leading townsmen who had been instrumental in getting him imprisoned in the *Casa de Medrano* (see my *Life of Cervantes*).

[1] Clemencin owns that he cannot understand what is meant by *tronco diamantino*; nor do I. All these sonnets, are, of course, meant to be burlesque.

[2] *Bayardo* (bay) was the horse of Rinaldo de Montalvan; *Brigliadoro* (Golden Bridle), the horse of Orlando.

EL BURLADOR,[1] ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, TO SANCHO PANZA

See Sancho Panza here, of body mean,
But yet, O miracle! of valour great;
The simplest squire to knight that e'er was seen,
More guileless wight, I trow, was never yet.
A Count at least in a trice he might have been,
Had not th' impertinent age conspired with fate,
Malignantly his fortune to abate;
Not sparing in its sordid rancour e'en
(Recorded be the fact with shame) an ass
Upon whose back, despite of fell disaster,
O'er mountain and o'er plain sweet squire did pass,
Behind sweet Rozinante and his master.
O vanity of human hopes and glories!
Thus end in shadow, dreams, and smoke your proudest stories.

EL CACHIDIABLO,[2] ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE TOMB OF DON QUIXOTE

Here lies Knight, in many a fray,
Pummelled and ill-errant, he
Who rode on Rozinante
By this and t'other way.

Simple Sancho's by him laid,
Him whom they called Panza;
Squire as true as ever man saw,
Of those in the squiring trade.

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[1] *El Burlador*—"The Joker."

[2] *El Cachidiablo* ("The Hobgoblin") was the name of a famous Algerine corsair, under Barbarossa, in the time of Charles V.

TIQUITOC,[1] ACADEMICIAN OF ARGAMASILLA, ON THE TOMB OF DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO

Dulcinea here reposes,
None so blowsy and so lusty;
Now so meagre and so rusty,
Since foul death hath sear'd her roses.

True breed she was, of fairish
Lineage she came;
Of the great Don Quixote flame,
And glory of her parish.

These were all the verses that could be decyphered; the rest, the characters being worm-eaten, were delivered to a university scholar that he might guess out their meaning. We are informed that he has done so at the cost of many night-vigils and much labour; and that he means to make them public, giving us hope of the third sally of Don Quixote.

Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.[2]

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[1] *Tiquitoc*; formed like "ding-dong,"—an onomatopœia, of like meaning. *Tiquitoc* is the sacristan or bellman. At the end of Cervantes' play of *Los Baños de Argel*, a sacristan cries out for joy at the prospect of being restored to freedom:—

O campanas de España!
Cuando entre aquestas manos
Tendré vuestros badajos!
Cuando haré el tiq y el toq, ó el grave empino!

(O bells of Spain! when shall I have your clappers within these hands!—when shall I give the ding-dong or the big grave tone!)

[2] The concluding line is from Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, with which the poet dismisses Angelica and Medoro after their marriage.

E come a ritornare in sua contrada
Trovasse e buon navilio e miglior tempo,
E dell' India a Medor desse lo scettro,
Forse altri canterà con miglior plettro.

These last words of Cervantes, in bringing to an end the First Part of *Don*

Quixote, have been sometimes interpreted to mean that he left to some one else the task of completing the story of Don Quixote's adventures. For my part, I read the quotation from Ariosto, not as an invitation,—rather as a challenge and a prediction. Cervantes probably foresaw that what happened to others of his contemporaries would happen to himself; namely, that some other pen than his would continue the story. But that he by no means resigned his own right to do so,—nay, that he even expressly spoke of a third sally as likely to come from himself,—is, I hold, sufficiently made clear by the very last words of this concluding chapter as well as by other indications at the close of this First Part. Even without this evidence, repeated and confirmed, as we shall see, in the Second Part, the theory that Cervantes intended, by the closing line from Ariosto, to signify that he had ended the story of *Don Quixote* and parted with his property in the ripe fruit of his genius, the child of his old age, the book wrought out of his own sorrows and troubles, the parable of his life—is against all reason and nature. More on this point will be found in my *Life of Cervantes*.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX A

THE MYTH OF ROLAND

Roland,—in Italian Orlando, in Spanish Roldan,—is of all heroes of romance and song the most famous. As a model of the perfect Knight he is in Don Quixote's eyes only second to Amadis of Gaul; and his legend, as given in the *Orlando Innamorato* of Boiardo and the *Orlando Furioso* of Ariosto, is referred to more frequently than any other by Don Quixote, Amadis alone excepted. As the Knight of romance,—the highest exemplar of the warrior—the master-craftsman with sword and lance,—he has a distinction far wider than Amadis, or any of the other heroes. Amadis was of Spanish origin,—Arthur and Lancelot were British,—but Orlando belongs to the whole Latin race,—indeed to all Christendom. In France, in Italy, in Spain, in Germany, the name of the hero, in various guises, lives to this day, although his story varies greatly, as does his character.

The universality and permanence of the legend of Roland are all the more remarkable when we consider how slender is the foundation in history on which this broad fabric of romance has been built up. A line in Eginhard's *Life of Charlemagne* is the sole record of Roland's existence. After recounting rapidly how Charlemagne was tempted to the conquest of Spain by certain Arab fugitives from Zaragoza,—how he penetrated the Pyrenees, and took Pamplona and Zaragoza,—the historian tells us that on his return the army of the Emperor, encumbered by spoil, was attacked in the narrow defile of Roncesvalles by "Gascons," who slew the rear-guard to a man, pillaged the imperial baggage, and then fled to the mountains. In this

disastrous affair there perished, among other notable chiefs, "Hruodlandus brittannici limitis præfectus." The date assigned to an event otherwise so memorable is 778. Who was Hruodlandus we are not elsewhere told in any contemporary record. That he was conspicuous among the captains of Charlemagne is clear from his name, one of the only three mentioned by Eginhard in connexion with this disaster. This prefect of the marches of Brittany, then, was the original from which the minstrels, the romancers, and the poets drew their picture of Roland. Round him has clustered all that remarkable series of myths which, spreading from France into the neighbouring countries, has assumed so many shapes. Over the very name etymologists have fought as fiercely as the Paladins with the Saracens; some contending for a Teutonic, others for a Celtic root. The name Rouland occurs in Armorican fable as the father of Sir Tristram, and there is a village, Rohouland, in Brittany, between St. Brieuc and the mouth of the Trieu. There is nothing improbable in the theory that Charlemagne might have had in his service a Breton to guard his new conquests in Brittany. The presumption, however, is in favour of Roland being a Frank; and if we allow the universally accepted genealogies of the poets, who make him the nephew of Charlemagne, through his mother, Bertha of the Big Feet, the question is decided. Nothing more is heard of Roland for three hundred years; though the shape which he next takes proves that in the interval popular voices had been busy with the names and the character of the hero. At the battle of Hastings—or, as Mr. Freeman on most insufficient grounds calls it, the battle of Senlac—we are told that one Taillefer rode in front of the Norman host, singing the song of Roland (*cantilena Rollandi*), the better to inflame the ardour of Duke William's soldiers. The incident, vouched for by five different authorities,—of whom William of Malmesbury, writing some sixty years after the battle, was the first in date,—is accepted by the historians; yet it is sufficiently curious. Why should the Normans sing of Roland,—the Frank, the man or a race alien and but lately hostile to their own? Mr. Freeman has no hesitation in taking the fact as a testimony to the great influence

which the name of Kaiser Karl had acquired even over those not of Teutonic kin ; but there is good reason to doubt whether the Roland of whom Taillefer sang was the Roland of Charlemagne at all. Wace, the author of the *Roman de Rou*, who wrote towards the end of the twelfth century, is the only one of the five authorities who has clearly identified the song which Taillefer sang with the poem called the *Chanson de Roland*. It is Wace who speaks of Taillefer —

> Devant le duc alout cantant
> De Karlemaine e de Rollant,
> E d'Olivier e des vassals
> Ki murrerent en Renchevals.

Ellis, Sharon Turner, Wright, Sismondi, and other authorities are in favour of what certainly appears to be the more probable theory, that the *cantilena Rollandi* which Taillefer sang was a song not about Roland, but about Rollo, the Norman, whose name was often Latinised into Rollandus. What is certain at least is, contrary to the belief which recent French critics patriotically hold, that, whatever Taillefer sang, it could not have been the *Chanson de Roland*, known under that name, of which the original exists in the Bodleian : for this sufficient reason, that this poem (in other respects unsuitable for singing on horseback at the head of an army) speaks of the conquest of Normandy and of England by Charlemagne. A Norman minstrel would hardly venture upon the experiment of reciting the achievements of Charlemagne over his country by way of stimulating them to battle, even were it not sufficiently evident that the *Chanson de Roland* was of a date subsequent to the battle of Hastings. But whether it has any connexion with the conquest of England or not, the *Chanson de Roland*, first printed in 1837 from the manuscript preserved at Oxford (and lately admirably translated into English by Mr. O'Hagan), is a remarkable testimony to the growth of the Rolandic legend since the date of Roncesvalles. In this poem, which is certainly one of the most remarkable of literary monuments, the character and deeds of Roland have attained an extraordinary expansion. The hero Roland shines through the rude verses of the almost un-

conscious poet with a simple grandeur and dignity such as were never equalled by those greater craftsmen who dealt with him in verse in later years. As a *chanson de geste* it is immeasurably the best that has come down to us. Though inferior in poetic expression to the only work of about the same age which can be compared with it,—the *Poem of the Cid*,—it equals the latter in earnestness and *naïveté*. The spirit is that of Christian Europe on the eve of the first Crusade. Roland is exalted into the champion of the faith, who fights, not against a band of predatory Gascons, but against a mongrel paynim horde of Africans, Asiatics, and Saracens from Spain, under a King Marsile, who worships Mahommed and Apollo and Termagaunt. The process by which the enemies of Charlemagne at Roncesvalles are turned into the enemies of Christendom is the first great step in the descent of the historic into the mythic Roland.

The next step, if not farther into romance, was a long way more remote from truth, whether actual or artistic. The famous Chronicle of Archbishop Turpin, though vouched for as authentic by a Bull of Pope Calixtus II., is an incongruous mass of fable, more monstrous in its extravagance than any of the romances of chivalry of which it was the prolific parent. The real Turpin, Archbishop of Rheims and chaplain to Charlemagne, died before his master,—slain, according to the *chansons*, at Roncesvalles,—fighting valiantly against the misbelievers. The author of the Chronicle which passes by his name is supposed to have been a canon of Barcelona, who wrote in the twelfth century; apparently under the idea that not enough had been done for religion, and too much for chivalry, in the legend of Roland. In the Chronicle of Turpin the heroes hold long theological controversies with their Moslem enemies, whom they overpower by the mingled aid of angels and sound doctrine. Roland, in the middle of a single combat with the giant Ferrau, endeavours to convert him to a belief in the Trinity. The personages and incidents of the *chanson* are greatly expanded and multiplied in the Chronicle, of which the dulness is even greater than the extravagance. In spite of its absurdities, or perhaps by reason of them, the Chronicle of Turpin was extraordinarily popular in

the Middle Ages, and was translated from the original Latin into several languages. From Turpin, and from an old Italian prose romance, the *Reali di Francia*, in which are embedded perhaps still older legends and traditions, came the Italian epics of the end of the fifteenth century. In Pulci, Berni, Boiardo, and Ariosto, the legend of Orlando is continued with an ever-increasing accretion of mythic details and a perpetually changing story. The Italian Orlando, however, is made to differ materially from the simple devout Roland. In the *Morgante Maggiore* he is still the hero of the poem; but other heroes are introduced of whom the early poems know nothing, and the scene is vastly enlarged and altered. The main battle-ground between the Paladins and the Saracens is shifted from Roncesvalles to the neighbourhood of Paris, and love becomes the leading motive of the drama. The original Orlando is famous no less for his purity in love than his prowess in war; but now "the fair Angelica" appears upon the scene, giving rise to a wholly new phase of the legend, in which the prefect of the Breton Marches is lost in the pure hero of romance. In Ariosto he sinks into a secondary place, and is even treated of in a semitone of burlesque. He is the Achilles still; but he is inferior to Ruggiero in interest and not very much more potent than Rinaldo and others, who are the pure coinage of the poet's brain or extracted from the store of Turpin.

In Spain the legend took new shapes in conformity with the national instincts. Though the outlines of the original fable,—or, at least, the fable as it is in Turpin,—are tolerably well preserved in the Carlovingian ballads and romances, Roldan appears in a new character in the poems of purely Spanish origin, and Roncesvalles becomes quite another event. That which is the crowning disaster in the French poem is a glorious victory in the Spanish ballads. It is a battle no longer between the soldiers of the true faith and the pagans, but between Frenchmen and Spaniards. The Saracens are present, it is true, but only as auxiliaries in the army of the Leonese champion, Bernardo del Carpio. It is Bernardo who finally slays Orlando by taking him in his arms as Hercules did Antæus, and smother-

ing him, he being invulnerable. This Spanish myth is clearly an after-growth, devised to match the French. If Bernardo del Carpio has any claim to a real existence at all, he must have lived,—being a nephew of Alfonso II. of Leon,—not earlier than the middle of the ninth century, and therefore nearly a hundred years after the date of the Battle of Roncesvalles. What is the most reasonable conjecture and in accord with the process of mythic evolution is that there was some Leonese leader or champion, around whose name and actual deeds there grew and clustered the fabulous legends of Bernardo del Carpio, invented by the patriotic ballad-mongers to match the French Roldan. In the ballads, Roldan is merely a foil to the Spanish hero, who represents the popular champion who resisted King Alfonso when he made the French Emperor his heir and collected warriors from all parts of Spain, even Moors from Aragon and Granada, for the expulsion of the invaders.

In *Don Quixote* the references to Roland are nearly always to the Orlando, as first created by Boiardo and adopted by Ariosto. With the exception of some two or three passages, where it is the Spanish Roldan, the hero of the ballads, who is referred to, —the Frenchman and enemy of Spain, who is routed and slain, not treacherously, by an army of pagans, but in fair battle by Basques, Leonese, and Castilians, conjointly with the Moors of Zaragoza and elsewhere,—the Knight who almost rivals Amadis in Don Quixote's eyes, is the hero of the great Italian poetical romances, who differs as greatly from the Roland of the *Chanson de Geste* as that does from the Rolandus of history. Cervantes' own fondness for Italian romance poetry was, indeed, scarcely less than his affection for the early books of chivalries; and it contributed almost as much as did his burlesque on Knight Errantry to make him unpopular with his countrymen of the literary and courtly circles.

APPENDIX B

THE CID

So frequent is the mention in this book of the great national hero of Spain, Rodrigo Diez de Bivar, better known as *The Cid* or *El Campeador*, that it is necessary to give some account of this much sung warrior, who in Don Quixote's esteem holds a place by the side of Amadis and of Orlando.

The Cid is a curious instance of a vigorous and strongly marked individuality, overlaid and burdened with so thick a growth of legend as almost to have passed out of history into fable. The romancers and the balladists have taken so complete possession of him, and his character has been so tortured and twisted out of shape, that there is some excuse for those sceptics, even Spaniards as they were, who have treated him as the Mrs. Harris of the national history and denied his very existence. Piety and poetry have gone hand-in-hand to fashion a legendary hero, at once warrior and saint,—a scourge of Moordom and a pillar of the faith. The process of canonisation, begun at a very early period, was, indeed, very nearly being literally completed. For Philip II., moved by the piety, it is to be presumed, as much as by the heroic deeds of the Campeador, once actually opened negotiations with Rome for the addition of San Rodrigo to the Calendar. This was a little too much for the orthodox out of Spain. The Calendar is full of the wonders performed by the Church, but to make a Saint of Rodrigo was more than Rome could do. Assuredly Philip himself would have poisoned the Campeador for treason, if he could not have burnt him for impiety. But though lacking

saintship the Cid is still to all the people of the Peninsula the type and model of the Christian warrior, the finest flower of pure Spanish virtue and valour.

The true Cid, as he has been lately revealed to us by the researches of that learned Arabist, Professor Dozy, of Leyden, differs very materially from the Cid of romance. He is still a very remarkable personage, however, whose deeds entitle him to a conspicuous place in the early history of Spain ; whose virtues and whose vices make him, perhaps, even a better type of the mediæval Spaniard than the fabulous hero of the ballads. The first service which Professor Dozy has performed for the Cid is to lift him out of the clouds and mist which have obscured his identity. There is no longer any room for the Jesuit Masdeu's cynical theory, which denied the existence of such a personage. In addition to the scanty records of him which the world possessed in the early Christian chroniclers, in Lucas de Tuy and Rodrigo of Toledo, and the later *Gesta Roderici Campidocti*, Professor Dozy has discovered an Arabic manuscript in the library of Gotha, being the third volume of the *Dhakhîra* of Ibn Bassam, which puts an end to all doubts. In this precious document, written at Seville in the year 1109, —that is, ten years after the Cid's death,—there is mention made of the Spanish hero by those who evidently knew him in the flesh, who as Arabs could hardly have had any motive for inventing the story. The references to the Cid (*El Cambidor*, as he is called) occur in a letter from one Ibn Tahir, ex-King of Murcia, to Ibn Djahhâf, whose cousin had headed a Mahommedan revolt at Valencia. In this epistle the history of the capture of the city by the Campeador is given in detail, with an account of how that "dog of Galicia" called Rodrigo, the "scourge of the country," had risen from obscurity under the Beni Houd (the Moorish kings of Zaragoza) to execute his "vile and miserable projects" against the Mahommedan kinglets of the Peninsula, till his power had become so great that there was no province of Spain which he had not ravaged. Every mention of the Cid's name is accompanied, in Arab fashion, with a malediction, testifying by its heartiness to the

hatred in which he was held by the faithful. "May Allah confound him, the tyrant!" "May he be torn to a thousand pieces!" "May his name be ever accursed who did these wrongs to Islam, whom may God avenge!" Such are the expressions of Ibn Tahir, testifying not less to his loyalty than to the reality of the enemy so anathematised. The Arab chronicler at least cannot be suspected of joining with the enemies of his faith in fabricating a Christian hero. Written at a date anterior to the Latin chronicle, to the Poem, and to all other extant records of the Cid, the testimony of Ibn Bassam is of extreme value as the first and most authentic of all the documents which throw light upon the character and history of the Spanish hero. Read in connexion with the later Spanish Chronicles, the *Crónica General* of Alfonso (of which the chapters relating to the Cid are clearly proved by Dozy to have been copied, if not translated, from Arabic sources), and the so-called *Crónica del Cid*, which is only a reproduction of these chapters, the letter of Ibn Tahir enables us to form for the first time something like a true image of the great Campeador as he lived, outside the ballads and the legends. Thus translated into prose the Cid is still an eminently interesting personage, though scarcely so heroical as the fond imagination of Spaniards had made him. He was essentially a man of that hard, busy, turbulent eleventh century, when the long battle between Christian and Moor was most equal and most embittered. A doughty man-at-arms, brave, hardy, and fearless, Rodrigo Diez de Bivar lived before the age of chivalry had fairly begun; and it is as untrue as unfair to represent him as a knight of romance. He was a compound of great qualities and mean vices,—generous, magnanimous, merciful, loyal by fits and starts,—crafty, barbarous, cruel, and unscrupulous. In his treatment of his bitter enemy, Raymond Berenger, Count of Barcelona, he showed a chivalrous high-mindedness beyond all the examples of his age. In his tortures and brutalities at the taking of Valencia, he shocked even the sentiment of that not delicate period. His King Alfonso he served and betrayed by turns, as it seemed good to him,—though, indeed, the account between them was toler-

ably well balanced. In his raids he had but small respect for religion or for nationality, pillaging churches as readily as mosques, and robbing Christian and Moor with entire impartiality. To his credit it must be said that he did not affect any virtue he did not possess. There was a simplicity and business-like character in his adventures which at least kept him free from the sin of hypocrisy. When taxed by his Moorish Sovereign for having ravaged, at the head of a Moorish army, the provinces of the faithful, he had no other excuse to offer than that he did so "*porque oviese que comer*" (that he might have something to eat). He fought for his own hand, in fact, and for his living, indiscriminately against Moor and Christian, using his resources purely for his own advancement, nor pretending to any high-flown orthodoxy or nice patriotism. Nearly half of his life was spent in the service of Moorish kings; and though he gave useful help to his Sovereign when hard pressed by Yusuf the Almoravide, he had little scruple at other times in making war upon Christian Castile. He was probably, in his manner of life, as much Mussulman as Christian. He was fond, in his later days, of wearing the Moorish garb, and has been so depicted on his tomb. He loved to hear poems recited in praise of the ancient heroes of Arabia. Finally, the very titles by which he is known to posterity are Moorish. "*Mio Cid semper vocatus*," says the Latin poem; but El Cid—*Monseigneur*—the Arabs must have called him before the Spaniards did. *El Campeador*, also, which is wrongly translated into English "The Champion," is literally the Arab *Mobarriz*—one who has conquered a champion of the opposite side in single combat. This title, by which the Cid is known to all posterity, it is to be noted, was not earned by any exploit at the expense of the Moors, but by a feat performed in early youth against a brother Christian. It was in a war urged by King Sancho of Castille against his namesake of Navarre that Rodrigo Diez, having overcome in single combat a Navarrese champion, acquired his name of *El Campeador*.

The true Cid, so far as his history can be sifted from the legends, appears to have been born about the year 1040 (some

say 1026). He came of an ancient Castilian stock, being a descendant of Layn Calvo, one of the two judges whom the people chose to settle their quarrels in A.D. 924. His name first appears in a deed of Fernando I. in 1064. In the civil wars under King Sancho, his son Rodrigo took a conspicuous part. When Sancho was treacherously slain by Bellido Dolfus at the siege of Zamora, the Cid, at the instance of the great barons, administered to Alfonso,—who by that murder acquired the kingdom of Castille,—an oath, by which he swore he had no part in his brother's death. This made King Alfonso so angry that henceforth "there was no love," says the ballad, "towards the Cid in the heart of the King." Taking advantage of the Cid's making an independent foray within the dominions of the Moorish King of Toledo, Alfonso, jealous of Rodrigo's power and fame, banished him in 1081 from the country. The Cid thenceforth started on his own account as a soldier of fortune, followed by a train of chosen companions, fighting sometimes for Moor against Moor, sometimes for Moor against Christian, sometimes for Christian against Moor, but always for his own hand. His longest service was under the Beni Houd, the Arab Emirs of Aragon, whose power he greatly helped to sustain and extend. In 1085 the Cid planned, in concert with the Moorish chief Mostain, an attack on the city of Valencia, which was then an independent Moorish kingdom. The Cid managed by a subtle series of treacheries, in which he seems to have been more than a match for the craftiest of the Moors, to obtain possession of Valencia, nominally for his Moorish ally, but really for himself. In 1089 he felt himself strong enough to enter upon an alliance with King Alfonso on equal terms. For a brief period a common danger, the invasion of Spain by the Almoravides under Yusuf, King of Morocco, united the Christian armies. The Cid was accused, however, of playing a double part,—not bringing up his forces until the Castilian army had been cut to pieces by the Moors, on which followed another rupture between the King and his powerful vassal. Valencia itself was besieged by Alfonso, but the Cid, by a skilful series of movements, in which he showed his talents as a strategist

and a soldier in the highest degree, compelled the Castilians to raise the siege. Meanwhile a greater trial still befell him, ending in his complete triumph and the accomplishment of that which is historically the greatest glory of his life. The Valencians arose against the authority of Mostain, chose as their King one of their native chiefs, and, relying upon aid promised by the Almoravide Caliph, shut their walls against the Cid. After a long siege and desperate defence Valencia was taken in spite of the Almoravides, and in June, 1094, Rodrigo entered the city and reigned there as absolute King for five years. In 1099 the defeat of his troops, till then regarded as invincible, broke the old warrior's heart. He died of grief and of rage in that year. Two years afterwards, his widow, after having sought relief in vain from the Castilian King, was compelled to abandon the city, which relapsed into the possession of the Moors. According to his will, which, together with his marriage contract, is extant, the Cid was buried in the cloister of the monastery of San Pedro at Cardeña, near the city of Burgos his birthplace, where his remains,—more than once disturbed,—until recent times rested under a sepulchre raised in 1272 by Alfonso XI. The hero's bones, with those of his faithful Ximena, are now contained in a wooden urn which is made a public show in the town-hall of Burgos.

The Cid of romance is a very different character,—not so picturesque or even so poetical. The ideal which the patriotic fancy has created of the Spanish hero is purely fictitious, based on what the Spaniards, from the fifteenth century downwards, would wish their highest type of man to be. In the later Chronicle and in the ballads,—though it must be said not, or at least not nearly, to the same extent in the fine old *chanson de geste*, the *Poema del Cid*, which dates from the twelfth century,—the Cid is glorified as not only the national hero, the type of Spanish honour, patriotism, and loyalty, but essentially the champion of the Catholic faith. *Azote de la Morisma; De la fé de Dios defensor; Ayudador de Cristianos*,—such are the epithets which the balladists love to heap upon him. One or two of the earlier romances, indeed, bear witness to the

Cid's heterodoxy, where he dissuades his monarch from attending to a summons from Rome and takes liberties even with the Papal chair; but these may be set down as breathing the spirit of a period when Spain was of all the Catholic countries the most jealous of her national Church. The Cid's outbreaks against Rome probably did not detract from his character as a perfect Catholic Knight in the days when the ballads were written. What little right he had to that name,—the semi-Moor, the pillager of churches and arch-rebel against his Sovereign,—we have seen. As for the ballads, of which some two hundred are extant relating to the Cid and his exploits, they are of course not entitled to any credit as history. Duran, the best of the Spanish critics in this branch of literature, hesitates to assign to the oldest of them an earlier date than the middle of the fifteenth century. The majority of them are referred to the last two decades of the sixteenth century,—that age so prolific in every kind of literary growth in Spain. Not only the language but the sentiments of the ballads betray their comparatively modern origin. They were composed in an age when it would have been impossible to understand the true character of the barbarous *condottiere* chieftain, who fought that he might have "something to eat," or even such a plain, practical, equal-minded hero as the Latin poem describes:

Qui domuit Mauros comites domuit quoque nostros.

It may be that some of the ballads retain the form and the preface of older compositions. Indeed, we know from what Alfonso X. tells us in the *Crónica General* that there were ballads made on the Cid within fifty years of his death. But of these it is impossible to discover more than a trace in the poems of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries which go by that name. Many of them are of striking merit as poetical compositions, full of life and colour, with a simple dignity such as no ballads in any other language seem to be able to attain. But the true Cid is not to be found in them; only the orthodox Spaniard. As to the *Crónica del Cid*, to which Southey attached so much importance,

it is valueless as history; being merely a transcript of the chapters relating to the Cid in the *General Chronicle*, originally made by an ignorant monk of the fourteenth century, retouched and embellished in the interests of orthodoxy at the commencement of the sixteenth century by the editor, Juan de Velorado. All this Professor Dozy has proved to the conviction of reasonable men, if not of Spaniards, in his acute and learned work, *Le Cid d'après des Nouveaux Documents:* Leyden, 1860.

The oldest of the documents relating to the Cid are: the Latin *Historia Didaci Campidocti*, assigned to a date between 1150 and 1258, written in a plain and simple style, which give a picture of the Cid fitting more the Cid of history than the Cid of romance; the portion of the *Crónica General*, attributed to Alfonso X., which is devoted to the life of the Cid, based partly on the Latin History, on the *Poema del Cid*, and, as Dozy has proved, on contemporary Arabic accounts; and the *Crónica del Cid*, so called, translated by Southey, which was compiled by a monk,—ultra-Catholic, torturing the facts too frankly given in Alfonso's Chronicle, of which it is only a *rifacimento*. It is this Chronicle whence has been derived the image of that loyal and orthodox Cid, which the Spanish nation now worships. Of the poems and ballads the most ancient are: a fragment in Latin sapphics, preserved in Edélestand du Meril's *Poésies Latines du Moyen Age* (pp. 305-311), which from internal evidence must have been written shortly after the death of the hero; the *Poema del Cid*, of which the oldest manuscript extant is dated 1207,—essentially a *chanson de geste*, but by intrinsic merit, by its dignity, simplicity, and grandeur of style, entitled, although a mere fragment, to take epic rank; the *Crónica Rimada*, or Rhymed Chronicle, of which the language is of the fifteenth century, but obviously much more ancient, and probably preserving the traditions and popular songs of the thirteenth century; and the Ballads, of which there are nearly two hundred extant, of various dates and degrees of merit,—none in their present shape going back earlier, as I think, than the latter half of the fifteenth century,

though some of them seem to contain fragments of an older period.

Cervantes does not appear to have been aware of the existence of the *Poema*, which was first published by Sanchez in 1779; and all the references in *Don Quixote* to the Cid are to the hero of the ballads.

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